

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 504.—APRIL, 1930.

Art. 1.—THE PREDOMINANT SURFACE SHIP.

IN the British Memorandum 'on the position at the London Naval Conference, 1930,'* there appears a statement that 'the British Admiralty have informed the Government that it would favour a reduction in size (of capital ships) from 35,000 tons to 25,000 tons and of guns from 16 inch to 12 inch. . . .' This is followed by the pronouncement that 'In the opinion of His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom the battleship, in view of its tremendous size and cost, is of doubtful utility, and the Government would wish to see an agreement by which the battleship would in due time disappear altogether from the fleets of the world.'

There is a curious discrepancy between these quotations from the full and official version of the Memorandum, and the summary first issued to the Press. In the latter the Government gave as a further ground for their lack of faith in the battleship 'the development of the efficiency of air and submarine attack.'† This version at least had the merit that it presented an opinion which might have been arrived at by a process of logical reasoning, even if it advertised a want of technical knowledge, and a strange departure from the constitutional relationship between the Government and their professional advisers. The official version is no less unconstitutional, but it is so inconsequent as to court derision, especially on the other side of the Atlantic. It is no argument to say that we question the utility of anything because it is bigger

* Cmd. 3485. H.M. Stationery Office.

† 'The Times,' Feb. 8, 1930.

than we like and costs more than we want to pay. The acid test of the battleship is not 'do we like paying for it'—we know that we do not—but 'is it an essential part of our sea insurance?'

The Government is subscribing to a school whose views are typified by the catch-words 'scrap the lot'; but this school is chiefly made up of those who crave economy at any price, those who wish to save on armaments in order to have more to spend on social services, and simple pacifists who think that by abolishing the weapons of war they could ensure the will for peace. None of these well-meaning people troubles to inquire what is to happen if, by a stroke of the pen on the part of the chief Powers, battleships were abolished. To any one who has studied the subject seriously it must be apparent that if all battleships were scrapped forthwith, a new type would have to be evolved at once to replace them. Even that destructive critic, the late Sir Percy Scott, had to admit that if he had ever been First Lord, although he would not have built any more battleships, yet he would have built 'something in my own way.' Unfortunately he never would divulge what that 'something' would have been.

The Admiralty favour smaller editions of the present type; the French and Japanese in their Memoranda have expressed agreement, and have taken no marked exception to the Admiralty's figures. America is ready to scrap some of her older battleships, if we do the same, but desires to build a 'Rodney' of 33,900 tons for 'parity's' sake! Italy is ready to 'examine favourably the abolition of capital ships,' if the other Powers concur, but, like the British Government, has not suggested what, if any, alternative is proposed. Possibly our Government have in mind that Utopia recently depicted by a Flag Officer—who, by the way, does not have to share the responsibility of their official advisers—when he advocated navies in which the largest ships would be not more than about 7000 tons, and armed with guns not greater than 6 inch. The idea is most attractive from the point of view of reduction of armaments and economy; but would it leave the sea Powers generally, and the British Empire in particular, with that sense of security without which there can be no permanent peace in the world?

It is worth while turning back the pages of history to see how the battleship came into being. If we do so, we shall find that we can trace its origin through the earliest records of navies in the endeavour of nations to provide their sea forces with the predominant surface ship. In fact, the battleship of to-day is the lineal descendant of the trireme of the Romans, the quinquireme of the Carthaginians, the 'Christopher of the Tower'—the first recorded English ship to mount guns—the 54-, 74-, and 100-gun ships of Nelson's day. Doubtless in all ages there have been those who decried the latest design as being 'too big and too costly.' Twenty years before the 'Dreadnought' was being criticised because she was starting a new race in battleship construction, we find a Secretary to the Admiralty, Mr Hibbert, apologising in the Navy Debate for the current battleship programme and prophesying the extinction of that class. He remarked, 'But I think I may safely say that these two large ironclads * will probably be the last two ironclads of this type that will ever be built in this or any other country.' Unwittingly, he was strangely prophetic, because 'ironclads' have steadily increased in size ever since.

Those who regarded, and still regard, the 'Dreadnought' as an unnecessary leap upwards in size have failed to appreciate the 'inevitability of gradualness' in battleship construction, not in the British Navy alone but in those of foreign Powers no less. The largest Spanish ship of the Great Armada was no more than 1250 tons, that in the English Fleet was but a thousand tons. At Trafalgar the greatest ship was the Spanish 'Santisima Trinidad' of 2879 tons, while Nelson's 'Victory' was 2162 tons. Just before the introduction of steam we were building sailing ships of the line of over 3000 tons.

Those who saw the original production of that arresting play 'Milestones,' may remember in the foyer of the Royalty Theatre a fine model of the famous old ironclad, the 'Warrior.' She was a veritable 'Dreadnought' of her time, and a product of the celebrated Thames Iron Works. It was a pathetic coincidence that at the very time when 'Milestones' was being played and this model

* H.M. Ships 'Nile' and 'Trafalgar.'

of the 'Warrior' was being exhibited, the Thames Iron Works was singing its swan song, and there was completing, under the auspices of the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy, the last battleship built on London's river, H.M.S. 'Thunderer.' The 'Warrior' of 1861 was a ship of 9210 tons, armed with four 9-ton and twenty-eight 6½-ton M.L.R. guns; the 'Thunderer' of 1912 displaced 22,500 tons and carried a main armament of ten 13·5 inch 67-ton guns. To-day we have the 'Nelson' of 33,500 tons with nine 16 inch 103½-ton guns. In the intervals between these three ships we find the links connecting the predominant surface ship of seventy years ago, the pre-war super-Dreadnought, and the Washington capital ship. The following table shows some of the milestones in this process of development :

| Date of completion. | Name. | Nationality. | Displacement. |
|---------------------|-----------------|--------------|---------------|
| 1861 | Warrior | Britain | 9,210 |
| 1884 | Italia | Italy | 15,654 |
| 1895 | Majestic | Britain | 14,900 |
| 1904 | Braunschweig | Germany | 13,200 |
| 1905 | King Edward VII | Britain | 16,350 |
| 1906 | Kashima | Japan | 16,400 |
| 1906 | Dreadnought | Britain | 17,900 |
| 1907 | Kansas | U.S.A. | 16,000 |
| 1909 | Westfalen | Germany | 18,500 |
| 1910 | Satsuma | Japan | 19,250 |
| 1912 | Thunderer | Britain | 22,500 |
| 1914 | Paris | France | 23,128 |
| 1914 | Iron Duke | Britain | 25,000 |
| 1916 | Andrea Doria | Italy | 22,341 |
| 1918 | Hyuga | Japan | 31,260 |
| 1921 | Maryland | U.S.A. | 32,600 |
| 1921 | Mutsu | Japan | 33,800 |
| 1927 | Nelson | Britain | 33,500 |

From earliest days efforts have been made to defeat the great ship by some subtle and economical means. At the battle of Actium in 31 B.C., the Liburnian biremes swept away the oars of the tall ships of Rome, leaving them crippled and a prey to attack by fire; this was but an early lesson in the importance of combining mobility with power. In the Spanish Armada, the smaller British ships obtained their advantage by longer range guns coupled with greater mobility, largely a product of superior seamanship. The 'Monitor' of the American Civil War, with its

iron plating and swivelling turret, spelt the death-knell of the old wooden broadside ship. But always the great ship adapted herself to each new means of attack: the shell she countered by armour; the ram by increased mobility and gun power, and also by equipping herself with a still more modern weapon, the torpedo. So great an impression did this new means of attack make on the minds of the imaginative and the credulous, that many saw the doom of the battleship in the diminutive torpedo-boat, just as they see it to-day in the submarine and the aeroplane. The new menace to the battleships produced a clumsy form of antidote in the crinoline-like net defence, the rigging of which in a matter of seconds was the criterion of a smart ship for so many years. The War, however, proved the futility of this device, because it robbed the ship of her mobility at sea, while in harbour greater security with far less inconvenience was afforded by a boom defence from shore to shore.

Nevertheless, at the time Jutland was fought battleships still suffered from being unduly tender below the belt. It was this weakness which prevented Jellicoe from forcing a victory against time. He, like every other Admiral, British and German, when he found himself threatened with a stream of advancing torpedoes, had to turn away and let them expend themselves, thereby delaying a decision by the only decisive weapon—the gun. But already means were being found to minimise the danger of under-water attack. A 'bulge' now takes the main shock of the explosion and prevents it penetrating to the ship's vitals. One of the earliest ships with this new form of construction was H.M.S. 'Terror,' a monitor of only 8000 tons displacement. She survived no less than three torpedoes, all of which struck her in the fore-part. It is estimated that it would take eight torpedoes to sink one of the latest battleships.

Again, the battleship is not that clumsy, helpless object, that mere inert target for torpedoes and bomb attack, which its critics like to represent it as being. In the first place, it is better protected against under-water and air attack than any other ship afloat. If, as the Government suggests, its utility is doubtful on account of the efficiency of modern submarines and aircraft, then every lesser type of ship must be regarded as completely

impotent in the face of these new menaces. But not only is the battleship able to withstand every form of attack, old and new, better than ever before, but it is well equipped to reply to such attacks. In spite of its 'tremendous size' it has a speed of over 20 knots, it is not unhandy, and it possesses an auxiliary armament, the potentialities of which against submarines and aircraft are largely an unknown factor in the 'efficiency' of these antagonists. In the late war the only battleships which succumbed to submarine attack were old and obsolete ships, at sea without proper escort, or being used for what was really monitor's work, bombarding in the Dardanelles. The solitary rencontre between a battleship of the Grand Fleet and an enemy submarine, was that between the 'Dreadnought' herself and 'U 29,' which resulted in the battleship ramming and sinking the submarine. It is true that the main battle fleet always had a destroyer escort, but this was, and is, a recognised feature of modern naval warfare, for it is not possible to crowd into one ship all the various forms of offence and defence. The battleship, the cruiser, and the destroyer are all necessary to make up a modern fleet; each is indispensable in its way, each is complementary to the other. Take away the battleship, and there is no backbone to the fleet; the cruiser may indulge in a dog-fight with her own class, but she will be forced to give ground to any heavier enemy ship; take away the cruiser from the fleet, and the battle-fleet is bereft of its 'reconnaissance in force,' which, in spite the advent of aircraft, may still be the only means of getting information of the enemy; take away the destroyer, and the fleet is deprived of its chief torpedo offensive, and the battle-fleet of an essential part of its anti-torpedo and anti-aircraft equipment.

But, queries the economist, if we were able to stop the ever-increasing size and cost of the capital ship and limit it by the Washington Treaty to 35,000 tons, and if the Admiralty is already prepared to agree to 25,000 tons for future construction, why should we not obtain agreement to a far more drastic reduction—say to 10,000 tons; then we should, to all intents, have abolished the battleship, because we should have reduced the capital ship to the existing cruiser: a much more economical type? The answer is that the cruiser, as a type, does not and cannot represent

the predominant surface ship, she cannot provide that backbone to our naval forces which spells security. We had a momentous warning against trusting to inadequately protected ships for 'fighting in the line' in the heavy losses in battle-cruisers at Jutland. Like the 10,000-ton cruiser of to-day, the early type of battle-cruisers were never intended to be used for a prolonged duel against ships of their own class; they were meant to drive in the enemy's outposts and to unmask his main fleet, and then harry its rear or van at long range, while it was being engaged by the battle-fleet. The original battle-cruiser was designed to be a 'bully,' not a 'boxer,' for the boxer must be made of sterner stuff, able to take hard knocks as well as give them. So, even if the size of the largest fighting ship were reduced to 10,000 tons, the Admiralty, like Sir Percy Scott, would have to design 'something' that would still fulfil the requirements of a predominant surface ship.

But actually there are very real and practical objections to reducing the type which is to form the backbone of the fleet below a certain displacement. Let us see how these new forms of attack bear on the question. First, as regards the submarine; far from being a growing danger, this is a form of attack of which we have much more experience, and which can be countered to a far greater extent, than in the days of the War; nevertheless, it is imperative that the 'ship of the line' of the future should be no less well protected, no less suitably armed, to counter this particular enemy, than is the battleship of to-day. Then there is the new menace of aircraft able to attack the surface ship with torpedo or bomb. So far as the torpedo is concerned, the need for under-water protection applies equally whether the torpedoes are fired from aircraft, surface craft, or submarines. To provide protection against bombs it is necessary to have increased horizontal armour; but the danger of this form of attack has been greatly exaggerated. A false impression of the devastating effect which a bomb will have on a battleship has been given by the reproduction of photographs of trials conducted in America; incidentally, one of the most spectacular of these pictures merely illustrates a phosphorous bomb bursting over the usual 'paralysed' leviathan. It is true that one or two old battleships have

been sunk by bombing, but they were as ill-equipped to withstand it as our battleships, before they were bulged, were ill-equipped to withstand torpedoes ; or our battle-cruisers, before they had proper protection, to endure plunging gun-fire ; moreover, these dumb targets were unable to make the slightest effort either at evasion or retaliation.

In effect, submarine and aircraft attacks, in their present state of development, no more spell the doom of the battleship in the immediate future than the invention of shell, the advent of steam and the ram, or the production of the torpedo-boat did in the past. Nevertheless, these new forms of attack exist, and it is necessary to see how they affect the surface ship of reduced tonnage. Here are some fundamental facts which may give those who favour the very much smaller ship food for thought :

(1) The smaller the ship the less the target, *but* the more vulnerable she is to the torpedo, the bomb, or the mine. (It should be noted that there has been no suggestion to limit the destructive powers of these two weapons.)

(2) Reduction in displacement and in calibre of gun armament does not lessen the need for protection against air and under-water attack, *but* the smaller the ship, the greater the percentage of total weight this protection represents, i.e. the less efficient relatively does she become as a fighting unit.

So much for the argument that 'tremendous size' constitutes weakness from the point of view of the new forms of attack ; actually, the exact converse is the case, and only a ship of sufficiently large displacement can be given the requisite protection. There remains the even more important question, how would drastic reduction in the size of the predominant surface ship affect the balance of sea power and the peace of the world ? The international aspects of the matter may be briefly summarised as follows :

(1) The smaller the ship and the lighter her armament, the more cheaply and more rapidly she can be built ; therefore, if navies were restricted to very small ships, it would be easier to upset any international agreement as regards numbers.

(2) Nations which cannot, at present, afford the largest type of man-of-war will be able to afford the pocket edition ;

this, again, is liable to disturb the balance of sea power and produce new unrest.

(3) The very cost and complexity of existing battleships prohibit rivalry in emergency, and this is a factor for ensuring that there will be time for diplomacy to work for peace; whereas if it were possible for a nation to make good any seeming disparity between her fleet and that of a rival in a matter of months, instead of years, there might be greater danger of plunging into hostilities.

As a writer has aptly expressed it, 'should the world want to restrict the growth of motor cars, which would be more logical: to pass an international law limiting production to Fords, or to make it legal to build only Rolls Royces?'

From all this, therefore, emerge three main conclusions: The development of aircraft and submarine attack has not made the battleship, as a type, obsolete. Down to a certain point we can reduce its size and cost by international agreement, but if we do so too drastically we imperil our own security and the general peace. Lastly, if we abolish the battleship as we know it to-day, we shall have to evolve a new type, the main features of which will be the same, even if in detail the ships are smaller; for the backbone of our Navy is, and for many a long day yet must continue to be, the ship which can 'lie in the line of battle'—the predominant surface ship.

Art. 2.—THE BURDEN OF THE STUARTS.

LET a man examine himself. One who follows that apostolic advice will soon come face to face with three dark enigmas, heredity, environment, and disease. The primitive idea of medicine is profound, that a sick person is not himself, that he is possessed by an alien spirit. Heredity is a descent into the abyss of human consciousness; environment is wide as history; disease comes home to every heart.

The modern study of heredity begins with the observations of Mendel upon *lathyrus odoratus*; but it is doubtful that inferences drawn from the conduct of the sweet-pea can be applied without reserve to the more elaborate human organism. Of environment all the moralists agree that man is not the creature of circumstance, that his conduct may be virtuous even in a hovel or in a palace. The greatest of the moralists protest further that a man may be born again and become a new creature by a process of individual experience; but they do not affirm that these qualities are transmitted to their descendants by ordinary generation.

For one with an established descent of a thousand years, it must be a profound and solemn task, tracing to their origin the virtues or defects which he discovers in his own nature. But that is an inquiry fit for kings; and yet a king is 'subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means,' as the rest of humanity. And kings alone are denied that decent reticence which all other patients enjoy under the Hippocratic oath of professional secrecy. The sordid details of their clinical experience are exposed to a scientific or morbid scrutiny. Of the long line of English kings the Stuarts were the most afflicted, and their clinical records the most complete. Without a study of those records any judgment of the Stuarts must be partial and therefore false.

Disease, like alcohol, may bring out the best, or the worst, in one's nature; but few minds are great enough to remain unmoved by sickness and suffering in the bodies that contain them. The Stuarts were not intellectually great, although three at least had a quality that inspired love and loyalty in the best of their subjects, 'a kind of enchantment whereby men are bewitched.' Charles I

the Earl of Montrose described as one of the most just, reasonable, sweet persons he had ever seen; and to Charles II he wrote, 'I never had passion on earth so strong as to do the King, your Father, service.' His sister, Elizabeth of Bohemia, was the 'Queen of Hearts,' whose gaiety, vivacity, and charm, not the weight of years and poverty added to the care of thirteen children could destroy. It was one of these children, Sophia, who married the Elector of Hanover, and transmitted to the now reigning Sovereign his hereditary right to the English crown.

The Stuarts were an invalid race, suffering from the mental disability that accompanies invalidism. Self-will is the stigma of the invalid. The Stuarts were self-willed, and it was self-will that brought them to their ruin. Self-will may proceed in many directions, towards personal pleasure, towards ease and indolence, towards the gratification of prejudices, and indeed the performance of duty. Self-will may even take the form of devotion to a particular type of religion, which is quite different from the desire to discover and follow the Will of God, which is religion itself.

Laying aside for the moment these high matters, but always keeping in mind the interdependence of mind and body in chronic disease, and remembering too the strong probability that the Mendelian law of inheritance prevails in the mental and moral spheres as well as in the physical, the philosophic student of heredity is invited to consider the Stuart dynasty as a fertile subject of research. Physical force may manifest itself in many forms, as heat, light, or sound. Vital force is still more variable, and one can predicate nothing of its behaviour. The instinct for beauty, which compelled a saddler to adorn his work with a pattern of brass nails, in his grandson blazes up into genius which makes of him the portrait painter of his age. The slightest defect or excess may turn evil into good, good into evil. Between strength and brutality; between caution and cowardice; between wisdom and cunning, the balance is delicate. In the Stuarts this interplay of qualities is swift and marked. The dominants and recessives operate according to the established principles of the Mendelian law.

Leaving the deeper aspects of the theme to the psychologist and the moralist, the present intention is to consider

the physical health of the Stuarts as a dominant force in their character and conduct. The records are ample. The court physician from the year 1611 to 1655 was Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne, the first in European medicine to record his cases with a precision and fullness that has never been excelled. His note-books, twenty-three in number, even from the year 1585, are still extant, written in Latin by his own hand. They have been printed in part, and the originals may be consulted by the curious in the Sloane MSS at the British Museum. An admirable summary in English is given by the late Sir Norman Moore, who also reprints the Latin text of the most important.

Mayerne came to London in 1606 from Geneva; he was of a learned family; his godfather gave to the University of Cambridge the ancient codex of the New Testament which yet bears his name. During a period of forty years he was consulted by every important invalid in England, and he recorded their cases faithfully. The symptoms and treatment of the Earl of Salisbury alone occupy eighteen folio pages of two columns each. Marie de Médicis was also a patient of his. Those were the great days of English medicine—of Richard Wiseman, the father of English surgery; of Thomas Sydenham, the English Hippocrates; of William Harvey, for all time the pattern for the scientific physician; and of Thomas Browne, beloved by all who write. But Mr H. H. Bashford has written adequately of that period.

Without penetrating too far into the antiquity of the Stuart heredity, or even estimating the importance of the Tudor strain, it may be recalled that James III of Scotland was fickle, faithless, weak, and pliant. He fled in panic from his own son at Sauchieburn, was thrown from his horse, and was carried into a distiller's cottage, where he was stabbed to death—the common fate of early Scottish kings. James IV gratified his libertinism in low company; and his son, James V, impaired a constitution naturally weak by the vices of his peasantry, who were only a little more vicious than his court. He preferred their intelligence to that of Mary of Lorraine, who had something of 'the proud mind and crafty wit' which John Knox discovered in Mary Stuart, their daughter. All those qualities of coarseness and craft were united in

James VI, known to the English as James I, the first also of the Stuart line to follow the practice of his mother in writing the name.

James I of Great Britain died in 1625 in the fifty-ninth year of his age. Two years before his death, Mayerne made a complete survey of his mental and physical condition, with a record of his previous history. This account, in the form of Latin notes, occupies fifteen large pages of print in Sir Norman Moore's 'Medicine in the British Isles.' The first note is quite definite: *Nutricem Vnam habuit, Ebriosam, Ablactatus intra annum.* As a result of the bad milk from this drunken nurse, the child did not walk until he was six years old; but in the interval he had measles and small-pox. A leanness and atrophy of the legs with painful spasm and twitching persisted during his life. His right foot had an odd twist when walking, and from a wrong habit of steps had a less right position than the other, and grew weaker as he grew older. Yet he engaged in the most violent exercise of hunting until the weakness in his knee-joints compelled him to desist. He becomes quieter, lies or sits more. He sleeps ill and restlessly. His mind is easily moved of a sudden; he is very wrothful, but the fit soon passes; sometimes he is melancholy.

His condition was not improved by his habits in eating and drinking: In drink he errs as to quality, quantity, frequency, time, and order—*quoad qualitatem, quantitatem, frequentiam, tempus, ordinem.* He drinks beer, ale, Spanish wine, sweet French wine, Muscatelle, and Alicante. He does not care whether wine be strong or no, so it be sweet. He has the strongest antipathy to water and all watery drinks—*aquatilibus.* But, as he had a steadfast brain, he was never disturbed by wine, by the sea, or by driving in a coach. Of food he ate everything but bread, usually roast meat; and as he had no teeth, *non masticat cibos sed deglutit.* Fruit he ate at all hours of the day and night. From these indiscretions in diet one can readily understand the consequent colics, vomitings, and diarrhoeas, all of which are set down in detail, and may well be left in the decent obscurity of the original Latin. By reason of his feeble and clumsy frame he was continually subject to accident. On the way from Scotland, he broke the right collar-bone; again he bruised the

scapula; the leg was squeezed by a horse, with most dangerous bruising and blackening. Afterwards occurred various bruises by knocking against timber, by frequent falls from his horse, from the rubbing of greaves and stirrups.

After the death of the Queen in 1619, although he was then only fifty-three years old, his condition became deplorable. He had a paroxysm of melancholy and continued fever; the nephritis with calculi from which he had suffered for 'many years' increased. He had continued fever; apthæ all over the mouth, fauces, and œsophagus; fermentation of bitter humours boiling in the stomach, which effervescing by froth out of the mouth led to ulceration of lips and chin; fainting, sighing, incredible sadness. Ever since his advent into England he suffered from a concurrent arthritis of feet, knees, shoulders, and hands. There was a descent of humours into his right arm, whence arose swollen glands like the phlegmatic excrescences of scrofula which, at length suppurating, formed ulcers that were healed after a long time. In the light of this revelation one is disposed to judge James I less harshly and more wisely.

From Anne of Denmark, his wife, the inheritance was not good. She, too, was a patient of Mayerne's from 1612 until her death seven years later. He attended her, first in 1612, for an ulcer of the left leg. She had an attack of gout at Christmas of the same year, and in the spring suffered from a recurrence of the ulcer with swollen feet. She died with cough and general dropsy at the comparatively early age of forty-five. In a final description of the case, the physician adds that she was easily made angry; she grew red in the face; she slept ill, and her joints were feeble.

The dual nature of the Stuarts is exquisitely disclosed in their eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, known as 'England's Darling,' and described as 'the most exquisite hopeful Prince in Christendom.' He was, so writes the treasurer of his household, as collated by Mr C. J. S. Thompson, of comely personage, of middle height, broad-shouldered, straight-limbed, and strongly proportioned; his hair was auburn, his eyes, piercing and grave, were often lightened by a most gracious smile; his countenance was amiable and majestic, his disposition courteous, loving, and affable. He abhorred flattery and hated

evil-doing. He was fond of horses, of shooting, of building and gardening, and of all sorts of rare music, of limning, painting, and carving, and of all sorts of excellent and rare pictures. 'All the pleasure in the world,' he said in comment upon his father, 'is not worth one oath.' He died in 1612, obviously of typhoid fever, for Mayerne's description is quite accurate: Many had a similar fever. It usually began like a tertian, but soon became a continued fever; in those who recovered it lasted a long time; delirium, stupor, and convulsions often occurred; hemorrhage often ended the case; there were spots like flea-bites on the body; the disease was not contagious, nor did one affect another, but many might be sick in a house at the same time.

According to portraits, the Stuart eyes were blue or dark, but the light hair persisted; although the black hair, the swarthy brow, and high satyric cheeks of Charles II are an exception. When the coffin of Charles I was opened in 1813, the hair, 'cut short at the back,' was seen to be a light brown, and the beard of a still lighter shade. The portrait of Mary Stuart in the National Gallery by an artist unknown lends credence to the somewhat ecstatic account of her beauty which Mary Fleming gives. Margarete Kurlbaum-Siebert, with feminine instinct and German patience, has fully presented the physical aspect of that exciting queen. The protruding lower lip, reproduced in her son and in all subsequent Stuarts, is enough in itself to disprove the foolish legend that he was a changeling child, son of the Countess of Mar. Mayerne's case-book has a section intended for Charles I, but it contains no entries. Nor does William Harvey avail us, although he was physician-in-ordinary to Charles from the beginning of his reign. He was with him at the coronation in Holyrood in 1633; he was with the army that invaded Scotland; he was present at the battle of Edgehill, reading a book behind a hedge until he was disturbed by 'a great cannon-ball.' But Harvey had other things in mind; he was meditating upon his discovery of the circulation of the blood, and upon the process of generation.

If we are denied by Mayerne and Harvey an account of the physical condition of Charles, we are supplied with illuminating details of his wife's ill-health; and the ill-health of one's wife is only a little less disturbing than

one's own. The Queen, Henriette Marie, as she always signed her name, wrote to Mayerne on May 3, 1644, urging him to come to Oxford; and the King, himself, reinforces the request by the words, *Pour l'amour de moy alle trouver ma Femme*. By this time the Queen must have been quite a different person from the pale and graceful woman depicted by Van Dyck, and especially from the bride of fifteen who came to England in 1625, described by Buckingham as 'a lovely, sweet, young creature'; by Kensington, as one who danced well and sang very sweetly, with 'glowing accounts of her beauty'; by Howell, as one of a 'lovely and lasting complexion, dark brown with eyes that sparkle like stars.' D'Ewes in his diary comments upon her deportment among her women so sweet and humble, her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious. All this testimony Mr J. C. Muddiman has collected with a loving hand; but Mayerne's portraiture sixteen years later is much more sombre—sombre enough even in Sir Norman Moore's summary from the more specific Latin: Enlargement of liver and spleen, frequent swelling of the gums and painful teeth, several renal calculi, frequent cough, sleepless nights only soothed by syrup of poppy, herpes of the upper lip, occasional inflammation of the right eye and of the eyelids, recurring headaches, curvature of the spine, the arm and hand of the right wasted, extreme emaciation; concerning the mind, anger violent but brief, long sadness, frequent tears. A woman in such condition could not have been wise in counsel; and the gentle Charles—of good judgment but rarely depending upon it, 'his arguing beyond measure civil and patient,' wiser than most of his Council but seldom following his own reason, seldom making his own dispatches but incessant in mending and altering those put before him—was notoriously under the domination of the Queen.

The physical health of Charles I and of the succeeding Stuarts was somewhat enriched by the strain from his mother, Anne of Denmark, but the natural quality of the father prevailed. As a child, he was weak and sickly, 'not likely to live.' All his life, 'he spake but slowly and would stammer a little when he began to speak eagerly.' This defect he inherited from his father, who had high and narrow fauces which caused difficulty in

speaking and swallowing ; the same condition was present in Mary Stuart and in her father James V of Scotland. He grew up shy and reserved, but did not lack physical vigour. He rode a great horse ; he was proficient in vaulting, ' running at the ring,' and shooting with cross-bow and musket. His tastes were refined ; ' he blushed like a girl whenever an immodest word was uttered in his presence.' He was fond of music and skilled in judgment of other forms of art. His household was frugal and correct, his Court a model of dignity and good order. The burden of Charles I was mental rather than physical ; and it was that mental defect, a narrow and intense pertinacity, that drove him and so many of the Stuarts to their doom. It is worthy of remark that the less admirable qualities in every member of the line began to assert themselves when life's gay morn had passed. That is the habit of all inherent tendencies, and accounts for the incidence of chronic disease when the natural youthful force is abated. Early middle age is a watchful period to men of sense, to wise physicians, and especially to medical examiners of candidates for life insurance.

Charles II died at the age of fifty-four in uræmic convulsions due to chronic nephritis, a disease from which he suffered ' many years' ; for he had convulsive seizures at various times during the last seven years of his life, and was subject to mild attacks of gout. Of his early illnesses little is known ; the circumstance of his death was recorded in ruthless detail by various hands : With a cry he fell. Dr King who happened to be present bled him with a pocket-knife. Fourteen physicians were quickly in attendance. They bled him more thoroughly ; they scarified and cupped him ; his head was shaved and blistered ; they gave an emetic, a clyster, and two pills. During eight days, the dying king was given fifty-eight different drugs, and towards the end Raleigh's Cordial, containing forty more. As a last resort Goa stone, a calculus found in Persian goats, was administered ; and finally spirit of human skull, which is prepared by distilling pieces of human skull in alcohol. The emetic and the purge ' worked so mightily well, that it was a wonder he died.' One physician protested that his colleagues would kill the king by their treatment. The usual suspicion of irregular poisoning became prevalent, and ' the most

knowing and the most deserving of all his physicians' professed that belief. Probably he merely desired to exculpate himself and his brethren. Charles died, as he lived, in a scene of disorder: 'The Duchess swooned in the chamber and was carried out for air. Nelly made a disturbance; she was led out, and lay roaring behind the door.' The diamond rings were stolen from his fingers. But the king was patient: 'Gentlemen, I have suffered very much, more than you can imagine,—do not let poor Nelly starve.—At half an hour after twelve I shall depart.—I have been a most unconscionable time in dying; I hope you will excuse it.—I have waited for this change and desire to be dissolved.' 'He then died as peaceable as a lamb, and had his sense though not his speech to the very last.'

Whilst this mediæval practice was in progress at the Palace, not far away, in a house on the north side of Pall Mall, looking south over St James's Park, opposite to Nell Gwynne's and quite near the house of Moll the Dancer, lived Thomas Sydenham, who had already laid the foundation of modern European medicine. The signs of disease, he said, were signs that nature was already effecting a cure. The physician should assist and not obstruct; when it is not clearly manifest what should be done, he can serve best by doing nothing; skilled observation at the bedside was the only rule. Possibly he carried his English derision of hypothesis too far when he declared that an old woman in Covent Garden could beat the botanists at their own game, and that his butcher could dissect a joint better than the Italian anatomists who were then coming into vogue. But the old Puritan soldier was not summoned to the royal bedside.

James, known generally as the Pretender, failed to regain the throne in his first attempt by an attack of measles which allowed the English to assemble their fleet. His licentious life, his growing habits of indolence and irresolution, alienated his partisans; his health failed, and for several years he was unable to leave his room in Rome, where he died in 1766, and was buried in St Peter's: 'He was tall, meager, and melancholy of aspect; without the particular features of any Stuart, he had the strong lines and fatality of air peculiar to them all.' Charles, the 'Young Pretender,' had for mother a Sobieski.

This handsome and accomplished youth fascinated the courtly society of Europe by the gaiety of his manner, the grace and dignity of his bearing; he captured the hearts of the Highlanders by his enthusiasm and charm, and they followed him to disaster. But in time the dominant strain of his nature prevailed. His temper became fretful and imperious, his habits drunken, his life debauched. More outcast than exile, he brought the Jacobite illusion to an end with his death in Rome in the year 1788.

The two Stuarts who have been the most fiercely assailed and the most violently defended are Mary Queen of Scots and James II of Great Britain. The assault and defence have been conducted on improper grounds. The partisans of Mary represent her as an innocent fool; her assailants, as a woman of inhuman malignity. The truth is, she merely employed the weapons of her time, some of which she snatched from the hands of her enemies and wielded bravely. Her detractors deny to her any human quality, even personal beauty. J. A. Froude, that eminent romanticist, relates with glee that when her severed head was held up to view, the spectators observed 'the withered features of a grizzled wrinkled old woman.' That is not fair. A woman in such extremity does not look her best. It was against some such remark that Freeman, the historian, made the savage marginal note in his copy of Froude's book—so savage, that it is not fit for revival in these urbane times.

By a strange chance the modern writing of that period comes from Roman Catholic minds, as a normal reaction against the systematic defamation that has too long passed for history; but this writing in turn lacks balance. Mr Hilaire Belloc has convinced every studious soldier of the naval and military skill and personal courage of James II. He has not convinced the historian that a passionate adherence to any particular form of religion entitles a man or a king to final absolution. The Church itself at a very early period was compelled to declare that a wilful and obstinate martyrdom did not constitute a passport to heaven. Religious bigotry ran down the Stuart line. Queen Anne was as bigoted a Protestant as James was a resolute Catholic. In her, the last of the official line, was the traditional stubbornness—stubborn about her Protes-

tantism, her crown, and her succession. In her too that strain became dominant, which made of her a sordid woman with her sixteen still-born children, her dull, trivial, fretful, ignorant, indolent, and feeble nature.

The first and the last of the Stuart sovereigns had in common a perverse obstinacy, a blind and insensate adherence to the single purpose of a rigid and contracted mind. Into the Stuart blood at various times new strains were infused by Mary, by Anne of Denmark, Henrietta Maria, the Hydes, Mary of Modena, the Sobieskis. To appraise the full effect would be a problem in infinity which for us can only end in speculation and surmise. That must be left to another tribunal than this. History which moves in a lesser sphere suggests the conclusion that the original strain, however modified, was dominant to the tragic end. And yet the Stuarts, despite their faults and failings, inspired in their followers sentiments that were lofty and conduct that was noble. They inspired courage, loyalty, sacrifice, affection, proven up to the hour of death, which still remain in the deathless poetry of four separate peoples, the Highland (*a*), the Irish (*b*), the Lowland (*c*), the English (*d*). Long after the illusion perished the mood remained: Better lo'ed you'll never be,—And will you no come back again? These profound emotions ennobled the old wars; it was lack of emotion, even the emotion of hatred toward the enemy, that made the last War so intolerable to those who served.

Sentiment is now out of fashion; but a revival of old sentiments would do something to destroy the sordid and cynical despair into which the world has fallen. A fleeting glimpse of these old moods may for a moment distract the modern mind:

(a) 'Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
 A woefu' day it was to me,
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear and brothers three.
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e.'

(b) "' Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain;
 My love and native land farewell,
 For I maun cross the main."

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore ;
And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake
With Adieu for evermore.'

- (c) 'Gif my gude lord were here this night,
As he's awa wi' Charlie,
The great Argyle and a' his men
Durstna plunder the bonny house o' Airlie.
O, I hae bore me eleven braw sons,
The youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
And if I had to bear them again,
They a' should gang to Charlie.'

'I ance had sons, but now hae none ;
I bred them toiling sairly ;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie.'

- (d) 'To my true king I offer'd free from stain
Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they . . .
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once my own,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.'

ANDREW MACPHAIL.

Art. 3.—EIGHT YEARS OF IRISH HOME RULE.

JUST now, when the British Government appears to be contemplating another radical change in the Constitution of the Empire by accepting the suggestion of Dominion status for India, it seems opportune to revert to the last constitutional experiment made by the Imperial Parliament when, in 1921, it set up Dominion Home Rule in the Irish Free State; and it may be well to inquire whether that latest development in the British Commonwealth of Nations has so far been justified. Indian agitators, foremost among them Mr Gandhi, in making their demands for extended powers of self-government for India, have been quoting the case of Ireland, and now propose to extend the parallel by modelling their tactics on those of the southern Irish in the years 1916 to 1921, apparently believing that by demanding Independence they will secure the minimum of Dominion status as was the case with the Free State. Behind all this lies the assumption that the Irish and the Indian problems are much the same. Nothing, however, could be more different; for while there is a certain obvious and superficial analogy between them, that, on the whole, is misleading. The problem of Ireland is as different from that of India as is West from East. While, therefore, the solution of the Irish question does not necessarily indicate the way in which the complex difficulties of the Indian situation can be resolved, yet the study of the operation of Home Rule in the Irish Free State is not merely interesting but, at the present juncture, should be instructive.

It has often been said that the story of British government in Ireland is that of missed opportunities and there is much truth in the statement, for the history of English rule there has been one of strange mismanagement by a people whom the world has rightly credited with courage, vision, and, like the Romans of old, a special gift for government. Ireland, somehow, seems always to have been their undoing, and if there is one thing which English officials in Ireland, from Elizabethan Lords Deputy to modern Chief Secretaries, have had in common, it is the ever-present sense of failure, the desire to be relieved of office and to get out of the country. It would be ungenerous, if not inaccurate, to suppose that these

men did not go to Ireland with high hopes and sometimes with the best intentions, but though that be admitted, it is clear that, also, they came with preconceived ideas, based upon experience in a country vastly different from that to which they were appointed. They applied English standards to Irish conditions and when these, naturally, did not fit, they took refuge in the saying that 'the obvious never happened in Ireland.' Thus official reputations were continually being wrecked and the disheartened and disappointed officials were glad to get home again. Yet the real fact is that throughout her long association with Ireland England had many splendid opportunities to seize success and solve the problem of Irish government; but she always just managed to miss it. The failures of her early years have little interest for us now, but not so her later ones, for they were the prelude to the intense phase in the agitation for Home Rule which resulted in the winning of Dominion status. Thus it may not be unprofitable to consider some of the recent occasions upon which England, had she shown her traditional courage and sense of justice, might have resolved Ireland's difficulties as well as her own. What, for instance, would have been the course of history if the British Government in 1913 had not ignored the formation of the Ulster Volunteers under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson? And especially, what would have happened if, in the spring of 1914, when rifles and ammunition from Germany were landed at Larne and distributed throughout Ulster, the Government had done its obvious duty and enforced the rule of law, instead of contenting itself with protesting feebly against the 'unprecedented outrage'? Time has not served to mitigate England's failure on that occasion, and few people now can doubt that her inability and reluctance to let the law take its course, and her erection of one class of her population into a privileged caste, damaged her prestige irretrievably. Its reactions were felt far beyond the shores of Ireland; but within that country its result was to discredit British rule absolutely and to complicate and intensify the already difficult Irish problem.

Or again, what a world of difference to Ireland if the Home Rule Act had been enforced in 1914! Had there been in office a statesman with the daring to deal boldly

with the Irish question as England is now dealing with Armaments and many other problems of long standing, who that has fought on the fields of Flanders and seen Irishmen of North and South vie in bravery and loyalty to the general cause, can doubt that the union thus achieved by mutual sacrifice on the field of battle would have been translated to Ireland and flourished there in an atmosphere freed of the old political prejudices? At least, the greatest difficulty of the Irish situation would have disappeared and Partition would never have been accomplished. Or, having missed that supreme chance, if only England had grasped the next opportunity and negotiated with the Dominion Home Rule party of Sir Horace Plunkett a couple of years before she negotiated with the Sinn Fein party of Arthur Griffiths and Michael Collins, what misery and destruction would have been avoided! Finally, had she seriously considered the plan of settlement put forward by Captain Stephen Gwynn and the Centre Party, by which Ireland might have had that surest means of reconciling liberty with democracy, the federal system, involving in this case a union of the four provinces, a proposal acceptable to all, she might, even at the eleventh hour, have carried off the honours and anticipated what may yet be the final solution of the Irish problem. It was urged against this scheme that the provinces were too small for local self-government; but the whole of Belgium is little bigger than Munster and the entire Swiss Federation only about the size of two of the Irish provinces. Athens was considerably smaller. The tragedy is that the plan was not treated seriously, and yet no student of history, with the constitutional evolution of the various Dominions before him, can come to any other conclusion than that Ireland must some day adopt the federal system. That was the goal towards which Canada, Australia, South Africa strove, and it must assuredly be the aim of Ireland too; for, as the supreme flaw in the present Irish situation is Partition, so the ultimate end of Irish statesmanship must be Union. Forecasting such an eventual solution, one of the soundest of our younger political thinkers, Mr Bolton Waller, writes in his 'Hibernia':

'The precise, immediate cause of the decisive move to Irish Union cannot be prophesied. . . . To surmise the

settlement is scarcely profitable, but some of its features may be indicated. . . . The Northern Parliament will be retained, but will have to be balanced by another Parliament in the South, having the same status as it has relative to the Central Parliament. Or it may be more convenient to give each of the three Southern Provinces its own.'

This is the plan favoured, too, by another constructive thinker, Captain Denis Ireland, in his pamphlet, 'Ulster Politics as I see them.' 'I prefer,' he says, 'a federally united Ireland.' Such an arrangement would, amongst other things, have the merit of preventing the centralisation of affairs in Dublin, which is even now a cause of discontent in the country and not the least of the Government's difficulties, a centralisation which explains the jealousy that exists between Cork and Dublin, and accounts for the feeling that the Gaeltacht is being neglected. But these are the might-have-beens of history. England missed her chances and in the end found herself forced by circumstances to negotiate with the extreme left, the Sinn Féin Party, who took on themselves at once to put into operation Dominion Home Rule in its widest interpretation.

It has been truly said that few countries have had to start on a new career under circumstances of greater difficulty than the Irish Free State, and certainly few young governments have begun with greater handicaps. But if the party into whose hands power fell in the Free State as a result of the Treaty had little or no experience in government, they had among their members men possessed of more sterling qualities still—imagination, courage, constructive statesmanship. This was their equipment. Some of their initial difficulties, curiously enough, might, in a certain measure, be said to have been of their own making, due to their ardour for that abstract thing called 'liberty,' so dear to revolutionaries. For the constitution of the Irish Free State, which they themselves had a large share in drawing up, was built upon the most democratic basis; it provided that elections should take place by means of proportional representation, and it also provided for adult suffrage. No one will deny the merits of both these institutions, but one cannot help feeling that, in the particular circumstances in which the young Irish State began its career, they did not make

the task of government easier. Supporters of proportional representation, of course, are enthusiastic about its good results in Ireland, and we have seen it stated that at the election of the Provisional Government in 1922 it 'made a contribution to history of lasting and decisive import'; for, by revealing the true mind of the Irish electors, it avoided the deadlock which the single-member system would have maintained and thus secured the consummation of the Treaty between Ireland and Great Britain. It may have done this, but certainly it also returned to the Dail a large number of parties—there are about six in all—some of them very small with only a few members, and none with a sufficiently large majority to make the process of government feasible. The result of this is that Mr Cosgrave's party, though it has been in office since 1922, remains in power only through the support of outside parties, chiefly the Farmers and Independents, and its tenure is at all times precarious since, of itself, it does not even command a majority. The difficulties of government in these conditions must be obvious, and it says a good deal for the generalship of Mr Cosgrave that he has been able to retain office so long.

Adult suffrage, again, is, no doubt, an ideal towards which nations ought to strive, but it contemplates a community highly educated politically, and this we have not yet got in Ireland. The young people, in the elections so far, have shown little sense of responsibility, though in this respect the women voters who, incidentally, are in a slight minority in the Free State, have sinned no worse than the men. But there is no doubt that Mr de Valera receives the main part of his support from voters in their early twenties, particularly, perhaps, among the student classes, the farmers' sons, and the workers in the towns. With practically no stake in the country, these young people can afford to be reckless, and they are. Having been educated in the traditional antagonism to England, they prefer, even now, to dwell on old complaints and political abstractions. Republican and separatist doctrines appeal to them and they register their votes regardless of the consequences to their country. In any case, the party in power is always judged by its actions, the party out of power by its promises, and as promises are easier to

make than to perform, we come to another explanation of the influence exerted by Mr de Valera. It takes a strong character, for example, in the present depressed state of agriculture, to resist the politician who says emphatically that, if his party got into power, money which now goes to England would then be kept at home. That, after all, is what Mr de Valera does when he goes into the country and talks to the farmers of land annuities. Certainly, if the older people are too level-headed to be impressed by this kind of eloquence, their sons and daughters succumb to it, with the result that Mr de Valera draws a large measure of support from the very class—the families of the tenant farmers—who have benefited most by the Government's policy. In criticising this political recklessness of the young voters in the Free State, however, we should remember that the present generation grew up during the horrors of war, when the ordinary standards of life were abrogated and social chaos took the place of social order—for that was what happened in Ireland during the civil war in both its phases. Perhaps, then, it would be too much to expect that these young people should now suddenly adapt themselves to the altered conditions of peace and cultivate a new sense of values. It must be a slow process—this political and social education—and while it is in progress manhood suffrage will not be void of dangers.

The chief requisite of any government is money, and here again the present administration have been seriously at a disadvantage, for they found themselves obliged to pay an enormous sum in damages to the many people who had suffered injuries to property and person during the period of the Irish war against England, and they were only a short time in office when they had to foot the bill for a campaign of destruction by the opponents of the Treaty which ran into millions of pounds—a competent authority has placed it at over 40 millions, nearly twice the total annual revenue of the Free State. Not merely had money to be spent in making good the damage, but a large Army had to be kept up, at an enormous outlay, to enforce order and secure respect for the law. That Army has now been reduced, but the Free State is only slowly recovering from the disasters of those early years. Money is scarce, and if, on the whole, the Government

has been wise to adopt the conservative policy of living within its income, yet its selective tariffs, and the other taxes imposed to raise revenue, have made the Free State one of the most expensive countries in Europe to live in, without having had the desired effect of encouraging private enterprise to any appreciable degree. And now, if any form of de-rating should, as seems likely, be adopted, the cost of living must necessarily mount still further—a very serious state of affairs for any administration.

Finally, the present Government party is hampered by the necessity of keeping on good terms with its own political clubs throughout the country, the members of which can scarcely be said, outside Dublin at any rate, to be drawn from the most educated classes, and many of whom, veterans of the fight, are still extremists. Concessions to moderate opinion, therefore, are often viewed with disfavour, and while Mr Cosgrave need not fear that, like Danton, he will lose his head if he becomes accused of being an *indulgent*, yet he cannot afford to risk the political fortunes of his party by any quarrel with the clubs.

But the achievements of the young Free State government in the face of all these difficulties have been noteworthy. In the main they have been in the sphere of economics; for in Ireland, as in every other country since the War, the economic motive and not the political interest is supreme. What an immense transformation in the mind and outlook of the people that means can be realised only by those intimately associated with the history of the country. There was a time, only a few years since, though it seems long ago now, when politics, and worse still, party politics, were of the very essence of every Irishman's being; but that time is past, never, we believe, to return, and for the young men and women now growing up in Ireland, political personalities of pre-war days—names once to conjure with—are remote, far-off things, almost without meaning. Present-day leaders of all parties to a great extent have even given up talking of politics and are turning their attention to the many social and economic problems, the solution of which is vital to the national well-being.

The primary and most necessary preliminaries to economic development on any scale, however, are peace,

law, and order, and, consequently, before the Free State could embark on any ambitious economic programme it had first to restore the rule of law. This was the supreme task which the young Government set before itself, and by its unflinching courage, continually displayed, in circumstances often of the most disheartening kind, it won through. The whole judicial system, which had broken down so hopelessly towards the end of the British regime, was reformed; the administration of justice was set upon a firm basis, with the result that in the Free State now, thanks to Mr Cosgrave's party, the power of the gunman is over and the citizen can walk abroad in peace and pursue his vocation in security. Law and order having been restored then, the Government was in a position to take up its plans for agricultural and economic development, and it lost no time in doing so. Immense schemes were launched, in the forefront of which were the proposals to solve the land question, the oldest difficulty of Ireland's history. This problem has been boldly tackled, and by the Land Acts of 1923 and 1927, completing the work of previous Land Acts, the landlord system has been abolished for all time and the Free State committed to being a nation of small farmers. It is estimated that about 600 landlords have gone for ever, and in their stead there are 300,000 tenants who own their holdings. Three-fourths of the Free State farmers have in this manner so far been provided for, and the remaining fourth will soon be similarly accommodated. Subject only to their land annuities, they have an estate in fee simple. The future of Irish farming, therefore, is in the hands of the farmers themselves.

But the Irish farmer has considerable leeway to make up if he is to compete with his continental and colonial rivals. Particularly he has need of improved methods of production and marketing and a more progressive and scientific outlook. This work, the education of the farming community, has been undertaken by the Ministry of Agriculture, under the able direction of Mr Hogan, a young man of untiring energy, courage, and constructive insight, and its achievement in this sphere alone would have justified the present Government. Realising that the Free State is essentially an agricultural country, those in power have spared no pains to try and put its

main industry on a better and more up-to-date footing, thus continuing the work so well begun years ago by that great Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett. With this end in view, first and foremost, the value of co-operation in all spheres is being stressed, and farmers are being encouraged to give up their present out-of-date methods and build up their business on a co-operative basis. Then, as a means of affording State aid to persons engaged in agriculture and kindred industries, an Agricultural Credit Corporation, with a capital of 500,000*l.*, has been set up. From this loans can be made for constructing farm-buildings, making permanent improvements, purchasing stock, etc.; they can also be made to co-operative societies engaged in giving agricultural credit, or the production or marketing of agricultural produce, machinery, seeds, etc., or for paying off loans incurred in the purchase of land. In addition, not merely better methods of production but also more systematic marketing and export are being fostered, for the Free State is fully alive to the competition in these respects of Denmark, Holland, and other progressive agricultural countries. Legislation has been introduced to improve live stock, to standardise butter and eggs for export, and now a measure is being brought in to deal with the production and distribution of milk. Indeed, everything that could possibly enable the Free State farmer to achieve 'better farming, better business, better living'—the life ambition of Sir Horace Plunkett—has been done. It rests now with the farmer himself to show his worth.

Besides the agricultural reforms, drainage schemes on a large scale have been undertaken and a beginning made with land reclamation and afforestation, plans intended, as has been said, to make, ultimately, a garden of the wilderness. At Carlow, a beet-sugar factory has been established, assisted by a Government subsidy. Housing schemes costing 500,000*l.* have been put in hand, and a further sum of 250,000*l.* is being spent upon housing in the Gaeltacht. Roads have been improved out of all recognition, and the Free State highways now compare favourably with the best in Europe. Local government, in which the breakdown was so pronounced at the end of the British regime and in the disturbed years that followed, has been re-built from the foundations, and the

administration of the Poor Law, Public Health, and other such services brought thoroughly up to date. Finally, the great task of producing electric power for the whole of the Free State by harnessing the Shannon, begun a few years ago, is now completed. Much criticism was originally levelled at the Government for undertaking so vast an enterprise—perhaps the biggest of its kind in Europe—and particularly for undertaking it at the outset of its career when it had little money to spend. But the Shannon scheme is a portent, a sign of the times. It was a move in the right direction. It makes the Free State independent of outside sources of power; it must contribute largely to improved methods in agriculture and to better and brighter conditions of living among the farming classes, for there is no reason now why, in this country as in Denmark, every farmhouse should not be fitted with electric light and even small holdings equipped with electric power; it must assuredly, too, pave the way for the development of new industries, especially those associated with agriculture. It will confer a more lasting benefit still: it will let the light in upon the country in more ways than one, for it will enlarge the vision and widen the horizon of the people of the Free State. There is a special satisfaction, also, in the agricultural and economic policy of the Government in that it is essentially productive, for, as was pointed out recently by the 'Irish Statesman,' undertakings like the Shannon scheme, drainage, land improvement, sugar beet, and afforestation 'are, by their nature, projects which should justify themselves by the employment they may permanently give and the production they will stimulate.' Thus the time may come when the Free State, like France, will be a land of no unemployment, and when young Irish men and women may prefer to stay at home rather than seek their fortunes in America.

In all these measures the Government has had the support and co-operation of the vast majority of the citizens, however much they may differ politically. It is, however, another matter when we turn to its educational and intellectual policy, for here we are met by an intolerance quite unworthy of a modern democratic State. With all its reverence for freedom the Free State Government seems unable to realise that liberty of the

mind is the most valuable liberty of all, and that 'by the soul only shall the nations be great and free.' Indeed, whether it be in the sphere of compulsory Irish or of literary censorship, the Government's attitude can be explained only by sheer political expediency and its belief that to retain office it must be at least as insistent in these matters as is Mr de Valera. As to the Irish language, the truth is that in the Free State at the moment, it has acquired a new value, for it has become the badge of patriotism—no one is any use to the country unless he believes, not merely in the revival of Irish for cultural purposes, but also in making the language compulsory under heavy penalties in all spheres of life—making it, in fact, almost the first essential of citizenship. Thus the country is to be preserved for those who hold these opinions and for them alone—there is no room for others within its borders. These are the views of the Opposition, and the Government thinks, apparently, that it cannot afford to lag behind. Yet this but serves to show how singularly out of touch it is with realities, for the fact is that Mr Cosgrave's party is retained in office largely by the support of those very people who do not believe in compulsory Irish, and on whom the disabilities press most severely. There can only be one result, therefore, of the present policy, and that is that Mr Cosgrave will lose the sympathy and the votes of many who would ordinarily be his mainstay, while he will not win one solitary follower from the camp of Mr de Valera. Thus it is a cause for regret that the question of the revival and development of the Irish language seems to have become a matter of party politics. There are those, indeed, who attribute only such motives to the Government and who say that in daily announcing its honesty and re-stating the position it has taken up, the Executive Council 'doth protest too much.' Certainly, it does not improve its position in the country by threats to the recalcitrants of the 'jack-boot'—to quote the notorious words of Mr Blythe, the Vice-President—for such declarations display not merely very bad taste, but an entire lack of appreciation of the first essentials of responsible government, since the Executive Council is not the master of the people but their servant, an elementary truth which seems to have become blurred in the minds of

Mr Cosgrave's party by his long tenure of office. 'Jack-boot' methods are out of place in a democratic country like the Free State; they must be relegated to the lands of the dictators.

At present, in the Free State, Irish is compulsory in the elementary schools, is practically so in the secondary schools, and is an essential subject for admittance to the Civil Service and other public employment. Recently, by a private member's bill, it was made compulsory for lawyers, and one may expect that it will soon be compulsory for admittance to the remaining professions. In other words, people who do not stand for the Government's policy are excluded from taking a legitimate share in the ordinary life of the country. The only function they are asked to perform is to go on voting for the Government which thus imposes penalties on them! The exigencies of the political situation up to the present have compelled them to do that, but Time does not stand still, and the day must come when these people will take stock of the whole situation and, furthermore, will be in a position to do so.

From an educational point of view the policy of the compulsory study of Irish is extremely interesting—it is doubtful if a similar experiment on so vast a scale has ever been tried by any modern European country. The decision of Turkey to send its whole population to school to learn a new alphabet is a small thing beside this. The attempt is to revive a language which has lapsed, except in the western portions of the country, the Gaeltacht, for some two or three hundred years at least. Thus, for the greater portion of the population of the Free State, Irish is virtually a 'foreign' language, however hateful that term may be. This is the description of it used by the Rev. Eugene O'Growney, who has done more than any other person in Ireland to lead people to an acquaintance with the language and to take an interest in it. 'I myself,' he writes, 'was obliged to study Irish as a foreign language.' The aim of the Government, ostensibly, then, is to make the Free State, at least, bilingual, but in countries where the inhabitants are bilingual two languages are *spoken* around and about people from their birth. They hear them; they use them daily. This is so, for example, in Switzerland and Belgium, and consequently

it is an easy matter for the natives to grow up bilingual. It is equally easy for the inhabitants of the Gaeltacht in Ireland, and there is no reason whatever why the people of these districts should not be able to speak both Irish and English fluently. The inhabitants of the Gaeltacht, however, are mainly peasant farmers and, unfortunately, most of them cannot read or write Irish—they merely speak it. A more regrettable thing still is the fact that they do not cherish the language or set any great value on it. The hard conditions of their lives have made them realists of the first order, and the standard they apply to the language is : ‘ What use is it ? ’ It will not help them to earn a living in America, and so they improve their English and emigrate. For the rest of Ireland, the study of Irish must be undertaken as the study of any other foreign language. In actual practice it is as if England suddenly announced to its population that it was to go to school and become bilingual by learning, in addition to English, German or French—the only difference being that German or French would be of use outside England : Irish is of no use outside Ireland. In any case, the difficulties must be obvious, and the lasting practical results questionable indeed. In all countries there are people who have not the gift of languages and who find it as much as they can do to master their mother tongue. To these people Irish enthusiasts show no consideration ; whether or not they can learn a language they must learn Irish ; while even for those who are ordinarily gifted with a language sense it is generally found that after years of study in school, and perhaps even in the university, they do not acquire fluency in *speaking* a foreign language. Place the average schoolboy, who has spent some years in the study of French, suddenly in the crowded streets of Paris, send him into the shops to transact a little business, and how much of all that he hears does he understand ? The one idea which comes home to him is that his French is like that of Chaucer’s Prioress, who spoke French

‘ After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For French of Paris was to hir unknowe.’

This is the root of the difficulty in Ireland to-day. Children go to school ; they learn Irish grammar and

texts, and they come home and rarely speak the language again. Nor does it seem likely that the time will come when these conditions will change, for nothing can be more fantastic than to suppose that the Irish language will ever supplant English as the first and chief means of expression of the vast bulk of the population of the Free State. Conditions of life, economic forces, the influence of the cinema and especially, now, the 'talkies,' in which a small country like Ireland can never hope to compete with a large one like America—all these influences are against such a consummation, however devoutly it might be wished. There is no doubt that the study of Irish can be of considerable cultural advantage—to philologists especially it is extremely interesting—and in directing attention to this the universities particularly should be active. There are those who believe, indeed, that the Government could do its most effective and permanent work for the Irish language by concentrating on these lines. To quote the words of a recent writer in the 'Irish Statesman': 'This might be a far better way of rooting an Irish culture in the national consciousness than by yielding to the impetuosity of our young barbarians who want to force the pace from outside.'

To the average parent, however, this question of compulsory Irish takes on a purely economic aspect. His chief concern is: Has the time spent by his children upon the study of Irish been profitably spent? He knows that French or German, Italian or Spanish, like English, will be of use in all parts of the world—they will carry one anywhere; but Irish, while it will probably help a boy towards earning a livelihood in the Free State, is of no use anywhere else. Many other arguments may be used against compulsory Irish. Because of it, no doubt, the study of modern languages has suffered, a regrettable fact to which the President of Maynooth College has recently drawn attention. German has almost disappeared from the schools, and in Ireland this cannot be attributed, as was the case in England, to the Great War. Even French is not taught to anything like the extent that it was. Only a short time ago we heard one of the most enthusiastic Irish scholars in the country declare that the decline of French must be directly attributable to compulsory Irish. Indeed, it is usual now to find students

entering the university without even a reading acquaintance with a modern continental language—a circumstance which has caused concern to professors not merely in the faculty of Arts, but also in the faculty of Science. Thus, while all the nations of the world are drawing closer together in a common understanding of one another, the Free State seems bent on becoming more insular and living more exclusively apart. An ambassador in Paris, one in Berlin, and another in the Vatican will not make up for the loss of touch with the continent and with European culture generally, which has resulted from the neglect of modern languages in the schools. This exclusiveness is deliberately justified by ardent Gaels in the name of nationalism—Mr de Valera has never made any secret of his views on the subject—but even nationalism can be overdone. Again, there is the cost of compulsory Irish, and the still more telling argument that it is a barrier against Union. Attempts have even been made to complicate the question by introducing a religious motive and suggesting that the Government's policy is, in some way, harder on the Protestants. This kind of criticism does no good. It is not the Protestant community alone who are affected, but the vast majority of the population of the Free State.

It is now an admitted fact that in most countries of the modern world a minority, well organised, will always be in a position to impose its will on a majority which is not organised. This is the real explanation of the present curious state of affairs in the Free State. A large section of the population is ineffective because it has not taken the trouble to organise; it is inarticulate because it continues to remain divided. This section consists of Protestants or 'Southern Unionists,' as they used to be called, and the old 'Constitutional Nationalists,' people of moderate opinion who are as loyal to Irish nationalism as the Government party or the followers of Mr de Valera, but who cannot reconcile themselves to what they regard as the extreme views of the two large political parties in regard to many vital aspects of life in the Free State. The position of the Protestants at present is, indeed, amazing; their ineffectiveness, what Mr Bolton Waller mildly calls their 'timidity,' is nothing short of extraordinary, especially when one remembers the great con-

tribution made by them in the past to the intellectual and political life of the country, and when one recalls the names of some of the many illustrious leaders they have given to the national movement—men like Grattan, Wolfe Tone, Emmett, Mitchell, Parnell. 'In both the Senate and the Dail Protestants are numerous,' says Mr Bolton Waller, 'but with a few exceptions, they are content to display a vague amiability rather than make any definite contribution.' 'Such timidity,' he adds, 'is bad both for themselves and for Ireland.' As to Trinity College, its amiability passes understanding, for, while its members in the Dail make mild protests against certain aspects of the Government policy—intellectual and educational—Trinity College itself seems to spend its time in trying to find excuses for the Government, and rests content, apparently, to go on producing its graduates for export, seemingly unaware of any injustice to them and unable, or unwilling, to realise the great power for good it holds within itself as the natural centre of an enlightened and articulate Opposition. Amiability can be carried too far. This same strange sense of ineffectiveness and even of despondency, so characteristic of a large section of the people of the Free State at the moment, was illustrated at a recent meeting in Dublin of the Schoolmasters Association—an assembly of Protestant headmasters mainly. Referring to the policy of compulsory Irish, the chairman, the Rev. C. B. Armstrong, is reported to have said that if the Government should continue the present method of ignoring the protests of the headmasters, then 'there is no immediate power in the hands of a small section against their policy. We must rely on the slow processes of reason, the lingering death of old bitterness, and the pressure of economic fact.' This is a typical example of the mental attitude which has been ruining the people of moderate opinion in the Free State up to the present, for it has led them to inaction, an inability to adjust themselves to new conditions—worse still, it has led many of them to abstention from the elections. Mr Armstrong is wrong. There is an immediate power in the hands of such people if only they will use it—the vote. And with proportional representation even the 'small section' has its chance. Those who hope to bring the Government to see their

point of view by withholding support and not voting at all, thus rendering the Government's tenure of office even less secure, are making a grave mistake. They do more than that: they betray the best interests of their country for, as conditions are in the Free State, their action is unpatriotic. Abstention never did any good—in ancient Athens, we are told, it was a punishable offence for a free man to neglect to exercise his rights of citizenship. What those who would refrain from voting seem unable sufficiently to realise is that an election is exactly that part of self-government in which they can exercise a personal and perceptible influence. Abstention then, at any price, must cease. It is clear that it is the first duty of every citizen in the Free State to vote. This being so, the moderates might next organise and form a party of their own, and it seems to be putting it at a mild estimate that, if they did so, they would get in at least one candidate in each of twenty counties out of the twenty-six—a party which would soon make its weight felt in the Dail both by its numbers and its personal qualities. We have to remember that such an experiment has never yet been tried at a Free State election, for the attempt made by Captain Redmond was purely individual, and never seriously regarded in the country; in any case, his action in associating himself with the extremists against the Government at a most critical juncture simply alienated moderate opinion. Up to the present, however, the moderates have held back from doing this because they know that any seats they might gain in the elections would be won almost entirely at the cost of the Government party. Thus the danger of this action is that it would let an even more extreme party into power: Mr de Valera would take office—a contingency which most sensible people in the country could only regard with the utmost misgiving.

But while, therefore, it might be premature to launch such a party at the moment, it is at least sound policy to prepare for the time when, to do so, would no longer be unpatriotic. This means that throughout the country a healthy, constructive Opposition should be fostered, one which will not lose heart easily and become inarticulate, or prove too amiable, but will continue to keep its programme before the country and, while willing so long as

the safety of the country demands it, to support Mr Cosgrave, will insist that he shall not continue to ignore the point of view of moderate Irishmen. Conditions cannot remain as they are, and it is conceivable that, sooner than is generally anticipated, the best interests of the country would be served by the establishment of a party retaining the main features of the present Government and rejecting its more extreme programme. This is a point emphasised recently by Mr J. M. Henry, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in a letter to the 'Irish Times.' He writes:

'Were a suitable leader to arise—he may be even now receiving his training at one of our universities—whose watchwords were sanity, Christianity, a closer rather than a looser connection with England as fellow-members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and a fixed determination to observe both the letter and spirit of the treaty which binds the two nations, he would easily outbid existing politicians even in the race for votes. Halcyon days are yet in store for Ireland when the present political parties shall, along with the war clouds which engendered them, have melted into the infinite azure of the past.'

The Free State since its inception has achieved much and, in the eyes of most, has justified itself, but it would be idle to pretend that all is well within the country. No candid observer can regard the present state of affairs without misgiving for, with a dwindling population and one of the lowest birth-rates in Europe, when the supreme need of the country is to conserve its man power and to keep its inhabitants at home, conditions are such that, to the old type of emigration to America, there is added a new exodus to England and elsewhere of people better equipped and educated, and Ireland is losing some of the best of her sons. There are signs that the Government is not without realising the dangers of this situation and, while it tries to disclaim responsibility for it and to shift the blame on to the emigrés, its arguments are scarcely convincing. Dealing with this continued exodus from the Free State, a writer in the semi-official organ of the Government party, the 'Star,' recently referred to what he calls this 'strange phenomenon which might perhaps be described as community suicide.' One section of our people—the Protestants—he says, 'would

appear to be trying to bring about their own disappearance from the Saorstát.' Such a way of stating the case will convince no one. The ordinary student of events will naturally conclude that whole communities do not, as a rule, leave their native country without reason—it has rarely, if ever, happened in history, and he will realise that there must be something radically wrong with a State when such a phenomenon seemingly occurs. As a matter of fact, however much the Government may try to salve its conscience in regard to this, it must accept a full share of the responsibility. To the outside world, and especially, perhaps, to English people, Ireland during the recent troubled years appeared as a land of evil-doers. But no estimate could be more unjust; nothing could be further from the truth. Political crime was confined to a few, and the mass of the Irish people were law-abiding, taking no part in any war whether against England or against the present party in office. To them the terrible deeds done in Ireland during the civil trouble were abhorrent; they do not now wish to be reminded of them. Yet the Government, rejecting a splendid opportunity for rallying all classes to its support by the adoption of a national anthem and a national flag agreeable to the nation, has preferred to stress the things which most people would rather forget and to perpetuate bitter memories by the adoption of emblems which a great number of the citizens can neither respect nor cherish. Such things as this have shown the Government's lack of statesmanship and goodwill and, added to the tyranny in the intellectual and educational sphere, have made it impossible for many people to remain in the country. Believing still in liberty, they prefer to leave. Unfortunately, the Government's intolerance has obscured its vision to a lamentable degree. 'While we hope,' says the writer in the 'Star,' 'that the Protestant population will not continue its policy of self-extinction, we think it would be of no benefit to the country to save it by abandoning any portion of the national policy of Gaelicisation.' What matters, however, is not what the Government party thinks, but what the country thinks about it. The truth is that the Free State cannot afford to lose some of the best of its population in this manner. Ireland has need of them. In every way they are an

asset, not least for political reasons, for even those who say 'let them go,' are compelled to recognise that 'the existence of a strong Nationalist Protestant community in the Saorstát would be of great service if and when National reunion becomes practical politics.' And Union must be the goal of every good Irishman, of all parties alike. The real and most effective answer to the Government's policy, however, is not emigration but, first, a tightening of the ranks of the people of moderate views, Catholic and Protestant; and then a determination to remain in the country, taking for their motto the words of the late Earl of Mayo, when his home was burnt down by raiders: 'I will not be driven from my own country.' Ireland belongs not to one party but to all, and it is not the preserve of people who speak a particular language and believe in one type of culture only.

It is obvious, therefore, that the most pressing need of the Free State at the moment is a tolerance for 'the other man's' opinion—there must be room for differing points of view in this, as in every country. And those in high places who continue to base policy upon antipathies and to play upon hatreds not only do grievous dis-service to their country, but deny the teachings of Christ Himself. All patriotic Irishmen must hope that this tolerance will come, that it will eventually lead to union between North and South, and that the new Ireland, built up on these high principles, will be a better place to live in than the old. And though they realise that the price paid for liberty and a nation's dignity has been heavy and terrible, they will not now waste time in vain regrets. Instead, their faces are towards the dawn.

M. D. O'SULLIVAN.

Art. 4.—REGINALD, VISCOUNT ESHER.

1. *Extracts from Journals, 1872-1881 and 1880-1895.*
Privately printed, 1908, 1914.
2. *Cloud-Capp'd Towers.* Murray, 1927.

THE death of Reginald Baliol Brett, Viscount Esher, means that the country has lost the services of a great and disinterested patriot. He left word that the occasion should not be made one of sorrow and mourning in his family, but that they should continue without break to find as much joy in life as when he lived, and that thoughts of him should ever be happy, unclouded by any period of misery. The recommendation was the sincere wish of the man who was never self-seeking, but always considerate and sympathetic towards others. He lived and worked outside the limelight circle known to the public, and some curiosity has been expressed as to the contents of his Journals. Do they contain startling revelations? Maybe; but the nature of them is no great secret.

In the preface to a volume of extracts, covering the years from 1872-1881, privately printed and circulated amongst friends, Esher says that the habit of keeping a journal was acquired at Eton, and that in the course of years notebooks accumulated automatically; then, one day, he looked through them and 'was struck, not so much by the silliness and vapidity of much that was written as by the use which might possibly be made in future years of certain passages, wholly misleading those unacquainted with the circumstances under which they were written.' The notebooks were, therefore, destroyed, except for these extracts from the later ones. He denies that they have literary merit or public interest, being in the simple form of 'communing with the pages of a blank book, a very ordinary form of harmless egotism,' but admits that possibly they might entertain a few intimate friends. 'If they throw any sidelight upon the formation of character, or upon public events they will have been worth printing. But I am not very hopeful.' A second volume, covering the years 1880-1895, was printed in 1914, and of these extracts Lord Esher says that he had yielded to the not unnatural desire to preserve for a few relations and friends some impressions which may have historical and,

for them, personal interest. Possibly everything which could have 'amused an idle moment' was destroyed. 'I grieved a little as I watched the flames consume a scandalous anecdote or a racy story. Others, less squeamish, may have recorded them elsewhere.'

Reading through these pages one finds evidence of the student at all times—in the midst of political crises there are notes on books read. He was ever a student. To the day of his death he looked carefully through the literary pages of the Press, marked the books to be ordered and read them with absorbing interest. His judgment was finely balanced, his memory retentive; he accumulated a vast store of knowledge. Memoirs and biographies, the minor history of the day, attracted him. He wanted to know the hearts and minds of men and women, their strength, their frailty, their principles and inconsistencies; he placed a value on the *chronique scandaleuse*, but in this age of pigmies upheld the existence of giants: for instance, he appreciated the cleverness of Mr Strachey's book on Queen Victoria, and chuckled over it, but condemned the author for not understanding the thing he was writing about—power! And I well remember his protest when I poked fun at the love-passages in Disraeli's novels and sought, through them, to ridicule the statesman. Queen Victoria and Disraeli to him were giants.

One can say that his political training began from the moment he could understand anything. It was not a deliberate intention to bid for a fixed goal, but a philosophical influence on the mind. There was always a political tang in the air of his father's house. The first Lord Esher was a grand type of Englishman—a strong character, tolerant, humorous, and wise, with a certain bluntness which his son did not share. His wife was French, with strong Napoleonic sympathies and a personal friend of the leading French politicians of the day. Before she married, Colonel Gurwood, her step-father, who always took as much interest in French as in English politics, had made his house a Bonapartist centre. This connection was maintained throughout the Second Empire. Also, as the first Lord Esher rose in his profession he took an active part in British politics. And this formed the atmosphere in which young Reginald Brett's mind developed. It

was a political atmosphere, but calm and protected, undisturbed by storm or high wind.

There was an aloofness in this house, or home, which entered into the young man's character. In Courts of Justice the weaknesses of poor humanity were ever being exposed to his father ; while his shrewd mother, ambitious for her family, had a natural gift for probing into the hearts of men. To them it was not Fate that ruled the material world but men ; and success or failure was dependent on human strength or weakness ; both the parents were broad-minded and tolerant, but neither had any illusions—being endowed with English common sense, French wit, and a light-hearted cynicism. So, also, it was with Reginald Brett. Driven, by interest, to politics—for his literary studies were of an historic and political nature—he understood that theories must be bent and shaped to human fact.

'Harcourt writes that Hartington wants me as his private secretary. I am not elated.' This is the only comment Reginald Brett made in his journal on receipt of the offer which was to introduce him to active affairs of State ; it precedes a long note on Guizot's 'Essay on Democracy in Modern Communities.' A few days later, however, he reflects that 'after the long political training I have had, I am perhaps as well fitted to be Hartington's private secretary as most of my contemporaries. There are several people very anxious that the thing should be ; and as I am not unwilling I suppose it will be. My feeling is, however, a mixed one ; half gladness to possess the power and knowledge that such a position brings, and half regret at having to come out of my shell, to break some old literary habits that are dear to me.' On Jan. 14, 1878, he went to Devonshire House and was installed as Lord Hartington's private secretary.

Hartington was shy. But one can safely assume that Reginald Brett was not shy. He was only twenty-five, but at that early age there is every indication in his journal of the charming manner, the easy self-possession, and what one can only describe as the adroit attack on any one who interested him which was to make him such a remarkable man in later life. It would be hard to imagine any one suffering more than momentary shyness in his company, unless he so desired it ; in the presence of Lord Hartington

a youthful suppleness did duty for experience. Throughout the long career which then commenced he was never out of politics, and was held to it by interest combined with a strong sense of duty. He was not spurred by ambition in the ordinary sense of the word—ambition to complete a task, yes; but for reward or public recognition, no! Serving under three Sovereigns his worth was recognised by all of them—and by their Ministers.

His conception of duty was to the State, to the Sovereign, and was ever above Party. As a young man he declared himself a Liberal, but he soon found that it was 'difficult to be a Liberal,' and equally difficult to be a Tory with his type of mind. 'You cannot be determined by one argument, however forcible, until you have it weighed against all which can be brought forward on the other side.' In course of time he wore no Party colours, and came into consultation with the leaders of all Parties, and in that consultation had no bias beyond the good of the State. A man makes a position for himself, and how he does so is a part of his talent. In Reginald Brett's case, to be in Parliament or out of it meant little—he sat for Falmouth and was beaten at Plymouth; but he was known and trusted by Sir William Harcourt, Mr Balfour, and Lord Rosebery, the leading men of the day, and was on a footing of intimate correspondence with them; his knowledge, advice, and opinions being at all times at their service for acceptance or for argument—and so he remained in politics.

His correspondence covered British foreign policy with Germany and France (the letters from Herbert Bismarck are especially interesting), our Indian and Egyptian affairs, the Army, Navy, and Financial Estimates; also he gave written advice on personal conduct and attitude to be adopted by ministers on some difficult and delicate occasions. He welcomed argument, the shrewder it was the better he liked it, but his sensitive nature shrank before the rude and raucous clamour of public controversy. The late Socialist writer, Belfort Bax, was once chaffed by a well-known journalist: 'How is it that I always beat you in argument, Belfort?' Bax replied in his gentle voice, 'You can shout so much louder!' Nothing in the nature of a shout ever disturbed the peace of the Brett family—neither father nor son was capable of shouting!

It was a matter of taste, of culture, of ingrained dignity.

Reginald Brett and his pretty young wife moved a great deal in an inner and exclusive circle of the widening social world. They lived, when in London, at Tilney Street, where he died, and in the country at Orchard Lea near Windsor, and later at Callander. The interiors of his houses, as is generally so with all home-lovers, reflected something of the man. The furniture belonged mostly to the elegant French periods, but had nothing about it formal or stiff—his were rooms to live in, from which modern contrivance and bits of nonsense were not banished. He was not a collector of furniture or bibelots, but he acquired a number of objects of historic interest: rapiers, miniatures, snuff-boxes, rings, a lock of hair, watches, shoes, clocks, a parchment, a drinking cup; and all these things were incorporated in the general arrangement of the rooms. His library was large and comprehensive.

One had only to be in the house a few minutes to realise that this man did not seek publicity, and never could force himself to shout down an adversary in argument or with sarcasm make the retort that stung, regardless of truth and justice, which is supposed to be necessary to a good 'debater.' It was not his trade. His position is accurately told in a letter to King Edward, in which he refused the offer of the secretaryship of State for War:

'Lord Esher presents his humble duty, and begs to say that, the more he reflects the more certain he is that he cannot successfully and to the satisfaction of Your Majesty become connected with any political Party, and take over the highest political affairs.

'He is deeply grateful to Your Majesty, but he knows his own limitations, and he feels sure that his abilities and training are not such as to qualify him for high office, and especially for political controversy.

'He puts aside all personal and private considerations, and it is on public grounds and especially as a faithful and devoted servant and subject of Your Majesty that Lord Esher, while always ready to devote himself to any task which is within his power and capacity, cannot undertake an office in which he is confident he would fail to give Your Majesty satisfaction.

'Lord Esher writes this as he thought perhaps Your Majesty would like to speak about it when on the hill to-day.'

To Mr Balfour he wrote on the same subject : ' Political office is abhorrent to me, and I have not the qualifications for it. But if you think it right to adopt the plan of appointing, under your supervision and that of the Secretary of State, a Board of three, of whom I shall be the chairman, to carry out W.O. reorganisation, I will do all in my power to help you. This is a very difficult piece of work and I feel I could do it.' Here was courage and wisdom combined. After the war an attempt was made to lure him into Indian affairs, but he declined all the many offers that were made to him. It is curious that so detached and unaggressive a philosopher should have reorganised the war-machine. But he was well qualified for the task. Before he came into contact with the Marquess of Hartington and the War Office his journals show that he had studied war, and the methods and character of military leaders. Practical experience of our administration and organisation came with Hartington, and brought a close association with Viscount Wolseley and Earl Roberts. He had a natural talent for military organisation and high strategy. This crops up in notes made long before the South African War, and was an unsuspected side to his character.

During the reign of King Edward, and especially over the General Election of 1906, his name was bandied about on political platforms, although it conveyed nothing to the enfranchised millions, but amidst the clamour he remained aloof, unruffled, detached, and carried on the task that he had undertaken. It was a difficult piece of work, a great achievement. His dislike and repugnance for publicity applied only to himself and not to the causes he endeavoured to forward. His friendship with the late W. T. Stead dated from the attempts he made to restrain the fiery pen and scorching attacks against the Liberal Government of that noted journalist when he was editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette'; and the celebrated letter which 'drew' the German Emperor was a deliberate snare. But although he might engage in secret manœuvres of the kind it is on record that he refused to listen to one who desired to sell the forged Parnell letters, and did not even mention the subject to Lord Hartington, his chief, until the crisis had occurred. No one but a fool would have expected him to touch that sort of pitch.

Another crisis which through his agency ended happily and humorously, and illustrates his shrewd knowledge of men and women, had concern with a certain lady, with buccaneering tendencies, who had gained possession of some important State papers and refused to give them up. The situation was delicate, a scandal seemed imminent. Esher, however, approached a second lady, who also had sailed on a lawless voyage in her youth and had married a very wealthy man. 'I will get these papers,' said she. He said no more, asked no questions, and in due course the documents were sent to him and returned to their Department, so that scandal was avoided. He was not certain that these two women had ever met before, and never inquired what persuasive powers the one had employed against the other, but, as he observed drily, there is a certain masonry amongst freebooters, and one of them was rich and vain.

The busiest period of his life was during the last few years of Queen Victoria's reign, and throughout the reign of King Edward. Inevitably he was drawn into the war—he had worked with Kitchener, French, and Haig, and been closely associated with all the discussions and consultations which led to the Entente. His relationship to the fantastic military hierarchy that ruled seemed to puzzle people as much as did his association with the Civil Government in peace-time. His position was unique in modern times, and one might well ask how he maintained his great and useful influence for nearly fifty years while the leaders of his youth made way for younger generations? The reply is found in the vigour and persistent youthfulness of his spirit and brain. He always could assimilate the young idea. He was not shocked by any theory of government or life, or by any social innovation. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*; but beneath the surface of manners was human nature which had been his life-long study.

In the last volume he produced, 'Cloud-Capp'd Towers,' there is an essay entitled 'Baseless Fabric,' dealing with that attitude of mind which 'with its self-satisfied and pompous hubris is as old as Aristophanes and as modern as Molière,' characterises the highbrows who publish their Jove-like comments on history and modern life. He recalls that his nurse had sung to him of a

'fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time,' and reminds the Thank-God-I-am-not-as-former-men sect that, in 1870, Democracy was well in the saddle and already lined-up for the race to political power; that 'Mlle de Maupin' and 'Dorian Gray' were well reviewed and widely read in their day; but that the indexing of Swinburne's lyrics 'by the authorities of a great public school in the nineteenth century does not necessarily entail a welcome by their successors to the author of "Antic Hay"' ; that 'correct parentage was as doubtful under Queen Victoria as modern novelists and playwrights could wish'; and finally that 'there is not much difference between the dancing club of 1924 and the dancing saloon in 1874, except that the syncopations of the band are more obvious and the class distinctions of the dancers less so.' In fact, that the youthful sense of superiority over the dead is unjustified and has a time-limit.

The same understanding mind also viewed the political changes that had taken place. Belonging to no Party he was not shy of new ideas 'for fear of their disruptive influence.' He was as sympathetic to the ideals of a Maxton or a Lansbury as to those of a 'Jix' or a Beaverbrook—'the double threads of altruism and selfishness run unbroken through our politics from the days of Robert Walpole to those of Mr Ramsay MacDonald.' His pet argument on the study of history has much to commend it: it is that study should proceed backwards, that is to say, commence with yesterday, absorb the last century, and so, by stages, proceed as far into the dim past as you care to pursue. The correspondence and records he has left would form a notable contribution to the last fifty years.

He was a wonderful friend, a fascinating companion.

C. H. DUDLEY WARD.

Art. 5.—AMERICA'S BID FOR WORLD TRADE.

PART II. THE TACTICS.

LET me say at once that America's foremost statesmen have long since dropped the Wilsonian ethics which at first amazed and then amused Georges Clemenceau in Paris. 'It is a perilous thing,' Wilson once told the Latin-American diplomats in his magisterial way, 'to shape foreign policy in terms of national interests.' This is what Stephen Leacock has called 'the brother-brother stuff,' and found 'spreading like an infection,' until post-War economics cured it. In a masterly survey of the Monroe Doctrine, I heard State Secretary Hughes warn his people not 'to indulge in self-praise; for when we have a clear sense of our own interests, we are just as inflexible as others.' Again, in New York I heard President Coolidge remind the Associated Press (through whom all the Americas get their foreign news) that: 'Our first duty is to Ourselves'! Even Mr Hoover can consider Peace among the nations 'from every selfish point of view.' Truly, 'the precepts change according to the time,' as the well-known *Hadiss* of Mohammed has it.

So that, finding his own unwarlike people with Army and Navy estimates of \$803,000,000—'the largest military budget in the world to-day' (with contingent billions behind that again!)—this massive engineer of Prosperity suggested reductions 'by international agreement upon naval arms.' Only in this course could Mr Hoover see 'the hope of tax-reduction,' a grateful process which has gone on continuously since 1920. Another \$160,000,000 was available for this purpose in the current year. And if proper economies are found, the National Debt which in 1926 stood at \$26,000,000,000 will be wiped out altogether in a decade or two. There would also be money for hydro-electric schemes and productive works at home, as well as money for a new forty-ship fleet on thirteen shrewdly-surveyed routes all over the globe, with mail subsidies on these totalling \$80,000,000 a year. On the Atlantic service, two more 'Leviathans' are planned at a cost of \$25-38,000,000 each. All told, the merchant marine for this Hoover drive will cost \$250,000,000, and is but a detail of his far-flung strategy in foreign fields.

For the past ten years an industrial revolution has

swept the Southern States. These are now transformed with factories which climate, labour and fuel costs make far more profitable than in the North. So sixteen once loose and languid Sovereignities now find themselves with 40,000,000 population; with products worth eighteen billions, with 7,000,000 motor-cars to ride in, and \$50,000,000 invested in rayon-plants alone. In this favoured section grows 58 per cent. of the world's cotton. And the South has five times the coal-area of all Europe, excluding Russia. So that Prosperity—as the prime product of Peace—is well entrenched at all points, and has abler leading than it ever had before from merely 'political' Presidents.

It must here be said that the gambling-spirit—which in America is of incredible range and fury—is a grave danger, even to so resilient a psyche as that which we are here considering. Last autumn's epic orgie of speculation was followed by a panic collapse, with losses running into astronomical billions, and repercussions of it felt from the diamond-mines of Kimberley to the sables of Manchuria and Malaysia's rubber-trees; for the slump in motors hit America very hard. In a single day of hysteria, seventeen million stocks and shares were shot upon delirious markets, often in blocks of fifty or a hundred thousand, for whatever they would fetch. Pawn-brokers turned away penitents laden with the jewels and plate of a desperate salvation. In a 'Wailing Wall Street,' unholy wars were waged as the bottom fell out of a fools' paradise, with enormous ruin on every side. Pillars of finance, like Andrew Mellon and John Rockefeller, tried in vain to dam the deluge. Henry Ford hurried to announce cheaper cars. Big corporations declared still higher dividends, and the 'Selfridge' of Chicago (Julius Rosenwald) pledged a fortune to guarantee the margin-plunges of his 40,000 employees—as he had done before in the lesser exuberance of 1921. Charwomen and porters; lift-boys, typists and clerks; bootblacks, soda-fountain hands, actors, artisans and farmers—all America was lost for a week in the hilarious smoke of a Get-Rich-Quick riot, which differed only in degree from those of the past, and called Hoover himself out of the White House to prescribe for a calamity that came at an awkward moment of international flourishes.

Now what is Great Britain doing in view of an onset which ousts us from our own Empire markets, as well as those in the twenty Latin-American Republics and the Far East? Moreover, the United States is cutting prices in many other fields which her captains have surveyed in view of a saturation-limit reached at home, or which is at any rate in sight. Scientific production and sales methods over there seem to admit of quite fantastic wages, such as the 'minimum' of \$6 to \$7 a day paid in all the Ford plants, where a five-day week has been the rule since 1926. To Mr Hoover's appeal for confidence-measures in the recent aftermath of gambling, Ford responded with a 5 per cent. increase of all salaries, as well as a general wage-'raise' which cost a further \$19,500,000 a year. And behind these ensigns of industrial strength stands a Business President of world-vision whom a grateful Press hails as 'a man who scouts the philosophy of drift, and adores the dynamics of mastery.'

Let us see how we compete with America's giant forces, which Herbert Hoover has set in motion after fifteen years of patient planning. We are quite unready, still vaguely troubled with the 'Wake Up!' tocsin which our King (as Prince of Wales) sounded twenty-nine years ago at the Guildhall, after an extensive Empire tour. Britain's resources are, in fact, far greater than America's own, since they extend to one-fourth of the earth's land surface, with a population of 450,000,000. Yet we face this new strife for markets precisely as we did the World War of 1914; there is no co-ordinate plan of attack and defence. We have disability and procrastination; a poverty of ideas, a non-adaptable stiffness, with views and remedies of confusing clash and consequent nullity. Worst of all, sensitive capital has but a poor opinion of our political leaders, much as George III is said to have had of the generals sent out to deal with revolution in those thirteen revolted Colonies: 'I don't know what effect they will have upon the enemy, but I confess they frighten me!' Thus the President of our National Union of Manufacturers, after a peep into the Cabinet Room in Downing Street, can shock his members with: 'They are not statesmen—they are Charity Commissioners!' 'The burning question of the day,' Mr George Terrell went on to say, 'is the deplorable condition of so many of our

industries, and the great mass of unemployment which is the consequence of it.' Emigration has dwindled, in spite of all concerted efforts: the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 has been a failure, notwithstanding the high hopes of Prime Ministers, both at home and overseas, with concessions in fares, and new aid and offerings all along the Homeseeker's line. The cause of this is partly the 'Sinn Fein' movements in our own Dominions (notably Australia and Canada); but it is mainly due to the prodigal outlay in social services here at home. These now begin with the unborn babe; they follow him through school and all his life-labours, with a further 20,000,000*l.* added for Widows' Pensions this year, and millions more for the 400,000 extra children to be presently maintained at school. There appears to be no end to these Utopian gropings after 'Socialism in our time.'

All told, our social services have now piled up to 342,000,000*l.* 'There is plenty of money in the country,' Mr Maxton assures us, as his party prepare the iron rations of idleness. Since 1911 some twenty-five Unemployment Insurance Acts have been passed, and the current year will see nearly 70,000,000*l.* paid out for this alone. One director of a big motor-works reckoned insurance-taxes at 3*s.* 6*d.* a week for each man in his employ: 'This burden cannot amount to less than 5 per cent. on the cost; so that we have here the equivalent of a manufacturing profit on a cut line, which is a tremendous handicap on British material and finished goods.'

Upon all this 'hothousing' of our human plants we spend 78*s.* a head as against 13*s.* in France and 3*s.* in Italy. America would, of course, be ashamed to see any such pauper items on her balance-sheet; yet we have increased them ten-fold since 1901. Add to all this an increase in the National Debt from 661,000,000*l.* in 1914 to 7,500,000,000*l.* to-day, and one begins to feel the dimness of Britain's chances in this new commercial race. Yet we hear proposals in Parliament for workers' holidays on full pay; for another 4,500,000*l.* in 'respect of children,' to say nothing of a humble shilling for 'the wives of unemployed men'—which shilling at once leaps to 825,000*l.* as our lady Minister of Labour assesses it. Is it any wonder that it needs reinforced acuity to discern among our idle hands those who are 'genuinely seeking

work'? On the other side, our American rivals glory in self-help with 'pink thinking' preached almost with menaces and a brazen propaganda that wakes admiring echoes the world over. 'Our world is tingling'—their prophets tell them—'with promise of future marvels even richer than those we know.' So faith and courage run high and keen: Success is those people's religion, with a catechism that begins: 'Are you scramblin' f'r the crumbs o' Life, while other guys get all the cake?' Not favours, but fortitude does the American ask of his gods, as the old Greek did. 'Let me not pray'—he cries with Tagore—'to be sheltered from dangers, but to be fearless in facing them! Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain, but for the heart to conquer it! Let me not look for allies in Life's arena—but to my own strength!' For which reason the unemployed are officially ignored; all statistics of their millions are mere guesswork of those 'knockers' and 'kickers' whom America loathes.

That prayer of Tagore utters the spirit of our Merchant Adventurers when England's sea-apprenticeship ended with the Spanish Armada, and the soul of our nation sought a vaster stage upon which the human drama was to be played. To-day the legend of a decrepit Britannia, more or less down and out, does us grievous harm, as the Lord Privy Seal found on his recent travels, and as Sir Gilbert Vyle impressed upon a gathering of seventy Chambers of Commerce. 'Mischievous pens' of M.P.'s—and even ex-Premiers—had injured us in ever-widening circles of our foreign trade: 'So that our customers in all parts of the world believe that the country is on the verge of industrial and commercial decadence.' We have need of forceful propaganda in to-day's trade war as we had in 1914, though the ethos of our race has no great zest for crowing and boosting. It was the late U.S. Ambassador who noted Britain's reluctance 'to proclaim from the housetop' the limitless assets which are imperially hers. 'You are not making use'—Mr Houghton feared—'of that loud-speaking machinery which our own huge area and enormous numbers render necessary.' Over there even Holy Writ is ransacked to show the 'pep' and profit of advertising. Was it not the 'shouting of the People' that toppled Jericho's walls? Even a Jeremiah could cry: 'Publish ye among the chief of nations'! Nay

—did not the Master Himself climb upon a Mount to warn 'the salt of the earth' not to 'hide their light under a bushel,' but rather to set it on high that it might 'so shine among men that they see your good works'? 'Modesty's a grand virtue,'—I read on the banners of a Boost Parade in Colorado—'but we're doing fine without it!'

In America publicity is pervasive as the air: it is a fetish sought by all, one to be propitiated at any cost. It begins in the sacred White House precincts. And after suffusing an entire continent, it writes upon the sky by means of air-craft which emit mile-long letters of an 'Ad.' above dizzy towers, each one of which may house the population of a town. These lucky people pay but 6*l.* in taxes, where we pay at least 16*l.* In this we have one of the factors of that commercial languor which the Chancellor remarked in 'not pushing our export trade with the energy shown by our competitors.' One half of Britain's factories and workshops, as Mr Snowden told the Cutlers in Sheffield, are 'hopelessly out of date.' The old spirit of industrialism was still strong, as though we lived 'in the early days of the nineteenth century when the whole markets of the world were at our feet.' There is no gainsaying these strictures. And so long as they apply, our task is, indeed, like trying 't' raäke t' moon owt o' t' pond,' in the phrase of those canny Pennine mill-folk, among whom Mr Snowden was born.

Our late Ambassador in Buenos Aires pointed to Britain's 'lack of propaganda and poor salesmanship.' From South Africa we hear the old story of foreign firms 'adapting their goods to the market,' while 'the British manufacturer often makes an article we do not want, and then tries to sell it to us.' In Melbourne the Minister of Railways deplored an apathy which would not even trouble to read specifications when tenders were advertised. Now consider the evils of this loose and listless spirit: they are very great, and improvement is cumbrous and slow among us, as though the plan lacked that dynamic means of execution, which was the basic principle of Marshal Foch in his momentous problems. No clear lead is given from centre to circumference. We look in vain for a co-ordinator on the largest scale—the man whom Plato styled the *συνσπικτός*, or one who takes the 'synthetic'

view, and declines to consider parts of the system out of relation to the wide harmony of the whole.

I am here reminded of Sir John Corcoran's hint to the Foreign Office on behalf of the National Union of Manufacturers. He questions whether our Government and bureaucracy gives to British firms so effective a backing as their foreign rivals receive when important contracts are toward, such as river-dams and public utilities on the larger scale. In these cases, negotiators often prefer to treat direct with the Foreign Office; and members of the N.U.M. who have striven for foreign orders consider that matters might be expedited if they had ready access to an experienced trade branch, located in the Foreign Office itself. Mr Lloyd-George's remarks are here *à propos*. 'It is not interference you want,' he said—'it is guidance and assistance. Consider the carter whose cart is in the ruts, while he himself sits smoking and gossiping with passers-by: "Leave it to the good old horse—he's pulled out of worse ruts than this." But the carter has his part as well as the horse; and it is by the combination of Government and industry that we will haul the old cart out of the rut.' . . . 'Look what Mr Hoover did for trade in the United States,' Mr Lloyd-George concluded. 'He did things which individual leaders could not do for themselves. He brought them together, guiding and directing; he did not interfere—but he led!' The President did in fact raise a guarantee of two billion dollars against possible unemployment, whether due to gambling in stocks, or to the universal 'mechanisation' of industry in the United States.

The export cotton-trade of Lancashire is to-day three thousand million yards to the bad, mostly in Far Eastern markets. The overseas trade in farm tractors is almost wholly in American hands; even three years ago U.S. exports in this line were worth \$50,000,000. Our output of pig-iron and steel has been diminishing these ten years; and coal exports have fallen by 40,000,000 tons, while production costs are 71 per cent. higher than in 1913. Heavy taxation and serious strikes have been the means of introducing foreign competitors to our former customers: in three years Durham alone paid out in wages 7,087,671*l.* more than was justified by the prices. It would seem that the riddle of the 'Black Sphinx' will never be read, nor how an average of 14*s.* a ton at the pit-

head climbs to the present figures which coal-consumers have to pay. In motor-exports the facts are notorious. Sir H. Austin found eight U.S. cars to each British one in Australia. Out of 19,840 new motor-vehicles entering New Zealand in 1928, barely 16 per cent. were of home origin. In fact, our own Dominions—as Mr Thomas told the House—‘took twice as many cars from the United States as we ourselves manufactured all told’; that figure was 211,000. As for the Latin Republics, here the position is seen by taking the month of August last, when 5202 American cars entered Argentina, and only 140 from all Europe—of which Britain’s contribution was *just one!*

There is no excuse for this. America sends out a top-gear car which every sort of native driver welcomes—Indian, African, Chinese, Malayan, and Egyptian. The results have been very striking. In 1926 a U.S. house entered a certain Near East field and sold 2,000 vehicles. Three years later the figure was 26,000. For ‘savage’ and roadless regions, America has a roughly-boxed chassis with plenty of room for produce, and a plank or two for the native passengers. This is a boon to jungle communities, as well as good business for the caterer overseas. For we have here the ‘devil-engine’ which I saw replacing dainty llama-caravans along those precipice-trails in the High Andes of Peru, Bolivia and Chile. Before it, also, woolly African heads are replaced as economic carriers. So are the pack mules and camels of other parts; while handcarts, wheel-barrows and rickshaws are all ‘genuinely seeking work’ between the Amazon and the Yang-Tze, since America’s mechanical genius began to ‘put the world on wheels at the lowest possible cost.’ Out of 5,000,000 vehicles turned out over there last year, about 1,000,000 went abroad; so that for the first time in U.S. history, raw cotton lost its pre-eminence, and automotive products took first place in an export trade which already reaches \$6,000,000,000 a year. Its propaganda-literature is a marvel of ‘human-interest stories,’ printed on art paper, with arrestive photos set out with cunning artistry. Folders, booklets and newspaper-articles are turned out in millions, with universal service in all markets and quick, eager courtesy in the background to retain custom, and widen the circles of it increasingly.

On the other hand, I know of British lorries and six-wheelers whose adventures, both grave and gay, in Syria and the wilds of Brazil would fill a boy's book ; yet these were never known outside trade circles. But in all ways, and especially in the foreign field, our advertising is feeble stuff, and seems all the feebler for being copied from American models, much as beginners in Art might copy the Masters in a great gallery. Our people are stiff and slow to adapt themselves to a new era of values—moral, political and economic. This is a very serious failing. It is now twelve years since Sir Maurice de Bunsen and Mr Follett Holt covered 25,000 miles in ten of the South American nations, and put forward 'do's and don't's' of the utmost value to our export traders. Yet little was done, novel ideas were shelved or ignored. Then came Lord D'Abernon's mission, with inevitable echoes of those candid (and conspicuously competent) friends of 1918. The same indifference, no close contacts with the new realities of competition. 'Grandpa' was still in the Board-room, a plodding sagacity on the road, speaking no Spanish and never dreaming of Portuguese, in a nation of 30,000,000 people whose area equals all Europe's. And the same lament over lost markets, even in rich Argentina (as big as our Indian Empire), where it is so hard for our British traders to grasp old Montaigne's maxim : 'Que le dommage de l'un est le profit de l'autre.' In my own three-years' tour of these Republics, from Cuba down to Chile and Brazil, I was struck by the difference between American methods and our own. Write for an appointment to the U.S. Minister, and a hearty reply begins : 'My dear Mr —.' When you call at his house, a genial man gives you the 'Dee-lighted !' handclasp of the Roosevelt tradition. He will dare anything for his nationals, that smiling and sturdy envoy. And all thanks he laugh away with : 'That's what I'm here for !'

Now compare this cheery sympathy with the chilly stiffness of : 'His Majesty's Ambassador will *receive* Mr — on Friday morning at eleven o'clock.' Here it will be seen that the traditions of the 'Great Elche' in Stamboul die hard, with his coach-and-six prancing over the cobbles to jockey the Caliph of Islam. Much has been done, I must own, to make our Diplomatic and Consular services safe for Democracy in a very different

day. But as salesmen in the salon, as well as the shop, Americans are far more at their ease with will and purpose merged in an eager child-like naïvety. Perhaps one-third of our people depend upon the export trade, yet on balance we find this is now quite 350,000,000% to the bad. If only we could adjust our exports to the pre-War ratio, we might absorb 700,000 men. 'What the whole world needs,' Mr Hoover remarked as his Mosaic feeding of famine ceased in the nations, from the Meuse to the Urals, 'is to get away from outside help, and go back to labour and to business.'

This is not the place to deal with the great question of Empire markets and the British *Zollverein* of Lord Beaverbrook's dream, with all its alluring figures and high prospects. It should be remembered that our daughter nations have now hived off, with a sovereignty of their own which extends to appointing separate Ministers to Paris, Tokio and Washington. Australian tariffs are revised ever upwards, with protected industries costing a vast continent (even now with less than London's population) some 36,000,000% a year more than the sum for which the goods could be imported duty free. Canada prefers to buy over \$900,443,513 worth of wares from her colossal neighbour, and only \$185,888,581 from the mother country. Lancashire's cotton-pleas, ably expounded before a Tariff Advisory Board in Ottawa, had no success—even with the spectre of 100,000 local hands and 30 per cent. of her spindles idle. The Dominion insists upon a 50 per cent. British content of material and labour in cotton yarns and piece-goods. But thus far no cotton is grown in the Empire of the style and quality desired.

India's millowners likewise clamour for higher import duties: our cottons have fallen off there by one-third, and the very machinery of India's competing factories is made in Lancashire. At the same time, vastly greater trade within the fifty Governments of this Empire should be possible: and a concerted effort will no doubt be made at next year's Conference to frame a feasible plan. For example, it seems preposterous that we should spend 70,000,000% on imported timber products when we have Empire forests covering 1,200,000,000 acres. Here grows every sort of tree for every known use, from news-print to rayon, and from pit-props to ball-room floors and street

paving. But the value of our Empire markets is best seen by a glance at the export tables for 1928. Here the *per capita* values of Russia figure at 4*d.*, China 8*d.*, Japan 4*s.* 4*d.*, the United States 7*s.* 9*d.*, and France and Germany each less than 13*s.* And no foreign nation shows as much as 3*l.* Yet the corresponding sums for Canada are 3*l.* 12*s.*, for Australia nearly 9*l.*, and for New Zealand over 13*l.*

As to the heavy blight of unemployment, the only real and permanent remedy for this is to extend our overseas trade, which the Prince of Wales has well described as: 'The breath of life of this country.' It is no use waiting for miracles, like that sudden impulse of China to blow four hundred million noses, and thus make the fortune of Lancashire's mourning cotton-spinners. Meanwhile America is opening new markets—although much more suavely than Commodore Perry did Japan with his warships and guns in 1854. There is Manchuria, for instance; a wilderness within living memory, it now has 40,000,000 population, with an increase of two millions more each year. And so immense is the present United States output of goods that a one-per-cent. increase in her export trade will represent a total of 70,000,000*l.*—a sum which exceeds the present value of all our exports to South America. It may be noted here that our own Empire is the largest customer of the United States, taking over 40 per cent. of her products.

I come now to the economy in Navy and Army costs which Mr Hoover impressed for years upon that canny figure-head, Calvin Coolidge, as the base of all his calculations for a world-drive in trade. To Geneva in 1927, America took what her own Admiral Magruder called 'Faith, Hope—and Parity'! But that notorious free-lance, Mr Shearer, was left out of account in the pious reckoning. Once more did the 'unthinkable' happen: an obscure and impecunious hireling, or paltry 'lobbyist' took an active part in ruining an international conference, and leaving Anglo-American relations in a state of acute irritation. Then came the curious 'Shearer Show' before the U.S. Senate last October, following upon Mr Hoover's stern demands for an inquiry. We soon heard the mischief-maker's three armament-employers tell how they paid out \$51,230 to the self-styled 'bass-drum' of

that disastrous naval jazz. The 'Shearer Show' was discreetly taken off during Mr MacDonald's visit to Washington. But it was long a front-page feature in ten thousand newspapers, with caustic comment upon the engagement of a prize-fight promoter and cabaret-actor (with a Scotland Yard record known to our Admiralty!) posing as a 'naval expert' to such men as Charles M. Schwab and Eugene Grace, of the huge Bethlehem yards. 'The result'—it was now impressed upon gaping Americans by their own Press—'will help to discount much of the blurb about those Napoleonic intellects which we're told are directing our Big Business behind guarded doors.'

Mr Coolidge left the White House annoyed and baffled over economies which his Minister of Commerce proposed, but which could not be realised. And the dynamo of his Cabinet—an incomparably abler and stronger man—presently succeeded him as President. Last May, Mr Hoover expressed a wish to run 'a rational yardstick' over the leading Navies of the world, with a view to 'an agreed relativity.' He was shocked at the money sunk in awesome weapons at this reconstructive time. He shocked his own peace-passioned people, too, by reminding them that their outlay in these same lethal lines—over \$730,000,000, excluding all civilian services—'is in excess of that of the most highly militarised nations in the world.' Moreover, unless the London parleys proved a solid success, America would find herself landed with a further six-year programme of naval construction amounting to no less than \$1,200,000,000. Hence all the prevailing signs of peace, with fewer troops at our Cenotaph on Armistice Day, talk of changing the War Office into a 'Ministry of Defence'; the slowing-up of work on the big Singapore Dock—even rumours of lopping 11,000,000% off the current Naval Estimate, leaving our arsenals to make milkchurns, and the Vickers and Armstrongs concerns to turn out prosy typewriters and sewing-machines. All this, of course, is a common aftermath of War, the popular reactions of *Kriegsmudikeit* familiar to students of history for thousands of years. To-day we see those symptoms exploited with curious unanimity for the profit of the United States, whose leader echoes Jefferson's hope in the devil-and-deep-sea dilemmas of

Napoleon's day: 'I believe we have in our hands the means of peaceable coercion.'

Let it not be forgotten that yet another disarmament was planned in the industrial sphere, through the Washington Convention on Hours of Labour. This was a very awkward gesture of America's Yardstick, for it would put our trades and transport services in strait-jackets of restraint, as the National Confederation of Employers' Organisations have already noted. To reduce hours of work in our coal mines would mean catastrophe. In other industries, slight changes in costs may turn profit into loss, or lift actual depression into the paying-zone, as Professor Clay shows so clearly in his 'Post-War Unemployment Problem.' Meanwhile the International Federation of Trades Unions has no illusions about applying the Yardstick of an eight-hour day to such lands as Greece, India, Bulgaria and Cuba. Indeed, from Czechoslovakia's building-trades we hear of a total disregard of the law, with full knowledge of the official inspectors. 'The Act,' a competent native witness averred, 'is a mere piece of bombast, to enable us to cut a fine figure in the eyes of foreigners for our zeal in social reform.' So goes the forcing of misfits by a peculiar Power which desires no European contacts beyond those in profitable Trade.

Far graver is the laying of America's business Yardstick upon the sea-defences of widely-disparate nations, with the day's newspaper headlines mistaken for History by unthinking people. Those naval needs differ from each other fundamentally. Each and all have no parallel with U.S. conditions, which are those of a continental unit, in all ways self-contained and self-sufficing, with no military frontier north or south, and with ocean moats to the East and West of her which are respectively 6,000 and 3,000 miles across. Yet such a Power insists upon naval parity with Great Britain whose Empire is scattered all over the globe, leaving her 80,000 miles of sea to patrol and police, to say nothing of having but five weeks' food in her island seat and centre—as was realised by the ration-cards and food-queues of 1917, when enemy submarines declined to be 'humanised' by all the 'Whereas-ing' and 'Resolving' of the two Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907. Apart from this, there are the delicate relations of France and Italy to consider; whilst afar off a perplexed Japan,

as Mistress of the Pacific, looks to the vital links that bind her to Korea, Manchuria and China. Japan now claims 70-per cent. ratio of those 10,000 cruisers which the Germans have transformed into 'pocket battleships' of tremendous power, such as the 'Ersatz Preussen'—that grim lesson on the folly of trying to fetter or tight-lace human ingenuity. Italy demands parity with France, who points out that her own possessions run out to Indo-China, to say nothing of an African Empire of four million square miles, from which auxiliary troops must needs be rushed in times of national danger. And Italy's problems—so French objectors say—are mainly confined to the Mediterranean Sea. But naval ratios, gun-calibres, ships' classes and 'lives,' all loom large upon the hopeful Yardstick which seemed so simple a measure of world-peace in the Hoover-MacDonald parleys 'on the log' by the Rapidan River in the Virginian Hills last autumn. Japan could not make head or tail of a 'chastic reduction' which soon began to loom as a positive increase of naval armaments, with America herself in the lead of prestige and parity at any cost. And Japan's Press (which copies America's, as our own has done) is worried over the ban upon submarines, which even the Tokio '*Nichi-Nichi*' finds highly valued 'by nations whose capital ships are relatively weak.' As for Far Eastern strategy and objectives, the '*Asahi*' of Osaka (Japan's Manchester) scouts any argument based upon Australia's position, being chiefly concerned with 'our Fleet's striking power as compared with that of the United States.'

In this way do the spectres of 'unthinkable wars' rise to the evocative Yardstick, which not only measures their tons and guns, but actually indicates the potential battle areas in well-meant spasms of floundering. It is hard to see what good can come of this poking of sleeping dogs at the bidding of the United States. We, at all events, have scrapped costly ships and reduced our land and air forces to a level that looks perilous as we scan the precarious world-map which the Treaty of Versailles re-shaped, with thirty millions of racial 'Minorities' scattered like seeds of fire across a Europe full of Dictatorships and discontent. Meanwhile, America's outlay upon fighting aircraft for both services has actually gone up by 126 per cent. since 1925, whilst our own has decreased by 10 per

cent. Again, during the past two years we have reduced our naval outlay by 4,500,000*l.*, whereas in the same period America has added \$116,250,000 to her own Budget. Upon this showing it is clear that Parity—like Charity—should begin at home.

The anxiety of France about her own security cannot be realised by outsiders: four years of the most devastating of all wars was fought upon her soil, so that the very earth itself was turned inside out with intensive gunnery. In Italy's official utterance the egoism of Guicciardini speaks again; it is certainly not the meekness of Christ, but the forceful *Virtù* of Machiavelli that shows in the Duce's ideals, especially in moulding the minds of the young. Of him, indeed, one might say, as Foy said of Napoleon: 'Vaincre, et trouver des instrumens de victoire, était la travail de sa vie!' Asked for his favourite Dante-passage by the inevitable American albumist in Rome, Signor Mussolini chose the headlong impatience of Odysseus in Canto xxvi of the *Inferno*: *Dei remi facemmo ali al folle volo!*

Whatsoever result Prosperity's Yardstick may achieve, it was not 'put over' upon the Powers without grave misgiving. Thus M. André Mottu, the Deputy for Seine-et-Oise and a member of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, spoke for large sections of his people when he wrote to M. Briand: 'We ought to make certain that behind the pious wishes of Great Britain and the United States, there is not hidden a desire on the part of these two Powers to hold unchallenged mastery of the seas.' So crooked can even the 'unclouded goodwill and candour' of those Hoover-MacDonald talks appear to a statesman in Paris! Happily, few foreigners know America's elusive and emotional psyche so well as the French Prime Minister, M. André Tardieu, who was High Commissioner over there during the War, and has written his impressions with piercing sagacity. France, as we all know, came to the London Conference with no illusions about moral mission in the shock of national interests, but with security-plans that jarred the whole assembly. As a disciple of Clemenceau, M. Tardieu had no use for the Hoover Yardstick, save perhaps as a sort of conducting baton for 'our global rhetorical tonnage'!

Much play has been made of the ease with which two

'civilians,' unhampered by purblind 'technicians and experts,' found short cuts through all reactionary forces to a naval *entente*, which is to rule out competitive building, 'with the risk of war and the waste of public money involved.' But here the gravest perils lie in lurk. Was it not the 'civilian' Lord Salisbury who, without heeding his 'experts'—even those of France, who cried out in alarm—handed over to Germany that Rock of Heligoland which figured as a Gibraltar in the Great War? Count Hatzfeldt reported from London that Salisbury viewed the strategic isle as a mere 'beach of bathing-machines.' 'Without it'—the Emperor exulted later on—'the Kiel Canal would be useless to my Navy!' Upon that armoured isle 8,000,000*l.* was spent in tremendous devices of offence and defence. And ten years after its fatuous cession by Salisbury in 1890, the German Reichstag passed a Big Navy Bill, which made universal war inevitable. So much for the 'civilian' statesman taking action without 'expert' counsel. But America's non-knowledge of European matters is complete. 'The way *we* get it,' muses the Texan editor—'a Quaker is showing a Scotsman how to save money on his Navy.' But we needed no showing, as our Estimates prove with a still further cut of 4,126,000*l.* on the naval side, and a shrinkage of 8000 officers and men in a little over three years. And all the millions that she can save herself, America will invest in the dynamics of her own Prosperity.

It is most curious, by the way, to trace the recurrence of that magic word from George Washington's day down to Herbert Hoover's. In 1793 the sea-borne commerce of an obscure Republic was harried by the navies of both France and England. Congress was all for war—against us, for choice. But the First President demurred at this: 'Peace ought to be pursued with zeal,' he urged, 'before the last resource checks our advancing Prosperity.' As a candidate in 1928, Mr Hoover said very little. But he did pose a question to the 'solid South': 'Why tinker with the smooth-running motor of Prosperity? You wouldn't with your own car. And Prosperity *is* your car!' M. Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador, heard America's Prosperity 'making as much noise in the world as a calamity,' with two and one-third billions available for cultural and uplift movements alone in

1928. John Rockefeller and his son have given away \$600,000,000 ; modest ladies, like Mrs Stephen Harkness, have been able to drop their widows' mite of \$38,000,000 'for the welfare of mankind' in the true Wilsonian vein. Even the beauty-doctors who survey the enormous orgie of wealth, are forced to own that : "The best jobs of face-lifting are those due to our sudden Prosperity !'

Mr Hoover has Prosperity's forces well in hand, with a catharsis ready for any spasms of over-fullness, such as the colossal gamble of last year, which shook the continent as it collapsed. Four hundred 'key-men' of industry, commerce and finance were called out by the President to form an Economic Council and prop the fabric of Prosperity. Billions of money were then set against any looming unemployment. And whispers of pessimism were drowned by the bands and banners of titans, marshalled by Julius H. Barnes, a disciple of Hoover himself, who has a genius for finding markets at home and abroad. Let it be realised that no Boss-made Chief rules the United States to-day, but the incarnation of that 'restless activity' which Goethe found in the proven Man. Already President Hoover has had to curb the fanatics of a too-exuberant protection. Last year's Hawley-Smith Tariff-Bill was a tome of 438 printed pages, with thousands of items ; and it raised such import walls, that thirty-eight nations protested to the Senate Committee on Finance. Even America's artists 'trotted to the trough,' as disgusted native dissenters phrased it, and demanded a duty upon all works of art by foreign painters executed within thirty years of the date of entry.

There is always a danger that so strong and able an Executive as Herbert Hoover may find Congress arrayed against him ; so that foreign Powers cannot be sure they are dealing with the Sovereign People through a principal, in the sense that our own King is a principal, advised by his Ministers. Here the classic case is that of Woodrow Wilson and the 'little group of wilful men' who defied him at home as *jusq'aboutistes*. At least fourteen important Treaties have been rejected by the U.S. Senate, and four of these were with Great Britain. Long ago Lord Clarendon discussed this 'awkward situation' with Minister Motley, and fancied it 'would induce more caution in future when dealing with plenipotentiaries

of the United States.' Another baffling factor is the 'unofficial observer,' like Colonel E. M. House, who, in America's Golden Year (1916) strove to get both Spring Rice in Washington and Walter Page in London superseded as 'irrational' ambassadors. But these shadowy observers go much farther back than the hapless Wilson's 'silent partner' from the Lone Star State. After the War of 1812, the Senate refused to confirm Albert Gallatin's appointment as Peace Commissioner; yet that shrewd Swiss-American (and Anti-Navy man!) continued to toil on 'unofficially' until calmer times brought other tides of feeling.

If the Five-Power Conference has been mentioned here, it is only because of America's motive in urging it, and the trade uses to which she will apply such large savings as may result. These were foreshadowed in President Coolidge's Message to Congress in December 1928, when the Federal and State Governments, with their huge bureaucracies, had 'constructive economy' pressed upon them as 'the corner-stone of Prosperity.' In due time came the present *ekecheira* in St James's Palace and the House of Lords; it recalls that of the Ridderzaal at The Hague twenty-seven years ago, when 200 delegates of forty-six nations met to put an end to war, or at any rate to make laws for it—every one of which was so soon to be savagely broken, including the solemn agreement over Belgium's inviolability, which became a mere 'Scrap of Paper' when the tug of necessity came. Back through the ages these patient efforts go—to the Truce of God in 1028, to the City-States of Greece—even to the stelæ and clay-cylinders of buried Asiatic civilisations. The Four-Power Conference of Vienna tried to 'paper over the cracks' in 1815. In 1851 we find the Prince Consort heralding yet another dawn of universal Peace in a Crystal Palace which emotional visitors of that day beheld as 'the bright Koh-i-Nor of the West!' . . . Yet even then trouble was brewing at a Greek and Latin 'Wailing-Wall' in Palestine. The twenty years that followed were full of 'defensive' wars, with all the horrors of our Indian Mutiny added to them.

But the world, we are assured, is far wiser now. So narrowed and so neighbourly have the nations become, that London can hear Broadway cheering Mr MacDonald. Our

April nightingale has rapt listeners in New Zealand ; and man can outspeed gunfire at six miles a minute in the air. And yet—as Mr Wells reminds us—despite all our lip-service to Peace, the bayonets still gleam among the olive-branches ! The Meuse forts rise again in the light of dreadful lessons. We see spurts of war from China to the Gran Chaco of Paraguay. France and Italy vie with 40-knot cruisers, Yugoslavia and Albania aspire to little navies of their own ; and in secret places men of science wage the age-old war of wits between attack and defence. ' When you return home to-night,' Mussolini's Minister advised the Abruzzi mothers, ' do not sing lullabies, but Hymns of War ; for the babes of to-day are to be the soldiers of to-morrow ! '

On his way back from Washington to New York, Mr MacDonald's train passed the U.S. Ordnance Proving Grounds at Aberdeen, Ind. That wearied man of peace saw nothing of those 60-mile an hour tanks, or the two-ton demolition-bombs for aircraft use. Neither did he note immense 16-in. coast-defence rifles of 30-mile range, nor the sky-pointing batteries that are fired by electricity. ' We must also be respected,' as Mr Hoover maintains. So the feral trappings of America's new prestige must needs accord with her limitless riches and her claim to exclusive suzerainty in that New World, practically from Pole to Pole. In a word, human nature has in no way changed, as the old Florentine notes in his passionless survey of a striving past : . . . ' Come in tutte le città e in tutti i popoli sono quelli medesimi disiderii, e quelli medesimi umori, e come vi furoni sempre.'

How long will the Dictatorships of Europe function ? How long will the patient herds of Russia—those 130,000,000 peasants—suffer the frigid tyranny of Stalin and his gang ? It is in the unlikelyest quarters that ' unthinkable ' strife is often born. Did not old Bismarck, a year before he died, tell Herr Ballin he felt sure that one day the Great European War would spring out of ' some damned foolish thing in the Balkans ' ? As for Treaties, every statesman knows that ' a change of circumstance '—the clause *rebus sic stantibus*—is a tacit condition of them all ; though to cite the many ' scraps of paper ' à propos is outside my province here.

When we are asked to cut our defensive coats to

America's Yardstick, we must needs recall the standard set by Asquith in 1920-1: 'Adequate to secure the safety of our sea-girt Empire and our sea-borne supplies against any reasonable, calculable risk.' We remember also the cocksure statesman of January 1914 who thought that time 'the most favourable during the last twenty years' for the drastic pruning of our armaments. Yet only three years later, enemy forces had brought the people of these islands within sight of starvation or surrender!

It cannot be said that any of our Imperial aspects are being ably handled at this hour. The Prime Minister warns his followers not to become: 'a mere Party of relief.' We seem to have all the talkative 'A-a-ah-men' among us, whilst America has a He-Man who is actually securing for his traders those 'large and loving privileges' of which old Hakluyt spoke in a more spacious and enterprising British day. President Hoover told America bluntly that: 'Stability and Prosperity rest with the whole People.' 'I have no desire to preach,' this massive man of action pursued, 'but may I give the nation one good word? . . . WORK!' Surely this is also the gospel of our own salvation given forceful leadership and example? At home and abroad a sort of marasmus seems to sap our powers, so that—as Mr J. H. Thomas mourns—even our friends fear 'that this old country is down and out.' We have clamorous need of new blood and new ideas; of bolder visions; wider horizons, drastic and far-reaching plans of campaign and execution. It is strength which is called for. 'Et la force'—as *that* acute observer of America, De Tocqueville, notes in a letter of his maturer years—'paraît à son avantage au milieu de la faiblesse universelle qui nous environne!'

IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

Art. 6.—BUSYBODIES AND THE BUZZARD.

THERE are many English people to whom the buzzard is still little more than a name, suggesting perhaps a mere distant speck, a cross of silver against the deep blue of the sky, or a wailing, strident scream, heard above some lonely mountainous glen or cliff which echoes the raven's croak or the mournful crying of sea-fowl. Not so long ago, indeed, the localities frequented by this most beautiful of British birds were so far removed from the beaten tracks that only a limited number of people enjoyed the opportunity of observing the big hawk in its natural setting. In this respect, however, as in many others, the last decade or so has wrought incalculable changes, and the almost incredible influx of tourists into the Lake District and the wilds of the West has invested the last strongholds of the buzzard with a publicity which, from the bird's point of view, can only be regarded as disastrous.

The buzzard, indeed, together with so many of our rarer aves, has found good cause within the last few years to cry, 'Save us from our friends,' for it is the modern naturalist—so called—who is indirectly developing into the bird's worst enemy. With his sworn and more or less natural foe, the gamekeeper, he has always had to contend, and in every case has fought a losing battle, for the conspicuous habits of the bird, together with his remarkable boldness during the nesting-season, render him far too easy a prey to any one who contrives his destruction. This is evident from the fact that the buzzard is rarely seen in districts where game-rearing is carried on to any appreciable extent. From the greater part of England his banishment has long been a *fait accompli*, and only in remote corners of the country where conditions have remained more or less wild and natural, has this fine species been able to hold its own. The Great War, again, provided the buzzard with a badly needed respite, and so well did it avail itself of the truce that it extended its range considerably in many directions. This, however, was not all to the good. Its appearance in more closely preserved and cultivated country was viewed with disfavour by farmers and gamekeepers. Despite the 'whole-time' protection which the big hawks then enjoyed, too

many received short shrift, and the bird-lover's dream of buzzards once again generally established throughout the country ended, after the usual manner of dreams, in disillusionment. The advance for the most part has been rudely checked, and with the buzzard to-day it is a case of 'as you were.' The bird to-day occupies much the same status that it enjoyed some years ago, and, in spite of inevitable assertions to the contrary, there is no indication of anything approaching a general increase in its numbers throughout the West-country. Indeed, so far as my own observation serves, the contrary would rather appear to be the case.

So much, then, for the natural enemies of the buzzards, if one may use the expression in such a sense. Unfortunately, however, as I have already hinted, the matter no longer ends with the keeper or the farmer, apprehensive—justly or otherwise—for his lambs or poultry. The 'booming' of the buzzard country has brought an influx of wolves in sheep's clothing, or, in other words, the inevitable army of collectors and ornithologists thirsting for 'information,' and between the insatiable greed of the one and the too often misguided enthusiasm of the other, the buzzard's nest that escapes molestation must be remote indeed. The up-to-date collector, it should be observed, like every one else at the present time, has enlarged the scale of his requirements. The keen schoolboy of twenty years ago was content to possess at most a pair of the eggs of any rare species. It was considered a point of honour, unless under exceptional circumstances, never to deplete a clutch to such an extent that the bird might be expected to forsake the nest in consequence. One egg only would be taken, or perhaps two, according to the number that the nest contained. The modern collector, on the contrary, grabs the entire clutch as a matter of course—needless to say, advancing plausible reasons in excuse of the policy—and, not satisfied with the contents of one nest, must needs acquire a collection, not of eggs, but of *clutches*, for the important purpose of making measurements and drawing infinitesimal comparisons. In this connection one cannot do better than repeat the words of the late Richard Kearton, who, when introducing his 'At Home with Wild Nature,' addressed himself to the clutch-snatcher as follows :

'To the too ardent egg-collector, and especially the clutch enthusiast, whose appetite is insatiable, I would say: "For Heaven's sake have mercy." All that can be known or is worth knowing in regard to variation in the coloration and markings of British birds' eggs has already been discovered, and there is but little room in that direction for originality. Try old china or worm-eaten furniture and give the poor birds a chance. In all conscience they need it, and there are still some people about who delight in their sweet songs and charming ways.'

In the closing sentiment, indeed, he strikes a note to which lovers of wild Nature can scarcely fail to respond. The pursuit of 'information' is eminently desirable up to a certain point, but there is too great a tendency at the moment to sacrifice the substance for the shadow. After all, it is the birds that we want over and above statistics concerning them, and the majority of us would prefer to watch one buzzard executing its peerless evolutions high above the tree-tops rather than study the most scientifically compiled diagram illustrating the different markings and measurements of fifty pilfered eggs.

The clutch-enthusiast is not, however, the only wolf that preys upon the wild-bird fold. There is the well-meaning but almost invariably harmful type of observer who usually contrives to make other and more dangerous men considerably wiser than himself. And again, we have the equally well-intentioned but officious 'naturalist' who is unable to leave anything undisturbed or to resist the temptation of making interesting experiments. A few years ago a pair of buzzards made their nest in a wood belonging to a friend, at whose request I visited the place with a view to obtaining a photograph of the eyrie. The nest contained two young birds and was accessible to a climber of ordinary ability. From a photographer's point of view, however, the position presented difficulties, and we were constrained to borrow ladders from the nearest farm before a suitable foothold for taking the picture could be obtained. For the time being, no disastrous consequences attended the proceeding. The young birds took flight in due course, and we fondly hoped that no harm had been done. In that belief, however, we were mistaken. The parent buzzards returned to the wood next season, and, much to the

owner's delight, built a new nest, in which two young birds were hatched and appeared to be thriving. As ill luck would have it, however, about this time, two 'bright' youths came to stay at the farm from which we had borrowed the ladder, and, hearing the story, a surreptitious visit to the wood followed as a matter of course. Being professed naturalists, they should have been content to leave the birds undisturbed after satisfying their curiosity. For that very reason, however, the temptation to experiment proved too strong for them, and when they left the neighbourhood a day or two later, the young buzzards, secure in a basket, accompanied them. At the end of the season, having demonstrated to Science that the young birds could live in captivity—a fact which nobody wanted to know or dreamed of questioning—these enthusiastic naturalists were good enough to restore the birds to their native haunts, having thoroughly unfitted them for the wild life, with the probable consequence that they were speedily shot or trapped. The parent birds, needless to say, forsook the eyrie, where they would doubtless have reared many broods in safety had they been unmolested, but in all probability the two amateur ornithologists still cherish the belief that they rendered a signal service to the cause of bird-lovers generally. In reality, they did irreparable harm, and were liable to prosecution for contravention of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts. The case is only one of many, and public-spirited people should miss no opportunity of discouraging similar practices.

Every reasonable person must admit that a measure of sacrifice is justifiable in the pursuance of useful and really interesting research. At the same time there is a wide difference between intelligent research and the dabbings of the dilettante, and the distinction cannot be too strongly emphasised. One might venture to suggest that too much importance is attached nowadays to trifling 'discoveries' which are not worth the cost of a single bird's life. Under existing conditions, the sacrifice of a 'rarity' purely for identification purposes can scarcely be justified. The stock argument that the fact of its 'occurrence' in some particular locality can be established by no other means provides at best a poor excuse. After all, is the knowledge that a certain species has once

accidentally alighted in any given county so invaluable to posterity? The claims of posterity would be better served by allowing the bird to live, its destruction being the most effectual means of preventing its recurrence. We are frequently assured that the rarity would not remain in the neighbourhood, even if unmolested. Probably not; but it would stand a fair chance of winning back to its own place, which is all that one need desire. If only ornithologists would concentrate upon the preservation of our fast disappearing avifauna rather than upon freak occurrences and the establishing of records, great service might be rendered to the cause. So few of our keenest observers appear to realise that without more adequate protection there will soon be nothing to observe.

The increasing interest taken in Nature study during recent years has led to the belief that many rare birds are more widely distributed in the British Isles than was once the case. In certain instances this may be true, but more often than not it is merely a matter of wider publicity being given to their whereabouts. Not long ago I read an announcement in a sporting periodical to the effect that the landrail might be regarded as virtually extinct. For my own part, I had seen but one specimen within a long period of years, but an advertisement in a West-country paper for news of the species soon brought more answers from remote Cornish farms and villages than I could conveniently cope with. Lately, again, there have been many 'discoveries' of Devonshire nightingales in unfrequented valleys where the bird has probably been singing for centuries in blissful ignorance of its unconventional behaviour. On the other hand, the wide-ranging habits of the larger species frequently give rise to exaggerated ideas as to their numbers. A pair of ravens, for example, can easily patrol a hundred square miles of country, and half a dozen observers within that area may record their movements as those of distinct birds, and each man in all good faith may claim to have discovered the whereabouts of their breeding-place, particularly along the coast-line or in mountainous country where the actual eyrie might be difficult to locate. I have known cases in which two or three nests have been recorded when one only existed.

There can be little doubt that the same argument

applies to the West-country buzzards, of whose 'increasing numbers' such misleading accounts have been circulated that the Devon County Council has actually been induced to withdraw the perennial protection at the very time when these birds most sorely need it.* Unfortunate as this cannot fail to be, one must admit that whole-time protection never proved an efficient safeguard to the buzzard. On the contrary, the law was openly flouted whenever any one felt disposed to break it. In the hunting-field I have heard a man boast openly of a right and left achieved at the expense of the big hawks, and once, when calling at a neighbouring farmhouse, I was amazed to see a buzzard spread out upon a big water-butt near the door, in the manner best calculated to display its fine plumage for the benefit of any one who might come along. The farmer's son, a fifteen-year-old boy, who had shot the bird, had never even heard of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts, and was unpleasantly surprised to learn that he had rendered himself liable to prosecution. Upon yet another occasion I met a countryman returning from pigeon-shooting, who, in response to my inquiry, 'What sport?' replied with an aggrieved air, 'None.' One shot only had fallen to his share, he complained, and that one—in which circumstance lay his grievance—had not even been fired at a pigeon. The despised trophy had only been a buzzard which he had left where it fell, not considering it worth picking up, merely regretting the expenditure of the cartridge. I could only wish that the latter consideration had occurred to him sooner. That a rustic should casually begrudge twopence expended upon the commission of an unlawful act lent a spice of irony to the situation which I scarcely appreciated at the moment.

One might collect fifty similar instances of vandalism, each of which speaks sufficiently for itself. The activities of keepers and agriculturists, though frequently uncalled-for and much to be deplored, must none the less be regarded in a somewhat different light. It seems only reasonable that every man should have the right to protect his own property or that entrusted to his charge, and in the unlikely event of a buzzard developing into a confirmed game or poultry-thief nobody should complain if that particular bird is destroyed. On the other hand,

* This matter is now under reconsideration.

the alleged harmfulness of a species in no way justifies the destruction of individuals at the hands of people who have suffered nothing from its depredations. How often one hears a man declare that he shoots all rapacious birds upon principle, not for the mere pleasure of killing something, but because he considers it his duty to do so, the birds being 'so harmful' to the property of other people. An excellent principle, but is he always so solicitous for the property of others? Does he also consider it his duty to stop and pull up a particularly sturdy-looking dock or wayside thistle? He should, if his heart is so large, his conscience so tender; for that dock or thistle, if allowed to seed, will do more harm upon the neighbouring fields than all the buzzards in the county. Here, however, I fancy him remarking that it is the farmer's business to weed his own fields. Quite true; but it is equally his business to take care of his own poultry, even as it is the keeper's duty to guard his own pheasant chicks, and either may be depended upon to do all that is necessary, and more—if I do not misjudge my fellow countrymen.

Among game-preservers generally a considerable difference of opinion exists concerning the buzzard, and one might go so far as to assert that from his attitude in this respect a tolerably accurate estimate may be formed as to the type of sportsman with whom one has to deal. Allowing for the inevitable degree of prejudice upon either side, the contradictory statements upon which such difference is based point to the usual solution of such questions. Neither faction is wholly right or wrong. Instances of depredations can doubtless be established against the buzzard, as against almost any large bird one cares to mention—even the curlew is now accused of nest-robbing. It is probable, too, that other birds are shy of the big hawk. Woodpigeons are particularly averse to them as neighbours, and this is made a ground of complaint; for while pigeons stand branded upon paper as undesirable to the countryside, there are few sportsmen and fewer keepers who do not like to have the birds in their woods. Incidentally, it would be interesting to discover whether buzzards have ever established an eyrie in or near a large starling-roost. No instance has occurred within my experience, and one would like to know the outcome of such a venture.

Returning to the original point, one must always be prepared to admit possible drawbacks attached to the presence of rapacious birds or beasts. No wild creature is entirely 'harmless,' and to argue from such a standpoint is to court discomfiture. The inevitable authenticated instance which the rival disputant has at his fingers' ends, lands one upon bed-rock, and the 'exception' argument rarely proves convincing. Points that cannot be successfully refuted are better frankly ceded, and in all matters of the kind a stronger case may be established upon purely æsthetic grounds. The principle that calls for the preservation of beautiful wild birds, even at slight cost to hand-reared pheasants, is identical with that which prompts the 'save the countryside' movement, even though so-called progress in the shape of hideous commercial erections upon favourite beauty spots may be debarred in consequence. Or the sentiment might be compared with that which spares some exquisite shrub or tree, despite the shade that it casts once a day across somebody's potato patch.

Here at any rate one is upon sure ground, for diametrically opposite views can scarcely be expressed without the opponent proclaiming himself a vandal. The economic side of the question must be faced at times, however, and upon this point, long and careful observation has convinced me that the hostility entertained in certain quarters against the buzzard lacks substantial justification. For a rapacious creature, the bird is remarkably inoffensive and, quite apart from his supreme value as an ornament, is deserving of every consideration. Public sentiment, based upon every conceivable authority—from the researches of Professor J. Arthur Thomson to statements published in the twopenny 'weeklies'—has long declared itself in favour of the 'lovely and innocent kestrel'; but, while neither intending nor desiring to exculpate one species by incriminating another, if faced with the choice of either kestrels or buzzards as near neighbours to game-chicks, my selection certainly would not fall upon the popular little red falcon, comparatively harmless as he is.

The ardent seekers after 'information' might perform a valuable service by studying closely the actual habits of the buzzard, about which curiously little appears to be

known. Old writers, content to copy from one another, had virtually nothing to say—one and all assuring their readers that the bird was 'sluggish,' given to spending most of its time in a lethargic state upon some tree; while modern descriptions, written for the most part 'around' photographs, mainly relate to the procuring of the pictures. The one infallible method of discovering what a bird has really been eating—a *post mortem* upon its interior—does not commend itself for cogent reasons. It necessitates the destruction of too many specimens, since a considerable number must needs be examined to determine the *menu* of the majority. The necessary data can only be obtained, therefore, by means of patient observation, and this is rendered difficult by the simple yet curious fact that the buzzard is seldom seen feeding or even in search of food. Tragic testimony of the manner in which a sparrowhawk obtains its livelihood confronts the most casual observer every day. The kestrel quarters the stubbles and marshes in clear view, as though to advertise his methods. The peregrine strikes down its game under the eyes of the fowler. The big buzzard, on the contrary, attends to his own obviously considerable needs with astonishing secrecy, and rarely does one obtain an opportunity of watching him at work.

So far as one can judge, a buzzard rarely seeks food in the neighbourhood of its eyrie. Quitting the nesting-grove soon after sunrise, he mounts to a vast height, then, setting his ample wings to the breeze, he sails off across miles of country to some lonely marsh away in the heart of the moorlands, over which he cruises for a while in wide circles; then, assured at last that he has the landscape to himself, he slants to earth and begins his hunt for the small mammals and reptiles that appear to form his staple diet. One frequently surprises him upon the ground, where he has been grubbing about among the boulders and heather roots, and where he must have been for a considerable while, since his descent could not have escaped notice across the open moors. His objective upon these occasions is obvious from the dead moles and young rabbits that adorn his nest, and I have noticed that his periods of pedestrianism frequently coincide with those in which moles are 'heaving.' On the moorlands, too, he avails himself of a somewhat unusual source of supply. Not

long ago, a friend of mine surprised a buzzard when following the course of a lonely Dartmoor stream, the purl of which so drowned the sound of his footsteps that he was within a few yards of the big hawk before it espied him and arose hastily—so hastily, indeed, that it dropped the object with which it had been occupied. This, upon inspection, proved to be a large viper, just killed, and the instance, it should be emphasised, is by no means unique.

During the summer months, there can be no doubt that young rabbits figure largely in the buzzard's *menu*. In search of these he descends to the furze-brakes, where he may be seen at times perched upon a stub or low-growing branch, maintaining a cat-like watch, after the manner of an eagle on the look-out for mountain hares. Upon one well-remembered occasion I met a buzzard, full-tilt, in a narrow opening between two gorse bushes. There was so little room to spare that his wings almost brushed me in passing, and the big fellow's exit was one of the quickest things I ever witnessed. A swerve, a slant, a mighty flap or two to get up steam, a whistling rush of strong pinions, and within a few seconds he was sailing over some big trees a hundred yards away.

For my own part, I am convinced that birds are capable of far greater speed at times than the mathematicians would have us believe. The rapidity which they have been known to achieve when pursued by aircraft is not necessarily their best. On the contrary, the whirr of the pursuing engine is more than likely to have the same paralysing influence upon them as the sound of a reaping machine upon hares and rabbits in a cornfield. The speed of a partridge, for example, is estimated at thirty miles an hour, but the motor that crossed an open heath at the same rate as a covey skimming before the guns, would, I imagine, create something in the way of a mild sensation.

Having seen the activity displayed by that particular buzzard, I can readily believe him capable of arresting the flight of a woodpigeon or anything else. I do not think, however, that he concerns himself with birds as a general rule. Everything proclaims him a hunter of fur rather than feather, and, though content to accept the gifts which the gods provide in the shape of some foolhardy pigeon or partridge that crosses his line of flight, he is neither temperamentally nor physically adapted for the regular

pursuit of winged game. Capable as he seems to be of stupendous and almost unlimited exertion, he lacks the fiery energy of the sparrowhawk, the fierce spirit of the falcon; while his ample and wonderfully buoyant wings, so admirably adapted for effortless soaring and interminable evolutions above the clouds themselves, would be useless for the lightning-like doublings and hide-and-seek work among the low-growing branches and underbrush, essential to successful warfare upon the feathered races.

That the buzzard is not averse to a cheap meal off a dead sheep or lamb now and again is more than probable. I do not believe that a carnivorous animal exists that would not do likewise. The big hawks do not assemble, however, like crows or ravens, to the feast, nor are they powerful enough to carry away bodily large birds or animals. A buzzard afloat on the blue air, with handsome pinions spread to their full extent, gives an impression of size which he is far from possessing. Indeed, in general bulk he yields place by a considerable margin to the raven, though few people familiar with the appearance of both birds upon the wing would believe it. The size of birds is, indeed, eminently deceptive. It is not perhaps generally realised that a female sparrowhawk is often larger than a male peregrine, or that a buzzard, for all his eagle-like appearance, possesses very little physical advantage over a carrion crow. A carrion crow is, indeed, by far the more formidable bird of the two. The few inches that he lacks in length of wing and pinion are more than atoned for by his truculent and pugnacious disposition, which, together with the serviceable character of his bayonet-like beak, renders him an antagonist with whom the buzzard, not unnaturally, declines to join issue.

Between these two birds a curious antipathy exists—purely defensive so far as the buzzard is concerned—and differences of opinion ensue whenever they happen to meet. Upon numberless occasions I have watched these interesting contests—if so they can be called, since they amount to little more than competitions in wing-power in which the buzzards invariably hold their own. They are most frequent during the nesting season, and usually take the form of 'foursomes,' the birds being about then in pairs. The crows, like the skilful strategists that they are, always combine in attacking *one* buzzard at a time,

and I have seen the second hawk alight on a tree and watch the elusive activities of its mate with every appearance of interest, until the latter, wearying of the affair, retired to the tree likewise, whereupon they would change places, the onlooker taking his or her turn to play the principal part. I have never seen either side lose a feather, the affray invariably ending in the final ascent of the buzzards into terrifying altitudes, and the disgruntled return of the blackamoors to their own lower levels.

Works of reference frequently credit the buzzard with the trick of appropriating the abandoned nursery of a crow, while the author of a recent popular Nature book refers to the birds as repairing their nests at spring's approach. In truth, admitting always the possibility of rare exceptions, the buzzard does neither. The bird is an industrious and elaborate builder, seldom, if ever, making second use of a nest, selecting, moreover, a site entirely different from that usually chosen by a crow. Crows, like rooks, prefer to build among the topmost branches, choosing, indeed, the highest crotch consistent with safety. The buzzard, on the contrary, rarely places its bulkier structure anywhere near the top of a tree. He likes more solid foundations, selecting some mighty fork that is collapsible only with the tree itself, and for this reason a beech or Scotch fir is usually preferred to the more slender support offered by a larch. The nest itself is of ample dimensions, as large as an inverted umbrella, presenting in itself no mean barrier to the would-be inspector of its contents. Indeed, so frustrating is its girth at times when one's hold happens to be precarious, that not infrequently one returns to earth after a hard climb none the wiser for the adventure. The buzzard, it should be mentioned, in common with the sparrowhawk, has the curious habit of occasionally building *two* nests, but whether, in such cases, one is abandoned on account of unsuitability or built upon the same principle as a 'dummy' nest, is an open question.

Birds of the forest as they are, buzzards do not nest for choice in the largest woods. On the contrary, they are more partial to small outstanding clumps, particularly Scotch fir spinneys, surrounded by open country. At the approach of a human enemy both birds mount into the air and circle overhead, uttering their strident, menacing

scream, by which means they frequently betray the secret they desire above all things to guard. So conspicuous, indeed, is the great nest, in any case, that by little short of a miracle can it fail to attract attention. Sometimes, of course, it is inaccessible. More frequently it owes its escape—if so fortunate—to happy accident, of which I saw a curious instance a year or two ago. When out with a shooting party, early in September, I noticed a family of buzzards that had evidently been reared in an old fir spinney where under ordinary circumstances they would have stood little chance of hatching. Assuming the nest to have been built in some sky-scraping crotch that had baffled for once the youth of the neighbourhood, I thought little more of it. Later in the season, however, when trying through the spinney in quest of the elusive woodcock, I scanned the big trees in vain for the unmistakable structure, and was not a little surprised to find it at last, not in one of the firs at all, but in a stunted oak growing amongst some holly scrub apart from the main timber, and so low that a child could have clambered to it without difficulty. It could not have been more than ten feet above ground, and was screened from observation by the surrounding evergreens. One would never have dreamed of looking for such a nest in such a place, to which fact, no doubt, it owed its immunity.

Like most of the hawk tribe, these birds pair for life. It is more of a 'family' bird, however, than the majority of its congeners, old and young remaining together, like ravens, for the greater part of the year, only separating in early spring when the young buzzards,

'Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,'

obey the call of the season. They are bold when their nest is menaced, and though rarely, if ever, actually venturing to attack a human being, the swish of great wings sounds very near the climber's head as he mounts towards the nest, and the loud, angry scream can be decidedly disconcerting. The young are never forsaken while either parent survives and, if captured, have been followed an astonishing distance and reclaimed.

How the buzzard ever obtained his ancient reputation for lethargy must puzzle any one who has watched the bird at his seemingly tireless aerial circlings. Dignified

in all his movements, there is, admittedly, no suggestion of haste or effort about him as he cruises upon still wings above earth and clouds alike ; but lack of obvious effort is no indication of indolence. Correctly termed the noblest of aeronauts, the buzzard is rather an emblem of perpetual motion than inertia, and, far from spending the greater part of the day like a sleepy old owl upon a perch, the air is his natural element, and being, like an eagle, a creature of the upper heights, he loves best to mount to regions so vast that the human eye can scarcely follow his evolutions.

In the air a poem of grace ; on earth beneficial rather than harmful to mankind ; in his domestic life a model of constancy and parental affection ; beautiful and unobtrusive ; useless when dead ; living, a source of pure pleasure to all who can appreciate the finest figures in Nature's pageant, the buzzard deserves a wider recognition, a firmer status in our English woodlands. Captain Knight is endeavouring, very creditably, to reinstate the osprey. But why was its banishment ever permitted ? We exterminate our noblest birds, then expend endless time and money upon efforts to reintroduce them. Let us at least endeavour to save the few fine species that still beautify our avifauna.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 7.—THE PLAYS OF SIR ARTHUR PINERO.

Two Plays. By Arthur Pinero. Heinemann, 1930.

THREE years ago Sir Arthur Pinero kept his jubilee as a playwright, and the occasion brought him felicitations that were well deserved. It was in the October of 1877 that the Globe Theatre saw a one-act play of his performed under the title of 'Two Hundred a Year,' and, characteristically enough, it was produced for the 'benefit' of a colleague and a friend. The author at the time was twenty-two years old and a member of the Irving company at the Lyceum. To-day he is seventy-five, and may fairly be described as writing still. For he has lately published two additions to his list of nearly sixty plays; and though these will not rank with his best, they reveal no little of the artistry and versatility that marked him long before his zenith.

Few men have attempted so many modes and types of drama, and succeeded in them all. The 'eighties saw him pre-eminent in farce and sentimental comedy. By the beginning of the 'nineties he had shown his mettle in the more responsible vein of social satire; and before the last century came to an end, he had exchanged the lighter rôle for that of a dramatist *au sérieux*. During the first decade of the present century he produced only six plays, but with one exception, they were of the first importance, and must figure among the dozen or more by which he is certain to be remembered. Since then he has returned to the less exacting vogue of his experimental days, and has held his own even against a high record of achievement. Like the greatest of dramatists, at what seemed the summit of his career, he made the arduous transition from gaiety to gravity; and then, having won fame and fortune, he was wise enough to choose a partial retirement. There, if he wrote an occasional play, it was to oblige a friend or to please himself. But even in the outcome of a casual mood, there appears the touch of a master hand. We realise that here is a playwright of the first order, who has always respected the limitations and traditions of his craft, and has yielded the cultivated world one of the fullest sources of entertainment it has known.

The chronicle of the late Victorian age has yet to be

written, and it will not lend itself to such slapdash treatment as is serving at present for the European War. Perhaps the best rebuke delivered to its bantam critics proceeded from Sir James Barrie when, with his usual felicity, he said: 'Don't forget to scoff at the Victorian age: you will have plenty of time to repent.' This was something more than a bit of common sense: it was a reminder that the age in question had an old-fashioned humour of its own. In such an atmosphere a young and high-spirited actor with original ideas and plenty of observation could express himself appropriately in the way of farce. Farce, so *démodé* for the time being, relies for its success on the juxtaposition of odd effects, a certain licence in exaggeration, and the sort of invention that 'surprises by himself.' Once the audience has been led to laugh at the unexpected, it does not greatly quarrel with ingenious extravagance. It was Pinero's unflinching sense of the ridiculous that came effectually into play as a solvent for the streak of Pharisaism in English life. This was shown to the full in 'The Magistrate,' which may fairly stand as a specimen of his method and his success. Where 'Measure for Measure' and 'Hudibras' had used the scourge to flay hypocrisy, our author saw a chance of drawing the magisterial robe aside, leaving the moral unexpressed, and letting the delinquent off with no worse penalty than laughter. He saw the way to lighten the lesson by committing the unwary Posket to the charge of a precocious stepson, and double his tribulation by involving the wife and mother in the midnight escapade. It was straining credulity, perhaps, to deck a young spark of twenty-one in schoolboy garb to ease his mother's vanity, but Mrs John Wood had 'bounce' enough to scatter all objections, and make the audience a lenient court of appeal. Supercilious criticism has been too often applied in a province like this and deprived us of many an honest laugh. We begin to realise that in allowing farce to lapse into neglect, we have exchanged one form of artificiality for another, and what have we gained in the process? It is not too much to say, after Sir Nigel Playfair's present experience with 'Dandy Dick,' there are others of the series ripe for revival, and Sir Arthur will have the satisfaction of having it acknowledged, even in an age like the present, so rarely unconscious of its

merits, that his achievements in this direction years ago remain the best models we possess.

It would be outside the scope of this estimate to deal with the famous actors linked with Pinero's plays, and indeed it would be hard to do justice to the drollery of an actor-manager for whom he wrote the most successful play he ever conceived to suit an individual style. Edward Terry was a character-impersonator *sui generis* and alone. He had graduated through a highly exhilarating form of knockabout burlesque, and the memory of the quartette he made up with Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, and Teddie Royce sums up for old playgoers the word Gaiety as nothing else can. But it was when Pinero invented the part of Dick Phenyl, the broken-down barrister, and planted him in that sentimental idyll, 'Sweet Lavender,' that Terry came into his own. His break from a grunt into falsetto had the charm of onomatopœia, for the sound seemed truly an echo to the sense. There was only one phrase to describe the effect, and A. B. Walkley coined it when he christened Terry 'an oboe in trousers.' Like Elia's stammer, that cranky voice lent a flash to the crackle of the wit. It comes to mind when we hear Mr Arnold Dolmetsch coax some archaic instrument back into the curious strains of an old coranto or pavane. And the oddity of the antithesis was vindicated when it came to the note of self-assertion :

'Clem, no man is quite so sober as the individual who is occasionally—otherwise. All his acuteness is concentrated upon his brief lucid intervals, and in those intervals his acuteness is—devilish.'

Those who knew the man in his home life, his untiring service in professional causes, felt that the humour of the part and the nature of the man were one. There are a hundred stories in proof of this. Old colleagues recall that in rehearsing for the tea scene, the winsome Maud Millett in her original part of Minnie Gilfillian, was wearing a glorious gown. By some ill chance a jug of milk was spilt and the gown ruined. She went to Terry with the dismal news that fifteen guineas-worth was wrecked. He listened with a face aghast, and then barked out : 'Milk, milk, you don't mean to say they're using real milk at rehearsal !'

The appearance of 'The Times' in 1891 as one of the

famous Court Theatre series, is worth recalling; not on account of the quality of the farce, but because it led the author into a departure. He applied the lash of social sarcasm too freely, perhaps, and the Egerton-Bompases were too transparent a caricature for a period that still took its Parliament rather seriously. But readjustment of the copyright laws enabled him to realise a hope deferred, and print the book simultaneously with the first performance. This course, as he said at the time, served to 'dignify at once the calling of the actor, the craft, and the playwright.' By documentary evidence, when the play was found to possess intrinsic value, it would 'enable the manager to defend his judgment, while it would always apportion fairly to actor and author their just share of credit or of blame. It would also offer conclusive testimony as to the condition of theatrical work in this country.' This was an honourable ambition well conceived and fairly tried, and provincial playgoers still recall how eagerly they sent for a copy of the book so as to test by reference to the text the fairness or otherwise of criticisms in the Press. It supplied a standard for showing how far a first-night audience and the corps of critics depended on the merits of the acting and the technical calibre of the production. And although we missed those admirable prefaces by Mr Malcolm Salaman which used to illumine so neatly the history and the purpose of the play, we welcomed the appearance of the text and the production together, and the practice led the way for a course which has been widely adopted since.

'The Amazons' was the next and last of Pinero's lighter ventures, as 'Lady Bountiful' was one of the last in the sentimental vein; and then the stage was set for the drama which was to be a turning-point in the author's career. 'The Profligate,' his first great experiment in serious drama, was one of those revolutionary attempts where the honesty of purpose eclipses the defects. He was out to enforce a strict standard of social morality, and though he used a few stale conventions in construction—coincidences more or less apposite to the story—he wanted to pursue his theme, as one may say, to the bitter end. It was in this spirit that he copied the example of Lytton in the comedy of 'Money,' and coined a rhyming foreword as follows:

' It is a good and soothfast saw—
 Half-roasted never will be raw,
 No dough is dried once more to meal,
 No crock new shapen by the wheel ;
 You can't turn curds to milk again,
 Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then ;
 And having tasted stolen honey,
 You can't buy innocence for money.'

As if to prove himself the more in earnest, the author added the sub-title, 'The Sword of Damocles,' and this adherence to a practice that was dying out, half indicated the bridge he was trying to establish between the old comedy of manners and a sterner form of drama. The delinquent he made his hero was to forfeit the hero's time-honoured privilege of indemnity at the end, and go to his death in expiation of a great wrong done to two defenceless women. As for the audience, they were to take the lesson as it came. Without resorting to the old morality or melodrama, he was for showing that the virtues still held currency on the stage and in society. We have had this kind of experiment since in Jerome's 'Passing of the Third Floor Back' and again in 'Outward Bound,' but these are relieved by the Dickensian humours of a Bloomsbury boarding-house in the one case, and the breeziness of a shipboard setting on the other. It is doubtful if we should ever have reached so far in this direction if Sir Arthur had not led the way, and in the case of 'The Profligate' there was no such light relief. All was in deadly earnest.

The strange thing was that the playwright seemed to temporise in the last direction where it might have been expected. He wove into the story of Dunstan Renshaw a string of glaring coincidences. One after another, as one reads the play again after the interval of many years, these tell against the effect of construction in a bewildering way. Was he so intent upon his parable that he neglected the salutary rules that must have been present to his mind in building up 'the drama of the future'? Or did he think these touches of an obsolescent vogue would modify the harshness of the innovation he was making?

Whatever weight these objections gained as time went on, they were brushed aside by the general admiration for the play's amazing courage. It inaugurated the new

Garrick Theatre, and entered on a lengthy run in London and the provinces. Even those who were alive to its weaknesses of construction were impressed to find that a drama without love-making or light relief could hold the public attention for a hundred and fifty nights. And they knew nothing of the tussle that had taken place behind the scenes.

John Hare, with solid experience behind him, had stood out against the suicide ending, and, strange to say, the author capitulated in defiance of his conscience and his principles, to use his own expression. His view was that the balance of justice was all against the profligate's restoration to happiness, though it meant plunging the heroine from cruel disillusion into actual tragedy. But the manager shirked the brunt of public disapproval, and he prevailed. In the printed version the author reverted to the original rendering, and thus it stands to-day—a parallel case to Kipling's experience with his novel, 'The Light that Failed.' Pinero's decision was endorsed abroad, because it was felt that the real issue lay with the ethical question and not with any character. Nor can it be said that the question is decided yet, for Dunstan's fate has been a favourite theme for controversy ever since. William Archer, strict arbiter as he was, shifted in the end to the view advanced by Clement Scott, that suicide was too heavy a penalty for Dunstan to pay, so that the two old opponents came to agreement for once. Had Dunstan been a gallant of the Congreve type, with those allurements that are supposed to make rakes fascinating to one sex and intelligible to the other, our withers would have been unwrung. Under the circumstances, the majority view was the rough-and-ready one of Dr Johnson, that strict ethics are too hard a tribunal for sentencing a man who has lapsed in sexual virtue. As Meredith used to say, the secret of life is 'a great compassion,' and a code that awards death for offences against the fifth commandment is held to be unworkable—except among the Zulus.

The author was passing from strength to strength, but his next play was not without its faults. The postulate in 'The Second Mrs Tanqueray'—and plays must have their postulates, just as much as philosophies and creeds—is a marriage that everybody but the hero sees to be an

act of madness. Another weakness is that he finds no other chance of action, so that he remains a modern Antonio, passive and helpless. The play, however, is alive with essentially human qualities, and the name part has never been surpassed as a temperamental study of wilful womanhood. Even those who shivered at its 'hard' atmosphere, and felt the east wind of Ibsenism in their bones, were forced to admire its truth and power, and Archer, champion of the Scandinavian school, acknowledged as much, though he shivered with the rest. He vowed he would never witness the play again, and he went four times in rapid succession. It all showed how far the author had progressed in the art of laying out a dramatic plan.

The first act is little more than a prologue *à quatre*, certainly till half-way through. Aubrey Tanqueray, widower and well-to-do, dines three cronies at his chambers in the Albany, and the guests depart with heavy misgivings. He has given them the news that next day he is to marry Mrs Jarman, a young and handsome widow with a tattered record. She arrives unexpectedly for a midnight call, and laughs at Aubrey's qualms as to what the servants may say. Servants for her—and this is the cue to her cast of mind—are 'machines to wait upon people—and to give evidence in the Divorce Court.' As a gesture of fair play, however, and a last passport to liberty, she hands him a letter to read when she is gone. It is Paula's epistle to the Bohemians, you may say, a recital of her matrimonial and other adventures. He burns it unread, and repeats that they have made a compact to forget. This means delivering himself to Delilah, bound hand and foot, and while we censure him, we grow indulgent. After she has gone, a neglected letter turns up from his daughter by his first wife, who was a Catholic, and in every way Paula's antithesis. It announces that Ellean is leaving her convent and returning to share his 'loneliness.' Had he learned this sooner, it might have made all the difference. The net result of the episode is to engender a suspicion that proves well founded as the play proceeds; there is too much correspondence of the dead letter order—too much use of the *poche restante*.

The motherless girl is true to type—wistful, watchful, and constrained—and the marriage turns out to be the

failure we expect. When at last Ellean falls in love, it is with one of Paula's former lovers, and though the fact is concealed from her, the girl's intuition is sufficient. The torturing revelation and her father's veto awaken her to womanhood, and with the lash in her hand, she uses it. Paula is unmasked in a sentence:

Ellean : I have always known what you are.

Paula : Who told you ?

Ellean : Nobody but yourself. From the first moment I saw you I knew you were altogether unlike the good women I'd left ; directly I saw you I knew what my father had done. You've wondered why I turned from you. There—that is the reason ! Oh, but this is a horrible way for the truth to come home to every one !

It is of no use for Aubrey to plan a new life elsewhere ; Paula's hopes and illusions are dead. They have been killed by a woman half her age, an unfledged girl, and we listen to the bitter wail—'She could forgive *him* easily enough ; but *me* ! That's just a woman !' The author's code has grown sterner since the days of 'The Profligate,' and this time there is no paltering with the probabilities. Besides, he has educated his public up to his point of view. Paula goes away to take her life, and the only flower on her memory is the girl's lament that she has not been more merciful. It is the only condonation the play contains of the mistaken marriage on which the play is built, and Aubrey has almost ceased to count. The duel is over between ungovernable temperament and a trained character, where the school-taught virtue of clemency has come too late. The author's power appears in the way in which the foregone conclusion is concealed, though the play has had its horoscope cast almost before it opens. Our suspense is sharpened, and our judgment held at bay, by the intensity of life and emotion fused into the character of Paula, and only those who saw Mrs Patrick Campbell in the part know how deep it is. In his later work Pinero was to improve upon the play in structure and in sentiment, perhaps, but it stands out as the climacteric of his career.

His next was unhappily clouded by an event that was quite extraneous and unforeseen, but none the less unfortunate. When 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith' was produced at the Garrick Theatre in 1895, a lady came

forward and complained that the use of her surname was injurious, especially in view of her matrimonial troubles. She showed that it had been made for her, and her alone. In order to discontinue a hyphenation that had grown irksome, she had taken the initial from the first of her names and compounded it with the second, so as to arrive at the compromise, 'Ebbsmith.' The playwright's answer was that he had adopted the name in all good faith as apt and distinctive for his purpose, without a thought of any link with fact. The unhappy lady came to a sad end, and it was shown that she had always been of a grieving disposition. The view generally taken was that the author was entitled to sympathy because of the pall thus thrown over a fine piece of work where the heroine commands all admiration.

If Paula Tanqueray has come to grief through using matrimony as a social mask, Mrs. Ebbsmith fails because she has flouted it and built her hopes of an intellectual union on wretched material. The weakness of Lucas Cleeve is that he can neither eliminate passion from his nature, nor resist the force of circumstance. He encourages Agnes to revive the scheme of social reform she used to preach in the platform days when she was known as 'Mad Agnes,' but self-emancipation cannot free her from a feeling of treachery to her sex, for he has left a wife behind. The twin-soul union at Venice appears at first to be ideal, but the Cleeve family are out to repair their damaged prestige, and the Duke of St Olpherts, at the head of it, holds the key to his nephew's temperament. The breakdown that results is as paltry as that of Angel Clare in Hardy's 'Tess.' Lucas is compounded of a few parts authorship and the rest fermented egotism, so that when the Duke arrives in Venice as the family's envoy, all that is needed is to lay siege to Lucas's vanity. Agnes relents to the plea that Lucas's career is at stake; but the winning cards are not all on one side, and Mrs Cleeve has to sue to her rival for the worthless husband she is trying to regain:

Sybil: Before you made yourself my husband's champion and protector, why didn't you let your experience speak a word for me? However, I didn't come here to revile you. They say that you're a strange woman,—not the sort of woman one generally finds doing such things as you have done,—a

woman with odd ideas. I hear,—oh, I'm willing to believe it—that there's good in you.

Agnes : Who told you that ?

Sybil : The Duke.

Agnes : Ha, ha, ha ! A character—from him ; ha, ha, ha ! . . . (*In a whisper*) Lift your veil for a moment. (*Sybil lifts her veil.*) Tears,—tears. (*With a deep groan*) Oh ! (*Sybil turns away.*) I—I'll do it. . . . I've wronged you. Oh God !

On her departure for a country vicarage in Yorkshire, Agnes takes farewell of Lucas, and is rewarded for her renunciation with peevish abuse for her 'fickleness.' It is the common case of a mistaken bargain where repentance is its own reward, and we are reconciled to the dismal refuge in store for Agnes when we realise what concubinage meant with an introvert like Cleeve. This is the episode by which the play should be remembered, rather than the sensational one that closes the third act. In the first moment of her desolation, when the 'Mad Agnes' phase returns, she takes a proffered Bible and flings it angrily into the stove. The instant afterwards, she plunges her bare arm into the flames, and recovers it, all charred. The incident marks the moment of self-conquest, where the instinctive nobility of the woman overcomes the doctrinaire, and here again Mrs Campbell was at her best. But the deliberate sacrifice in the fourth act was the higher occasion for her powers, and registered the culmination of the story. It remains a powerful study in disillusion, and one recalls nothing equal to it since the marriage chapters of Dorothea Brooke in 'Middlemarch.'

'The Benefit of the Doubt,' which proclaims its irony in the title, concerns itself with the deadlock resulting from a divorce suit that has failed. By rights, Mrs Fraser, the co-respondent who has been justly acquitted, should be able to crow over Mrs Allingham, whose jealousy has dragged her through so much humiliation. But Theophila is practically branded with a verdict of 'Not Proven,' and her husband, a Scot of the Scots, is the spokesman of that ugly fact. She returns his ring, and makes for Jack Allingham, the old playmate whose friendship for her has led to all the trouble. The half-penitent wife also pursues him to his country bungalow,

but here her jealousy asserts itself once more. She demands a proof that the old boy-and-girl friendship is without a blemish, and when Theophila turns up, the trap almost lays itself. The one woman lies in ambush to listen to the other woman's talk, and in this way the divorce case is reconstructed for the audience's benefit.

But there are flagrant differences. The unsuspecting woman is already tortured to distraction, and now we see her stripped of all the safeguards of the law. The judge is her enemy, the cross-examiner the injured husband. Abrupt disclosure of the trick and Jack's reluctant share in it, produces a climax, and she collapses in a faint. The third act brings convalescence and explanations, but the officious advice of her kinsfolk is unbearable, and her husband remains hopeless. The ending, though it leaves a loop-hole for reconciliations, does no kind of justice to the heroine or the audience's expectations, but it has the advantage of being logical. Obviously, it is the eaves-dropping scene that makes the play. One remembers how 'Mrs Dane's Defence' was admired, and rightly, because it enacted a thrilling cross-examination in a private room instead of a court of law. But this second act of 'The Benefit of the Doubt' is intenser and more skilful still, through its economy of means and the absence of guilt. Its one weakness is the supposition that a normal man would sacrifice his best friend to such a despicable trick, at the dictates of an unreasonable wife who has done her utmost to wreck the happiness of both.

'His House in Order,' where there are no such flaws, is a story of what in legal idiom is called the dead hand, and dramatic justice takes four acts to set things right. Nina, a clergyman's daughter, has married Filmer Jesson, M.P., a formal-minded widower with a young boy, and her desire to respect the sainted reputation of the dead, as well as the wishes of all around her, reduce her to a cypher in the household. The husband's sister-in-law, Geraldine Ridgeley, has been imported to run the household on the methodical lines laid down by her sister, the first Mrs Jesson, and their fanatical parents round up the whole unbearable position. Even the motherless boy treats Nina like the rest, and bestows all his affection on the bachelor friend of the family, Major Maurewarde. The Ridgeleys (a row of self-complacent

golliwogs without the amiability) assemble for the dedication of a local park in memory of the late Mrs Jesson, but by the date arranged for the ceremony, Nina's patience breaks down, and she bursts into fury :

Nina : I go to no park to-morrow ; as God hears me, I do not ! There's no possible indignity that hasn't been heaped on me, and in return I'll show my contempt,—show it publicly by my absence,—my contempt for your park and those connected with it. Good night.

Filmer's brother, Hilary, the diplomat, coaxes her to a more amenable mood, and things go forward again, not without touches that are ominous of fresh revolt. At last fate delivers them all into Nina's hands. In the course of a romp the boy unearths a packet of old letters written to the first Mrs Jesson by Maurewarde. They leave no doubt as to the relations of the pair and the paternity of the child. Nina discloses her winning hand to Hilary, and vows that her tormentors shall pass under the yoke of humiliation and revenge. Then, if ever, Hilary finds occasion for all his skill and eloquence. It is the part of Portia modernised, with the sexes reversed, and in the end his address and delicacy prevail. Why, he asks, should the boy be branded for life in order that a band of fatuous bigots should be scourged as they deserve ? Out of pity Nina burns the incriminating letters, but not until Filmer has read them—against her will ; and the Ridgeleys are left in possession of their whited sepulchre. All points considered, Nina remains Sir Arthur's finest creation in the way of the untainted heroine, and 'His House in Order' must rank as his most powerful play, unless it is the one that followed.

When the stage was set for 'The Thunderbolt,' and we were confronted with the Mortimores in family array, we stared and wondered how mummery at its highest could capture to such perfection the funereal side of provincial life. Looking at the middle-aged group of brothers and sister, we were made to realise the double-fronted uprightness of conscious success, and the aggressive blend of hardware and cant. But alas, brother Thaddeus, the artist who is blessed with children as the rest are not, has married 'beneath him,' because Phyllis is rich in sensibility and nothing else. The Mortimores, though

slaves to outward conformity, are simmering with internecine differences, and these are brought to the boil by their greedy expectations on the death of brother Edward. We find them in deep black, with their sharpest faculties awake, and the blinds down. The scene has the grimness of a Balzac *scène de la vie de province*, or a pewful of Flemish peasants as painted by Alphonse Legros, without, of course, the humility or piety.

The real skeleton in the family cupboard is that Ned, the wealthy bachelor, has left an illegitimate daughter, brought up in France, and doubly an object of suspicion accordingly. She proves to be a delightful and accomplished girl, who soon shows her preference for the debt-stricken household of Mr and Mrs 'Tad.' The will is missing, and Helen's loss of a portion counts for less with her than the thought that her father has forgotten her. In any case, she will earn her own living by music, and renounce all family doles. Then comes the thunderbolt which turns drabness to drama. Mrs Tad confesses to her husband that she has destroyed the will, and now realises that she has done a cruel wrong to Helen, who would have been sole legatee. Thaddeus in his horror and compunction, passes the confession on to the family and the lawyers, but takes the crime upon himself—a ruse that soon breaks down, leaving him agonised with dread for his misguided wife. Helen will listen to no mention of a prosecution, and as the existence of a will is accepted, she insists on share-and-share-alike all round. This victory of generosity works itself out through a network of greed and remorse which is full of character-contrast and surprise, and there never was a better finish to a play. Helen's cool purpose is backed by the stolid domination of Uncle James, the strongest of the brothers, but he would be nothing without the variegated human setting and the masterly unfolding of events.

The sense of property just revealed turns our attention to three plays in which Sir Arthur has treated a type of character that was bound to attract him—the City magnate in his home surroundings. Meredith made a masterpiece of Victor Radnor in 'One of Our Conquerors,' but impaled him on the domestic tragedy of Nataly and Nesta—the devoted mother waiting for Victor's legal wife to die, and the daughter despising the conventions

her parents were respecting for her sake. Sir Arthur has preferred plainer and more worldly issues. In 'Letty' he sets a working-girl of some attractions between two men of wealth, and when it comes to a duel of words between the pair, Mandeville wins because he holds the secret of the other's marriage. He ruins his own chances, however, by vulgar display and ill temper, and no one is distressed when Letty forsakes romance and risk for commonplace respectability. 'Iris' is a finer composition as a play, but it resorts to that class of plot which consists in pillorying a helpless woman. Iris, in fact, is a shallow baggage faltering between the emigrating lover who offers her Canada and hard work, and Maldonado, the sensualist, who has nothing to offer her but his 'protection.' Presently she has accepted his cheque-book and a furnished flat, so her folly and her ill-luck are elements that balance out, and the final convulsion of rage that flings her into the gutter is a scene that gave an opportunity to Mr Oscar Asche at the expense of everybody else's feelings. It was ease and refreshment to get back into the open air after such a sultry tornado among the bric-à-brac of Tottenham Court Road.

When we came to the third type of Cæsar-in-commerce the clash of will was justified, for here was a woman worthy of our interest. 'Mid-Channel' is a study of a fruitless marriage where leisure and luxury make poor amends. Peter Mottram, the bachelor Galahad, warns his friends, the Blundells, that there must be self-discipline if their roof-tree is to hold together. He urges Theodore to leave the City alone for a fortnight, and take Zoe to Paris for a holiday. But though there is no insuperable fault in either, the pair quarrel over petty details, and the holiday scheme breaks down. So does the deeper reconciliation in the third act, because Theo finds that Zoe has been visited that very morning by young Ferris, the favourite among her group of philandering young men. She has sent him packing, but Theo asks for proof. She shall vindicate her boast that Ferris is ready to marry her, and she fails because in a fit of pique the young man has gone off and planted his allegiance elsewhere. Hearing her husband and Peter enter the mansion-top flat where Ferris lives, she withdraws to the balcony to avoid a fresh encounter; and when the men go to submit their proposi-

tion of divorce to her, they are too late. She has flung herself over the balcony in despair, and Theo in his misery recalls a sentence containing the cue to a wasted life. In one of their many bouts of recrimination, Zoe had declared, 'It was doomed from the moment we agreed that we'd never be encumbered in our career with any—brats of children.' So if the play is a battle of artificial forces, Nature has the last word. Three times Sir Arthur has used the suicide ending—a moderate proportion in so many plays that are a reflex of current existence. But Dunstan Renshaw and Paula Tanqueray go to a death of despair, and they do so dumbly and ineffectually, whereas Zoe Blundell's death is eloquent and leaves us thinking to some purpose. It marks another stage in the author's progress to perfection.

The national buoyancy and sense of proportion discourage any writer of perception and experience from continuing overlong in a serious strain so long as he has other resources. Thomas Hardy forsook the romantic strain for blunt realism, but renounced both in a fit of pique because 'Tess' and 'Jude' had a mixed reception. Sir Arthur, a winner to the end, but wise in his generation, returned to his former vein of sentiment, with a dash of social persiflage and humour. Of this, 'Preserving Mr Panmure' is a fitting example, though the *mise en scène* is over-elaborate for the triviality of a stolen kiss. It must be noted, however, that in the full tide of his gravest and greatest plays, Sir Arthur had produced 'The Gay Lord Quex,' and the slightness and *frou-frou* of the setting half-observed the brilliance of its quality. Perhaps the expectation of any clash of real emotions faded at sight of Sophy Fullgarney's beauty parlour in New Bond Street. But Sophy has something of Becky Sharp's crispness of speech and alertness of mind, added to a downright honesty of the sort that Becky only worshipped at a distance. She has to control a feather-headed staff in an environment of strained credit and bad debts. She has also to match her faculties and tact against a batch of aristocracy and *nouveaux riches*—all frivolous and enamoured of Bohemianism, but resentful of any encroachment on the margins of their dignity.

Sophy has been reared 'above her fortunes, yet her state is well.' Muriel, the half-sister with whom she has

been brought up, is marked out for a loveless marriage with the Marquess of Quex, a grandee who is more than twice her age and glories in a frayed reputation. Sophy's vote (and Muriel's, if she were free) is for Captain Bastling, a penniless young officer off to the East. Sophy, as a self-appointed match-mender, tries to beguile the elderly roué into a mild flirtation, but soon finds herself beaten at her own game. Presently Quex has her in the toils of a midnight assignation, and looks like forcing her to sign a dictated indemnity which is stiff with admissions and appeals for mercy. Her own engagement, like her business, is at stake, and the Marquis knows it. Stung to revolt, however, she tries to tear up the letter, and tells him to do his worst. Her pluck and loyalty win where her tactics had failed, and the old man, moved to astonishment and respect, makes her a present of the letter and the whole position. In the last act, out of a sense of fairness, she submits the captain to the ogling ordeal, and he succumbs where his rival had resisted, so the Marquis wins his bride. The scene where Sophy breaks loose from a dangerous entanglement by force of character, is one of the raciest duels the author has conceived. The frivolity of the milieu and her unselfish motive half-excuse the gracelessness of the plots she weaves, and she emerges all unscathed, 'a dainty rogue in porcelain,' not unworthy of a place in Pope's boudoir fable, 'The Rape of the Lock.'

Sir Arthur has paid many tributes to his old profession, but 'Trelawny of the Wells' is the flowering wreath it coveted. Out of a stage environment and the down-at-heel bravura of Robertsonian comedy, he fashioned a green-room idyll of the 'sixties, and made it a long advance on Charles Reade's 'Masks and Faces,' none the less so because he sugared the mixture with an old-fashioned touch of romance. Rose Trelawny's love-story, and her marriage to a slip of the aristocracy, is a theatre version, in fact, of the old operetta tale of the bright-eyed daughter of the regiment, fathered by all the *vieux moustaches* and roaring 'heavies' in the camp, and escorted to the altar with a rataplan clatter of sabres and an odour of brandy and snuff. But here the humour has a finer fragrance, and there is more of the touch of Leech than of Daumier, or Offenbach either. For the light of criticism is turned on the new life, not the old. Rose, ensconced in the august

surroundings of Cavendish Square, hankers for the life she has left behind, with its bustle and makeshift and glitter, and even the sordid concomitant of lodgings and suppers on tour. The way in which her old associates raid the mansion of the Gowers by night, and get themselves ejected, goes further back than Robertson; it is the very Dickens. But when in her gilt-edged splendour ✓ Rose turns reminiscent, we reach still further back, and can almost hear the wistful talk of Elia and Cousin Bridget—half-stammer, half-tears. There is nothing of this pathos in 'The Mind the Paint Girl,' which came just before the war. It banks everything on the frankness with which Lily Parradell, of the Pandora Theatre, tells the story of her rise from indigence to the rank of a queen of 'variety.' But here there is more Richardson than Robertson, with marriage and a title for the virtuous nymph, and all dearly bought with such a prodigality of 'fizz' and so immense a cast. As for 'The Freaks,' this is a dip into the humbler circles of the entertainment world, and an exercise in social opposites, saturated with laughter. But again, as in 'Trelawny,' it is all filled with kindly feeling for the stage world and invaluable for the stage historian of the future.

The 'Two Plays' lately published as a pendant to this long and distinguished record, seem rather the whim of a playwright taking things easy, than the result of a feeling that he is adding anything to his achievement. But the old power and wizardry are far from absent. Sir Arthur says he wrote 'Dr Harmer's Holidays' seven years ago, but that its conception dated much earlier still. An Old Bailey trial in the early 'nineties and the escape of the three delinquents from the gallows, brought to notice the discreditable fate of a young doctor in a Borough garret of ill repute. The group had come together in a low-class tavern, and the doctor's condition placed him utterly at the mercy of these vicious associates. In the play it is the doctor's endeavour to conquer a periodical obsession of debauchery, and the sudden withdrawal of incentive and reward in the shape of marriage, that make the character human and the story dramatic. These facets dispose of one hasty criticism that the play is nothing but a phase of 'morbid psychology'—a slur that might glibly be applied to 'Hamlet' and other standard

cases of self-conquest foiled at a crisis. The premonitions of evil and a violent ending in the doctor's story are skilfully drawn. There is, too, a brute faithfulness about the 'light o' love' that irradiates even a Borough slum, and brings her nearer the norm of interest than the weedy-respectable minx who throws the doctor over at the fatal moment. One curious slip in the text seems worthy of note, because this kind of thing is extremely rare in Sir Arthur's work. He has planted the idyllic part of the action in the suburb of Streatham, and this must have been an afterthought, for he leaves unaltered a reference to Frogmal Vale, which argues that Hampstead may have been his choice at first. This flaw, however, is a minor one, and the play, one that R. L. Stevenson would surely have admired, is enough to show the criminologists of our stage what can be done with an economy of means they have never yet acquired. 'Child Man,' the other play in the book, is an extravaganza with a flick of satire, and the strictures laid upon the freakish Chelsea-ism of to-day may not be undeserved. May one suspect that Sir Arthur wrote it for his own amusement?

Sir Arthur's characteristics as a playwright have sufficiently appeared already without any need here of recapitulation, and we must draw to a close. That fine spirit, the late Louis Calvert, a master of the arts of stage production, has put on record an interesting instance in this difficult field, where Sir Arthur showed his power and penetration. When 'The Thunderbolt' was rehearsing at the St James's Theatre, and it came to the passage where the Mortimore family are seated round the table to listen to the lawyers' exposition of the will problem, the author stopped the work and made an appeal to the players. He begged them to show the deepest interest so that the house might not lose its curiosity, because the issue of the play depended on this passage. If the tension were disturbed, and the thread of contact broken, there would be no real appreciation of the points to come, and no chance of recovery, so that the play might go to pieces. It was an admirable lesson in that 'art of doing nothing' which means so much upon the stage, and which some performers never acquire. Many an actor is safe so long as he has the guide-rope of the author's text to help him, but goes to pieces when he is left unaided.

The 'Paradoxe' of Diderot—that an actor must be master of the emotion swaying his part—is not the only one of importance to the player. Experience shows that for him silence has an eloquence all its own, and the company at the St James's had more than a long run to thank Sir Arthur for, perhaps, in that brief lay sermon. In its way it was as useful and timely as Hamlet's counsel to the strolling players at the court of Elsinore.

Sir Arthur has never inflicted on his audiences the kind of long-winded monologue that occurs in certain plays that need no mention, and he has shown himself a master of that foible of reticence in which his countrymen take pride. 'Every one of these islanders,' said Emerson, 'is an island himself: safe, tranquil, incommunicable.' The English may not shine in self-analysis, but they are sound conservators of individual experience. They know that after a surge of great emotion, comes silence like a touch of balm. That is why they appreciate the artist who knows what to leave unsaid, the man of action who has learned the science of 'doing without.' Sir Arthur has done wonders more than once with the quiet ending, the 'diminished fifth.' He has also led the way in the restraint of character and situation where all the furies of the theatre seemed to be hounding him on. Nor has the example been wasted on the best of our playwrights since. It may even be said that except in one or two obvious quarters, a decent economy of expression has been one of the sanest reactions of the war; if, indeed, the reform had not begun before that conflict came. We may not have reached the age of quietism in style that Lord Morley foretold; but it is assuredly on its way, and already the advance waves are at the shore. The virtue of Prospero's epilogue lies in the fact that nearly all his spells have worked in the interests of taste and laughter, honest emotion, and the right assessment of mankind. Therefore we may safely say that his magicianship has been the least among his merits.

J. P. COLLINS.

Art. 8.—THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH AND THE STATES.

THE announcement a month or two ago that the Labour Ministry in Australia was again to challenge by a referendum the independent jurisdiction of the States was scarcely unexpected, though it betokens a courage which many observers did not anticipate from a Labour party so new to power. It is sixteen years and more since Labour ruled the Australian roost (during the war, apart from the question of conscription, local politics scarcely existed), and the party might excusably have settled down to a few years of undisturbed predominance before rousing bitter controversy on an issue which has hitherto checked or wrecked all Ministries that touched it. But Mr Scullin is not a leader of that kind. Abler than any of his predecessors except Mr Hughes, more reticent (and therefore less understood by the public) than any except Mr Fisher, he neither shirks great issues nor attempts to compromise them. Compulsory arbitration, the accepted industrial policy of the Commonwealth, was being endlessly hampered and vitiated by conflicts between the Federal power and the independent powers of the States; Mr Bruce in despair had proposed to surrender the Federal power, and had been on that issue expelled from office; his successor without loss of time adopts the contrary treatment and proposes to annul the State powers. But he goes farther. Industrial arbitration is not the only field in which Federal and State powers clash under the existing Constitution. While the attention of the electors is concentrated on this aspect of the Constitution, Mr Scullin proposes to raise for them the issue in its widest terms, and to ask for a verdict in favour of complete Commonwealth supremacy.

It is probably difficult for Englishmen, accustomed to an approximate unity of administration and legislation at home and in the nearer Dominions of Canada and South Africa, to understand why Australia—the most homogeneous Dominion of them all—should need, or put up with, the complexities and the harassing entanglements inflicted by 'State Rights' on every one of her seven administrations. The explanation lies in the history of the movements that brought about Federation in the first instance.

The Australian Constitution, often belauded as the greatest work of 'Australia's noblest sons,' is, on the contrary, a much-botched compromise between sane ideals and ignorant parochialism; it represents merely the nearest approach to sanity that could be forced or wheedled from half a dozen backward and suspicious colonial legislatures. Of the six colonies that had to be yoked up as a single team, no two were consistently friendly between themselves; their origins hindered that, and their long-continued mutual discord drove them steadily farther apart. The jealousy between New South Wales and Victoria, which began in the impatience of the younger settlement under the control of the elder and was heightened when Victoria's goldfields made her purse-proud; the boundary disputes, frequently emphasised by tariff and railway policies, on the mother-colony's Victorian and Queensland borders; the somewhat smug superiority of South Australia, founded by philosophers and never tainted with convictism; the physical aloofness of Western Australia, and its boycotting by its eastern fellows on the ground that it had relapsed into a pernicious convictism at the very moment when the rest of the continent had at last shaken itself free of that taint: all these antagonisms, eagerly fostered by local politicians and particularly manifest in the local legislatures, seemed to make any form of Federation inconceivable as late as the eighteen-eighties. Could Australia have been by some miracle isolated from the rest of the world, Federation might still be inconceivable to-day. It was the urgent need of making provision for self-defence (impossible to six small communities scattered along a 12,000-mile coastline), the danger of German intrusion in New Guinea and French absorption of the New Hebrides, and the wise but irritating neglect by British statesmen of protests in this regard made by separate and unimpressive local authorities, that gave Australian statesmen (no one can deny that title to Henry Parkes or to Alfred Deakin) their chance to drag important concessions out of reluctant parliaments, and to give Australia at least a nominal unity, however imperfect it might prove when faced with every-day administrative problems.

To the present generation, both in Britain and in the

Commonwealth of Australia, this picture of colonial quarrelsomeness and intransigence may seem overdrawn. Those who were active in the struggle for union during the strenuous years that followed the Convention of 1891 will recognise it as a series of euphemisms. Its relevance here lies in the fact that it, and it alone, explains the existence of grave defects in the Constitution as finally adopted—the defects that have forced the present Federal Ministry to appeal for a drastic revision. Each step along the road to Federation involved a reference to legislatures every one of which was—especially in its ‘Upper House’—a nursery of disunion. The Federal leaders who in 1891 and 1897–98 had to devise conditions of union could not deal with ideals or with scientific allocations of administrative duty; they were forced at every move to take into account the improbability of ever persuading recalcitrant legislators to surrender the powers they needed for the central government. Appeals to reason were usually valueless, since the men to be bargained with were apt to develop an irrational terror of any change; in New South Wales one sapient member declared that under Federation, ‘South Australia will get Broken Hill and our silver-mines, Victoria will get Riverina, Queensland will take our sugar-lands, and we shall be left with a ridge of mountains and nothing else to govern.’ When, in May 1894, George Dibbs, at the moment Premier of the mother-colony, propounded a scheme for thorough unification—which, as he said, was the logical and eventual result of the arguments put forward by Federationists—he was promptly accused of being a bitter enemy of the cause; for not only was unification impracticable, but the mere suggestion of it would rouse implacable opposition among many who were still half-hearted.

The point need not be stressed further. The Constitution as it stands, despite the most strenuous and persuasive efforts of its advocates, remains a botched compromise. It took from previously self-governing colonial legislatures the few powers without which a central government would be an absurdity; the administration of defence, the imposition of tariffs, control of matters in regard to which Australia must accommodate herself to the outside world. Most public business that might bring the new States into

conflict with each other was left to them to fight out among themselves. One of the few matters not so left was industrial arbitration. It was patently absurd, even to the slow intelligence of the provincialists, that in industries common to several States one rate of wages and one set of conditions should rule in one State and another rate and set just across a nominal border. The Australian may be slow to visit and to study Europe, but in his own land he is instinctively a nomad; artisans would stream across country to improve their prospects on the slightest rumour of higher terms being available in some other part of the continent, industry would be disorganised, and State finances—which depended in some measure on the numbers of the population of the State—would become hopelessly confused.*

Before carrying the argument farther along these lines, it may be useful to define more closely the respective powers of States and Commonwealth. The powers of the Commonwealth are strictly limited by Clause 51 of the Constitution; it has sole control of oversea and inter-State trade and commerce, taxation through the Customs, postal, telegraphic and telephone services, defence, external affairs (i.e. dealings with other nations and with the British Empire outside the bounds of Australia), the restriction of immigration, quarantine, meteorology, trade-marks, copyright, and old-age pensions. It may take control, whenever it chooses, of legislation on such questions as marriage-laws, banking, insurance, and bankruptcy. Any existing or future State laws dealing with the above subjects may be over-ruled by Commonwealth legislation. The States, on the other hand, retain all powers not specifically handed over; they keep their old constitutions, legislatures, Ministries, law courts, and most of their administrative departments; they manage, each for itself, their railways, lands, education, police, and taxation apart from the Customs; their boundaries cannot be altered without their consent. All disputes involving the interpretation of the Constitution are decided by the Australian

* For this reason Mr Bruce's proposal to abolish Federal arbitration courts, except for maritime cases, was a mere gesture of despair. If it had by mischance been carried, the immediate result would have been great industrial confusion, ending, probably, in a widespread demand for the reinstatement of the Federal courts on the Commonwealth's own terms. Possibly Mr Bruce was playing for this; it was over-risky play.

High Court—which for the first sixteen years of its existence was, under the stern dominance of Sir Samuel Griffith, an active champion of State Rights.

Considering this extraordinary distribution of powers among sections of a homogeneous community, it becomes obvious that there are many spheres besides that of arbitration in which Australia would benefit greatly from unified control. Railways, for instance; migration, for another instance; public lands, for a third. For many years it has been generally agreed that the railway gauges on at least the main lines of the various States ought to be made uniform—the need is so clear that very few of Australia's casual visitors have refrained from pointing it out to her as if it was their new discovery. What these visitors did not understand was that the chief hindrance to uniformity is not the cost, but the distribution of the cost among the States. New South Wales, whose lines are already of the normal 4 ft. 8½ in. gauge, cannot easily be persuaded that she should pay for alterations in the lines of other States, and so forth. If a Commonwealth railway system covered the continent, it would be confronted with the single problem: Is uniformity worth while? But any attempt to improve the existing tangle of systems faces a dozen more problems: Can we persuade the six State capitals that it is worth their while (each of their whiles being different)? and, Can we find compensation for the harm we may do the six capitals by giving their present country clients easier access to another market? Again, immigration depends at present entirely on the wishes of six independent and discordant States, the Commonwealth acting as their transportation agent, but having no lands of its own on which immigrants could be advantageously placed. Federal authorities are often unjustly blamed for hampering or restricting the flow of British immigration; they are in fact powerless, being merely the mouthpiece of the States—if a State will not take immigrants, the Commonwealth cannot encourage Britain to send them. Granting that the State authorities are the best judges of their needs in this particular—and this assumption might be easily controverted—we have still before us the difficulty that each State is inclined to claim a vested interest in the immigrants brought out to its order, and

feels injured if the new arrivals, finding themselves unwelcome in or unsuited to their new environment, make a move to some other State. As for the ownership of public land, its complete distribution among the States is one of the lamentable mistakes forced on the early Federalists by colonial parochialism. Sir Henry Parkes, as is too often forgotten, 'had hoped to endow the new nation with the bulk of its still unoccupied lands, reserving to existing colonies all the territory they had hitherto been able to utilise ; any one who has studied the history of migration to Australia since 1901 can easily surmise how lamentable it has been that this suggestion was rejected.' *

At this stage one may be asked why, if the defects of the Constitution are so obvious, attempts have not earlier been made to remedy them. Such attempts, of course, there have been ; but the process of altering the Constitution was deliberately made tedious and complicated. Any law devised for that purpose must (a) be passed by an absolute majority of each House of the Federal Parliament, (b) be then within six months submitted by referendum to the electors of each State, (c) be approved by a majority of the electors in at least four States, as well as by a majority of all the electors. The only exception to this procedure occurs if one of the Federal Houses rejects or fails to pass the amending Bill ; in that case the other House, after three months, may pass the Bill again, and it will then go, whatever the objecting House may do, before the electors. Now submission to the electors entails much work like that connected with actual elections, in which the local party mechanism counts for a great deal. And there is no Federal party mechanism ; in each State the Federal parties have to use the State party mechanisms, built up and mainly supported by men and firms with a State bias. It is, therefore, scarcely to be wondered at that of the five attempts to alter the Constitution in favour of Federal control of industries not one has succeeded. It must have taken all Mr Scullin's daring, and all the pressure brought to bear on him by the existing calamities in the sphere of arbitration, to urge him once more to venture on so disastrous an issue.

* 'Builders and Pioneers of Australia,' p. 94.

Note that he is attacking the problem in a new fashion. Previous referenda have singled out special powers for transference to Commonwealth control, more particularly industrial arbitration and the regulation of monopolies stigmatised as such by Parliament. One of Mr Scullin's two proposals is on this model; it confers full industrial powers on the Commonwealth, thus covering the special case of arbitration. The other, however, is both more sweeping and less dictatorial; instead of picking out any powers for immediate transference to Federal control, it gives the Parliament a general power of legislation on all subjects, thus putting the Australian legislature on a level with those of the Dominion of Canada and the Union of South Africa. Once admittedly supreme, the Federal Parliament could hasten as slowly as it chose. Only when it was clear that a problem could be solved more satisfactorily under single control need any change be made in existing arrangements. Losing, perhaps, a little prestige and a little exclusive authority, the States would retain as much of both as they deserved and the welfare of Australia permitted. Victoria would be at least as real an entity as Quebec or Natal; and on what grounds should it claim more?

The mention of Australia's welfare—which, after all, is the chief thing to be considered—brings up another question. Apart from the value of uniformity and the avoidance of friction, is a Federal administration likely to do better work, or a Federal Parliament likely to make better laws, than the six sets of authorities now in charge? This question needs for its elucidation a closer definition of several terms. When we say that 'the Commonwealth' is doing or going to do something, we mean Ministers chosen from the Federal Parliament. When we say that 'a State' has certain powers or demands certain concessions, we mean Ministers chosen from the legislature of that State. The Federal Parliament consists of 111 men, seventy-five of them chosen by adult suffrage distributed as evenly as possible into the same number of constituencies, the rest by the same electors voting by States. The State legislatures are of a highly varied composition. Four of the 'upper houses' are elected, some by restricted franchise; one is nominated; and Queensland has no upper house. Their 'lower' houses,

elected by practically the same voters as the Federal lower house, nevertheless, represent constituencies of a very different character. In some States preferential voting obtains, in others proportional representation; in Victoria the electorates have been deliberately arranged to give country voters more members than the same number of town voters; in Queensland they have with equal care been gerrymandered to seclude non-Labour voters in certain electorates, thus leaving adequate Labour majorities in the greater number (if any one doubts this, let him remember that the Labour majority which ruled Queensland until recently was elected by voters who at the same time were sending to Canberra a large anti-Labour majority). The State lower houses total 353 members, the five upper houses a further 201; Australia thus—with the 111 belonging to the Federal Parliament—provides herself with 665 legislators, choosing them from among about six million people.

If, then, it is desired to select intelligent and sober-minded administrators for these six millions, from which body are they more likely to emerge—from the 111 who are chosen as straightforwardly as possible to sit at Canberra, or from the 554 second choices who represent very unevenly divided interests at the six State capitals? 'Second choices' is a fair description, because it stands to reason that an intelligent and public-spirited aspirant to political honours would prefer membership of the Federal Parliament. There are exceptions, of course; the present Premier of New South Wales is better worth Federal membership than nine-tenths of the actual members. But on the whole it is to Canberra that the best men go, and Mr Bavin may yet make his position a stepping-stone to the wider sphere, as Mr Theodore did with his premiership of Queensland. Only one motive keeps in the State parliaments men who could reasonably expect to go higher—men actively concerned in business dislike the severance from their own affairs that is necessitated by attendance at Canberra, and find it more convenient to do political work in their own State capital. But so few Australian business men take the trouble to interest themselves in politics, except as grumblers, that this motive for retaining good men in the service of the States may be almost ignored.

It is scarcely too much, then, to say that management by 'the Commonwealth' means management by the more efficient, management by 'the States' falling to the less efficient. The Federal administrator will probably have not only the wider scope of vision, but also the better-trained intelligence and the more public-spirited temperament. Other things being equal, any problem which concerns more than one State—industrial arbitration, railway management, immigration—will be more satisfactorily dealt with by the Federal Parliament or its chosen Ministers. The usual reply to arguments of this kind is that one cannot administer a continent from its south-eastern corner. But at present politicians are trying to administer Queensland from Brisbane, Western Australia from Perth, New South Wales from Sydney. Northern Queensland is scarred from end to end with the past mistakes of Brisbane departments. Northern, and western, and southern New South Wales have suffered grievously from the selfish dealings of legislatures sitting in Sydney and fully convinced that the rest of the State was the private property of Sydney (note the bitter wail of a Sydney member before quoted). That is the main reason for the continued existence of the various 'country' parties, which usually include in their platforms some scheme for cutting up the larger States into more manageable provinces, each with its own special interests and its own parochial government to further those interests. Here, indeed, may well be found—as Bryce saw long ago—the true and final solution of Australia's difficulties; in the daring venture of some strong Federal Ministry—even, maybe, Mr Scullin's—that will obtain directly from the electors power to redistribute the continent among a score or so of provinces, self-governing by means of magnified county councils in all purely local affairs, and subordinate in all others to the central parliament at Canberra.

That, however, is for the future. Reverting to matters of to-day, it is, of course, a fair question to ask: 'Granting that the State administrations have bitten off more than they can chew, why imitate their mistake by thrusting an impossible task on Canberra?' In the first place, to administer Australia from Canberra is no more impossible than the administration of Canada from Ottawa. In the

second place, whereas the State authorities are primarily (and almost unavoidably) concerned with the welfare of the State capitals, Federal authorities are wholly concerned with the welfare of Australia. Canberra has no vested interests to be considered, nor are its inhabitants essentially its citizens; it is merely a town where they happen to reside for a part of each year. The men who from Canberra issue orders or laws applicable to a whole continent have the whole continent in their mind, with no local patriotism to bias it. Further, they work under the eyes of the representatives of the continent, subject to their criticism, but standing as arbiters between the conflicting interests of minor sections. They will assuredly be affected by the always deadening influence of bureaucracy; but that defect is common to all administrations.

To this point, then, the whole argument tends irresistibly: that proposals, whoever be their author, that make for a diminution of State powers and a consequent extension of Federal powers, are *à priori* likely to benefit Australia. For such a transference of power will inevitably attract into Federal politics the few able men who are still concerning themselves with the comparatively parochial States; and with their accession it will be possible to feel, gratefully, that all matters of real importance to six million Australians are at last in the hands of the few trustworthy administrators whom so small a community can hope to produce.

ARTHUR JOSE.

Art. 9.—BUREAUCRACY ON TRIAL.

1. *The New Despotism*. By the Lord Hewart of Bury, Lord Chief Justice of England. Benn, 1929.
2. *Administrative Law*. By Frederick John Port, LL.D. Longmans, 1929.

THERE has been in the last few years an unmistakable growth of public opinion concerning the increase of departmental powers—not, as yet, a sufficiently widespread opinion, but one which has certainly begun to assert itself. It is gradually being realised that we are faced with nothing more or less than a constitutional crisis. The Lord Chancellor, who has long had this matter at heart—as is shown not only by many of his judicial observations, but by his suggestive pamphlet, ‘The Principles and Practice of the Law To-day,’ and by his foreword to Dr Port’s volume—has lost no time in placing the whole question under the consideration of an impartial Committee. Simultaneously, Lord Hewart’s book makes it certain that public opinion can no longer remain uninformed. Here in plain, spirited, and untechnical language the ordinary citizen is told what is contributing, and has been contributing for years past, to create essential differences between the theory and the practice of the system which governs him. Lord Hewart puts the issue in the plainest possible terms. ‘The whole scheme of self-government is being undermined, and that, too, in a way which no self-respecting people, if they were aware of the facts, would for a moment tolerate.’ The facts are now before a self-respecting people. It remains to be seen whether they will be tolerated.

In illustration of his main theme Lord Hewart begins with a reference to a case which he himself, expressing the opinion of a Divisional Court, described as ‘the high-water mark of legislative provisions of this character’—that is, provisions authorising a Minister to ‘remove difficulties’ in the working of a statute which has already invested him with a variety of extensive powers. We may respectfully follow Lord Hewart’s example by giving at the outset another and an even more conspicuous example of the tendencies which Lord Hewart deprecates. Shortly after the appearance of ‘The New Despotism’

there came before the King's Bench the case of *Rex v. Minister of Health, Ex parte Yaffé*, reported in the 'Times' of Nov. 6, 1929, and Jan. 15, 1930. The short point in this case arose out of the Housing Act, 1925, under which the Minister of Health had made an order confirming (and materially altering)* an improvement scheme, so-called, framed by the Liverpool Corporation. Mr Yaffé, whose property was affected by the scheme, contended that the confirming order of the Minister was *ultra vires*, on the ground that the 'improvement scheme' was not in reality an improvement scheme at all, but merely one which gave the Corporation powers to sell, lease, or otherwise dispose of, as the council might think fit, the cleared area. There was no programme, such as was plainly contemplated by the Act, for the development and improvement of a particular area. A recent decision supported him in this contention, and it followed irresistibly, in his submission, that an order made in reference to a scheme which, on this and certain other grounds, was a nullity under the Act, was itself a nullity. But the Housing Act contains a provision that an order made under this part of the statute 'shall have effect as if enacted in this Act'; and a leading case in the House of Lords (see 'The New Despotism,' p. 197) has laid it down once for all that the effect of this provision is to place the departmental order entirely beyond the scrutiny of the Courts. The Attorney-General's argument (which prevailed) was that if an order merely *purported* to be made under the Act, that was sufficient to give it binding force. This he stated quite unreservedly, as the following interchange will show:

The Lord Chief Justice.—Is your argument this: That any order of the Minister, however far it may depart from the Act, has effect as though enacted in the Act if it purports to be made under the Act?

The Attorney-General.—That is so, my Lord. Of course, it doesn't sound very pretty in that form—(laughter)—and

* This is important, because the scheme, as thus altered, was one which would have been valid under the Act. The hardship to the individual, therefore, was not great in this case, since the scheme as it finally stood was one to which he could not have objected if it had originally been made in that form. But this, of course, does not affect the very serious principle contained in the Crown's contention.

I would prefer to say that the Court will not inquire whether it is within the Act . . .

The Lord Chief Justice.—Do you say that if, under the name of an improvement scheme under this Act, the Minister sanctioned anything whatever, it would have statutory effect?

The Attorney-General.—I think that is so . . .

Mr Justice Talbot.—Suppose Parliament had intended to say what the Attorney-General says that they have said, how could they have expressed it better than they have done?

The Lord Chief Justice.—They might have said, 'After the passing of this Act, the Minister may do what he likes.'

Mr Justice Swift.—That is what they have said!

The constitutional issue raised by this case was thus stated by Mr Justice Swift (who dissented):

'When Parliament delegates its powers of legislation to a Minister of the Crown, and enacts that in certain circumstances he may make "an order" and that his order "when made" shall have effect as if enacted in the Act, is it open to the Judiciary, if that alleged order be challenged, to consider whether in fact "an order" has been made?'

The majority of the Court felt themselves bound by authority to hold that they had no power to review the Minister's order. One curious feature of the case is that the scheme, as originally framed, admittedly might have been arrested in mid-course by a writ of prohibition; but once the final order was made, it was held that the power of the Court was gone.

To such fantastic results, in logic and in fact, does the reckless delegation of legislative powers inevitably lead. Let us now consider briefly the chief dangers of which Lord Hewart bids us beware.

A great part of the law-making function has passed from the legislature to the executive, principally by the method of 'skeleton' legislation, or 'legislation by reference.' If mere bulk be a guide, much the greater part of the law of the land now consists of departmental rules and orders. To no less an authority than a former Prime Minister—Mr Baldwin, speaking in the House of Commons on July 4, 1929—we are indebted for the information that in the three years, 1925–1928, the average number of Acts was 50·6, the average number of pages occupied by them was 539; while the average number of Statutory Rules

and Orders was 1408·6, the average number of pages 1844. The means by which Parliament controls its delegates become the more unreal as delegation becomes the more common, and there is consequently a marked tendency for this great mass of demi-legislation to grow increasingly complex and absolute. This process is accentuated by the express exclusion of the proper constitutional check upon all subordinate legislation—namely, judicial review. By such devices (already mentioned) as enduing departmental orders with statutory force *per se*, the Courts are rendered as powerless to control the ordinances of Whitehall as they are to control those of Westminster. This policy is contrary to one of the most important constitutional functions of the King's Bench, which in its high prerogative writs (mandamus, prohibition, and certiorari) has an ancient and beneficent instrument for keeping delegated functions within their assigned limits. Not only legislative, but many judicial, powers are being accumulated by the executive.

'It is not, but it ought to be, common knowledge that there is in this country, a considerable number of statutes, most of them passed during the last twenty years, which have vested in public officials, to the exclusion of the jurisdiction of the Courts of Law, the power of deciding questions of a judicial nature. Usually the power is given nominally to the Minister or other head of a Government department, sometimes to the department itself, and it is commonly provided that his or its decisions shall be final and conclusive.'

We cannot enter upon a full description of them here, but the principal kinds of executive-judicial powers now exercised in England are mentioned in Chapter V of Dr Port's volume.

The objections to the methods of these tribunals are that they are in many cases, secret : they are impersonal : they need not, and often do not, give the parties an opportunity of being heard : there is no means of knowing, as of right, on what evidence the decision has been based : there is no record, accessible to the public, of the proceedings : there is not necessarily any regard for that principle of uniformity and continuity which is the foundation of our Common Law system. Further, the fact that the administrative decision is often final not only deprives the subject of an important means of redress, but

removes that stimulus to accuracy and circumspection which always resides in the possibility of appeal. It is not claimed, of course, that injustice is deliberately committed: it is claimed, however, and cannot, we believe, be denied, that the opportunities for injustice are latent and, therefore, sufficiently perturbing. No less unfortunate is the manifest possibility, under such a system, of corruption—a danger which is not dismissed by saying, what neither the Lord Chief Justice nor anybody acquainted with the Civil Service for a moment disputes, that corruption does not exist at present.

Most of the irregularities castigated by Lord Hewart are remarked upon by Dr Port in various connections. In comparing our so-called administrative law with that of France and the United States, he appears to take the same fundamental objection to our present system, or lack of system, as does Lord Hewart—namely, that it is unscientific and irresponsible. Dr Port's chief plea, if we understand him aright, is for a regularised administrative law which shall be *law*, legally defined and legally administered. Under that régime, 'the silent and almost unnoticed growth of extraordinary powers in the hands of administrative authorities, such as has recently taken place in England, is impossible.' We venture, however, to doubt whether some of the means which he suggests and the principles which he favours will best achieve the desired result.

Before we consider that question, it is pertinent to inquire into the causes from which the present situation has arisen, or is supposed to have arisen. Dr Port suggests the following principal reasons for the increasing delegation of Parliamentary powers:

(1) *Urgency*.—Doubtless there may be national emergencies in which it is necessary to have recourse to some law-making authority less deliberate in its methods than Parliament. We have had recent, and not very endearing, experience of that necessity, and it has proved far from easy to shake off its effects. It is impossible to contend that the kind of 'urgency' which gave birth to D.O.R.A. is any reason for the wholesale surrender of legislative power in normal conditions. We hear this argument of 'urgency' in another connection, to which Lord Hewart makes pointed reference. It is the pretext on which

rule-making authorities, under section 2 of the Rules Publication Act, 1893, give immediate binding effect, without Parliament scrutiny, to 'provisional rules,' which 'shall only continue in force until rules have been made in accordance with the foregoing provisions of this Act.' By an ingenious perversion of the legislator's intention, these ostensibly temporary rules acquire permanence by the simple device of never making any genuinely permanent rules 'in accordance with the foregoing provisions of this Act,' i.e. in accordance with section 1 of the Act, which provides certain safeguards of publicity and Parliamentary control. The public, it is to be hoped, will regard with caution, amounting to scepticism, this facile appeal to urgency.

(2) *Lack of time.*—The pressure upon the time of the House of Commons, its inability to undertake even a fraction of the tasks proposed for it, the abortiveness of innumerable Bills, the insignificance of the private member's opportunities—these matters are notorious and are generally accepted as inevitable. May it be that we bow to them with a little too much resignation? The Lord Chief Justice raises a large issue when he remarks: 'The reasonable citizen may well be tempted sometimes to ask the question: For whose benefit and at whose request is this mountain of statutes, and this still greater mountain of rules, orders, and regulations, built up from year to year?' Most people would agree that a return to unqualified *laissez-faire* is nowadays quite impracticable, even if it were desirable; but it is by no means inconceivable that before long there will be, in this country and others, a powerful reaction against the exaggerated extension of governmental functions. We regretfully believe this to be improbable, however, for more reasons than can now be discussed. But whatever the verdict of the future may be, one thing is certain in the present. Some delegation of Parliamentary powers may be, as Lord Hewart concedes, necessary in matters of detail; but Parliament's deputy is at present showing far more activity than is either necessary or beneficial. And this is not surprising. The departmental functionary does not suffer from the same restrictions as Parliament. Give him a free hand with codes of rules and regulations, and the only limit to the codes is the limit of his invention.

Thus our sub-legislation yearly increases to such prodigious bulk, and thus it comes to pass that we are now being enjoined by Whitehall to wash our hands before milking a cow.

(3) *Technicality*.—It is said that many of the matters which now claim the attention of Parliament are beyond the competence of anybody but highly-trained specialists. The argument runs counter to the practice and the theory of centuries. Parliament has always concerned itself with technical matters of the greatest diversity, and in the greatest detail. Any legislative body in any large modern community must face this task. It is the business of Parliament to get (as it always can) the best expert advice in the country and then to bring to bear an impartial legislative faculty upon the wider issues of principle which may arise from the material thus placed before it. Further, the expert with the greatest fund of technical information is not necessarily the best legislator. It is often the 'mere outsider'—of course, intelligent and trained in general political methods—who, making the fullest use of information supplied by the specialist, can bring to bear upon any given problem an independent judgment which it is difficult for the 'insider' to possess. Intensive specialisation is often a hindrance rather than a help to constructive policy within its own peculiar sphere.

(4) *Experimentation*.—

'Yet another reason suggests itself, and it is that subordinate legislation *enables experiments to be carried out* in a way which would be impossible if the slow parliamentary methods had to be used on each occasion. It is often provided that the same body which makes a Rule or Order may also revoke or amend it, so that if the first proves unsuitable in some respect, no great trouble need be gone to, in order to vary the experiment.'

This is indeed true; and the singularly complacent conclusion which it suggests to Dr Port is that 'these and similar provisions enable legislation to be much more flexible than was possible under former conditions.' There is a wealth of euphemism in this term 'flexible.' We should have supposed, in the first place, that of all things in the world legislation was the least suitable for mere experiment. The average mind will share none of Dr Port's satisfaction at the picture of resourceful civil

servants experimenting with the liberty and property of their fellow-citizens in such a way that '*no great trouble need be gone to, in order to vary the experiment.*' Even less trouble need be gone to in *making* the experiment, when it can be so easily varied.

If all these arguments were conceded, even then, as Lord Hewart insists, they would be no ground whatever for ousting the jurisdiction of Parliament and of the Courts. Lord Hewart finds a deeper and more insidious reason for the present tendencies than any of those advanced by Dr Port. 'There is now, and for some years past has been, a persistent influence at work which, whatever the motives or the intentions that support it may be thought to be, undoubtedly has the effect of placing a large and increasing field of departmental authority and activity beyond the reach of the ordinary law.' There is 'a deep-seated official conviction . . . that this, when all is said and done, is the best and most scientific way of ruling the country.' All this 'is manifestly the offspring of a well-thought-out plan, the object and the effect of which are to clothe the department with despotic powers.'

The 'deep-seated official conviction' was pithily expressed by the Sentry in 'Iolanthe':

'But then the prospect of a lot
Of dull M.P.s. in close proximity
A-thinking for themselves, is what
No man can face with equanimity.'

And this temper, though far from consciously flagitious, may lead to results which are scarcely distinguishable from unscrupulousness. If, for example, as Lord Hewart is convinced, it leads servants of the public deliberately to draft subordinate legislation in unintelligible terms, on the principle that 'to be intelligible is to be found out,' it is impossible to go on paying compliments to an abstract purity of purpose. Purposely to obscure private right seems to us as mischievous as the less subtle offence of positively violating private right. We cling to a hope, however, that this now serious evil of cryptic legislation is the result of Dr Port's admired 'flexibility' rather than of malice prepense.

Audi alteram partem. It is to be wished, for the sake of full and fair discussion, that the civil servant were

not restrained by the rules of his employment from publicly stating his point of view. One can gather it only from private and semi-official discussions, and it seems to resolve itself into some such propositions as the following :

(i) *We do not desire nor demand these powers ; they are thrust upon us increasingly by a Parliament which will not do its own work, and we can only do our best to use them as efficiently as possible.*—The argument is plausible ; but it really amounts to this, that the departments, *once they are possessed of delegated powers* (whether they sought them or not), are determined to use them in their own way with the minimum of interference from higher authority. To say this is not to impute to the Civil Service any extraordinary Machiavellianism. It is very natural indeed that the administrator, with convenient machinery at hand and long experience of the most effectual ways and means, should be impatient of, perhaps cynical about, the formal dilatory methods of an unwieldy body of persons whose vocation is words, not deeds. This scepticism of authority is the natural accompaniment of vicarious assiduity ; the obvious check upon it is for the ultimate controlling power—i.e. the public, if Parliament will not assert its own authority—to prevent *trop de zèle* from reversing the rôles, as between legislature and executive, of principal and agent.

(ii) *We get things done. We are bidden to execute, and we execute ; what more, or what less, can you ask ?*—This is the burden of a reply, given in the ' Daily Telegraph ' of Oct. 10, 1929, to Lord Hewart's animadversions. It comes from Sir Stanley Leathes, who, enjoying retirement after long and distinguished departmental service, is dispensed from the Civil Service ordinance of silence. Sir Stanley Leathes begins by admitting all the abuses pointed out by the Lord Chief Justice. Then what is the ray of comfort ? (We take the liberty in the following quotations of inserting italics which are not in the original.) The whole system, as it now stands, ' is anomalous and amorphous, but it cannot be denied that it *does its work* ; it is in its way efficient.' ' It is a cardinal requisite in the Ministry of Health (for instance) that it should *do its work*. How can the work of the Minister be done without rules and regulations and orders that can be changed

when they are proved to be faulty? *Who can make those rules and regulations and orders except the Minister? No one, for no one has the necessary knowledge and experience.* After this sweeping *petitio principii*, we are assured that 'nine-tenths of all the decisions affecting individuals that are made in the secret tribunals of these despotic departments are as honestly made as those of the Civil Service Commission, and those that do not involve honesty' (this dark phrase, we may confidently assume, is not meant to be as sinister as it sounds) '*are made according to the law of necessity—because something has to be decided.*' It is truly gratifying to think of the rights of Englishmen being decided by secret tribunals according to the 'law of necessity.' We trust we shall not be suspected of too literal and too opprobrious an analogy if we recall certain famous lines:

'So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.'

Then we are given to understand that the guiding principle—doubtless under the supreme 'law of necessity'—for secret tribunals is a mysterious inspiration called 'Standard.' 'What is the standard of treatment that can justly be demanded of a panel doctor? What is the standard of sanitation that can from time to time be required of a sanitary authority? What standard of houses is so bad that they ought to be condemned and pulled down? What standard of education is proper in a non-provided school?' These are questions 'of standard, of judgement, of discretion, which *cannot be decided by a code, nor by a Court of law.*' No reason is given for this assumption that 'standard, judgement, and discretion' are the monopoly of Whitehall. The whole system of Common Law under which Sir Stanley Leathes has lived all his life is built up on 'standard, judgement, and discretion'—which differ, however, from the departmental species in the important particular that they are based on uniformity, consistency, and public policy and not upon esoteric, closely-guarded principles which, though they may justify themselves pragmatically in many cases, lack any general guarantee against arbitrariness. There is the further difference that 'in a department, legislation and jurisdiction melt into one another.' They do indeed;

and the result is not, as might have been supposed, a horrid mess, but apparently some magically vitalising amalgam. The powers of government, thus melted in the bureaucratic crucible, 'make up administration, and administration must be alive; whereas law, if Lord Hewart will pardon me, is always three-parts dead.' The live dog, however hybrid, however uncertain of temper, is better than the three-parts-dead lion. We are given examples of the practical success of these remarkable departmental principles; thus we are told that the Civil Service examinations are extremely well conducted, and we are asked, apparently in all solemnity: 'Would they be as good if the code of each were made by Parliament and its execution subject to control by the High Court of Justice?' When, against the extremely serious matters which Lord Hewart propounds, he or any other reasonable person is credited with the suggestion that purely scholastic examinations would be a fitting subject for the jurisdiction of the High Court, irrelevance seems to have reached the point of levity.

(iii) '*Trust us.*'—The powers delegated are perhaps, *in theory* a little wide, possibly, *in appearance*, almost tyrannical; but the public may rely upon the administration *in practice* to exercise them reasonably and justly and even benevolently. This is perhaps the favourite argument of all. Because the individual administrator does not personally desire to deprive any man of his rights, he cannot see anything wrong in the system. The utter unsoundness of the argument in principle is self-evident. We pride ourselves on the ability and fairness of our judiciary; we do not on that account give our judges power of life and death over all criminals and all crimes, in full trust and confidence that they will not hang any man unless he deserves it. The second answer is matter of fact. It is not the case that these executive powers are always used reasonably or justly or benevolently. They are sometimes exercised in an extremely harsh and high-handed manner, and the Courts, when Parliament has not silenced them, have no hesitation in saying so. This fact we have previously attempted to illustrate in these pages,* and therefore we refrain from doing so again;

* '*Bureaucracy Triumphant*,' '*Quarterly Review*,' No. 477; '*Bureaucracy Again*,' *ibid.*, No. 483.

but if the reader requires further evidence, possibly the not untypical case of *Rex v. Minister of Health, Ex parte Yaffé*, already mentioned, will supply it.

The remedial measures advocated by Lord Hewart are, in sum, 'to reassert, in grim earnest, the Sovereignty of Parliament and the Rule of Law'; while, in detail, he suggests a number of immediate steps for correcting the most glaring of the present abuses.

'Is it too much to hope, in the first place, that the worst of the offending sections in Acts of Parliament may be repealed or amended? And, in the second place, is it not comparatively easy to prevent similar sections from being enacted in future? To this end what is necessary is simply a particular state of public opinion, and in order that that state of public opinion may be brought into existence, what is necessary is simply a knowledge of the facts. At present, it is tolerably safe to suppose, only a small part of the electorate knows what has been done and is being done, while it is a still smaller part that has any real appreciation of the meaning and effect of the statutory provisions which offer at once the occasion and the instrument of despotic power.'

As we have said, there is reason to think that this 'particular state of public opinion' is gradually coming into existence. Many will wonder, however, whether it is likely to thrive under a socialist régime; and this doubt is not entirely dispelled by the gratifying circumstance that Labour's first two Lords Chancellor have both been fully alive to the danger. A Lord Chancellor, after all, is a mere lawyer, and it may well seem to powerful influences in Whitehall that his training, his intelligence, and his knowledge of affairs have not sufficiently imbued him with 'standard, judgement, and discretion.' He may even be one of those mercenary lawyers whose chief preoccupation is to advance the interests of his own profession by fostering the maximum of expensive litigation. In this light, it would seem, did the Marquess of Salisbury, in April 1928, regard the leading judicial authorities of England when, with one voice, they protested (happily with success) against the proposal of the Rating and Valuation Bill, 1928, to make them 'departmental solicitors' (in Lord Hewart's phrase). They were to be charged with the function of giving anticipatory opinions on hypothetical cases which might arise out of the lack

of prevision and the defective draftmanship of the Ministry of Health. In their protest the Lord Privy Seal, oblivious of the history of 'auricular taking of opinions' in the seventeenth century and of the obscurities and hardships which must inevitably result from hypothetical judicial decisions, could see no assertion of principle, but only a cynical indifference to the pockets of 'unfortunate rate-payers' (see 'The New Despotism,' p. 140).

Lord Hewart next calls for a real, instead of a merely perfunctory, Parliamentary supervision of delegated legislation. This, he suggests, could be exercised by Committees of each House; or—we may add—by a Joint Committee of both Houses, such as now examines the Measures of the National Assembly of the Church of England. (A somewhat similar control is exercised over certain Orders in Council made by the Ministry of Transport: see 'Administrative Law,' p. 356.)* A proposal for this method of control was put to the last Government in July 1929, but the Prime Minister regretfully found it 'impracticable,' for the following significant reason—'owing to the large number of Statutory Rules and Orders made in every year, and to the variety and complexity of the subjects with which they deal, and to the fact that many of them are issued during the parliamentary recess.' As Sir John Marriott, who asked the question of the Government, observed in a letter to the 'Times,' this answer with one breath admitted the whole case for supervision, and with the next dismissed it. It amounted simply to a confession of Parliament's despair of exercising any effectual surveillance; and yet the Prime Minister went on to say that already sufficient control existed in the constitutional checks of *Parliamentary scrutiny* and the jurisdiction of the Courts (which, as we have seen, is constantly burked). If it be really true that Parliament is nowadays unable to cope with its proper tasks, and must depute them to others, then is it not time

* That these Committees may sometimes exercise a very effective control is illustrated by the fact that a Select Committee of the House of Lords recently refused approval of a Provisional Order, made under the Public Health Act, 1875, the effect of which, in the words of a learned writer in the 'Law Quarterly Review' for January 1930 (p. 10), would have been to enable the Corporation of Leeds 'to become owners of all the property in the City of Leeds' and 'to substitute the consent of the Minister for the consent of Parliament.'

to avow candidly that the system of so-called representative government is no longer representative ?

Certain other measures of reform

'are tolerably obvious. Why should not the Rules Publication Act, in fact as well as in name, be "simplified and amended" so as to exclude exception or evasion, and so as to secure a real and effective Parliamentary supervision over all rules and orders ? And it goes without saying that there should be an end of all schemes to enable Government departments to rewrite a statute, or to invite premature opinions on hypothetical cases from His Majesty's judges, or to shelter department decisions or orders against review by the Courts. On the positive side, future legislation would be conducted in such a way as not to repeat these performances. On the negative side, all reasonable steps would be taken to retrace and correct any such errors in the past.'

There is ground for hope that these things, or some of them, will be done in the not very distant future. But beyond the immediate measures of reparation and precaution which the Lord Chief Justice urges, there lie further problems ; and one of the most pressing, as it seems to us, is the future status and the function of administrative law in our constitutional system. What is the best system for adjusting the mutual claims of State and citizen in such a way that their reciprocal rights and duties shall be most effectively secured ?

The branch of law which preserves this balance is usually called administrative law. The term is extremely unpopular in England, because in the past it has been associated, and justly associated, with a system of official privilege and irresponsibility, which, though it has been attempted, has never been tolerated for long by the English nation. The element of privilege and protection, of placing the representatives of the State above the law, has died within the last fifty years in France ; but its phantom still haunts this country, and it is only now beginning to be laid. It is evidently difficult for a generation brought up on the early editions of Dicey's 'Law of the Constitution' to relinquish the belief that *droit administratif* is the sinister embodiment of all the distempers of the commonwealth which the Rule of Law has so proudly repulsed. But it is quite at variance with the facts to imagine at this time of day that the administra-

tive law of France, or of the United States, or, we believe, of any great modern State, is a contrivance designed to load the dice against the subject in a throw with the administration. In the means of redressing a grievance against the State, the French citizen is to-day far better off than the English citizen. If this be regarded as an overstatement, we should recommend the reader to study Dr Port's account of administrative law in France, or even in the United States, where it has had to contend against an atmosphere even more unsympathetic than that of England. These are, we venture to think, the most valuable parts of Dr Port's treatise, and they will help to dispel many inveterate misconceptions.

'Rightly understood' (says Lord Hewart), "*droit administratif*" is a definite system of law, the rules and principles of which, it is true, differ essentially from the rules and principles of the ordinary law governing the relations of private citizens *inter se*. Nevertheless, it is a system of true administrative law, administered by a tribunal which applies judicial methods of procedure. The Council of State, when it is exercising judicial as distinguished from administrative functions, acts by a Committee which is in many respects analogous to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in the exercise of its jurisdiction to hear appeals from the Dominions and in Prize Cases. The tribunal considers the arguments of advocates and delivers reasoned judgments. These judgments are reported, and form precedents from which a fixed system of legal rules has been evolved. In short, the system may aptly be described as a special branch of the law for the determination of questions of a particular kind, and the tribunal as a quasi-judicial tribunal for administering this special branch of law.'

It is true that the Lord Chief Justice at one place refers to the *droit administratif* as being 'profoundly repugnant to English ideas'; but we understand him to be there referring to the original Napoleonic administrative law, which is no more.

The term 'administrative law,' to Englishmen, is certainly not free from ambiguity. As Dr Port shows in his first chapter, all our writers have had great difficulty in drawing any clear line between 'constitutional' and 'administrative' law. But the substance of the matter, whatever the label, is—those legal relationships between

the citizen and the State which proceed from the putting in motion of governmental powers by the executive arm of the constitutional sovereign. It is that great and growing body of law which needs to be taken in hand in England. Upon this desideratum all seem to be agreed, whether they regard the technical term 'administrative law' with approval, abhorrence, or neutrality.

What we actually have is a travesty of law. On the one hand, there is an antiquated and costly system of procedure against the Crown; on the other, a sprawling mass of departmental powers, partly executive, partly legislative, partly judicial, some controlled by Parliament and the judiciary, many of them uncontrolled. This haphazard, unscientific growth Lord Hewart describes as 'administrative lawlessness.' 'To employ the terms administrative "law" and administrative "justice,"' he tells us, 'to such a system, or negation of system, is really grotesque.' And so it is, if by 'administrative law' is meant a coherent and efficient body of legal rules. But, needless to say, we are not meant to understand by 'administrative lawlessness' that the hypertrophic powers of the executive are actually illegal. They are authorised, though too lightly, by the sovereign authority, and their danger lies in their very legality. A law of exemption and exception is none the less a law; and, while the spirit of modern *droit administratif* is to impose strict responsibility on administrative action, the present tendency of English administrative law is to bestow upon executive action that very exemption from responsibility which was justly objected against the older *droit administratif*.

To advocate a system of true governmental responsibility—in other words, a real and sound administrative law—is in no sense to attack the Rule of Law: for the essence of the Rule of Law, properly understood, is the uniformity of legal responsibility and the denial of special privilege. Nor is there any necessity slavishly to imitate foreign models and to attempt to set up a Conseil d'Etat or a Court of Claims in this country. There is no reason why the administrative law of the future should not be regularised and developed as part of the ordinary legal system of the land. That is what it is, for all common purposes, in France—none the less so because, for historical reasons, it falls within a particular *form* of

jurisdiction. Indeed, paradoxically enough, it is more truly and more widely a Rule of Law than, we believe, Dicey could claim for England were he alive to-day.

But it is said that the Courts could not cope with the volume of administrative business. We confess ourselves unconvinced of this until it has been proved in practice. Indubitably, there are certain minor matters with which it is unnecessary to trouble the Courts—for instance, claims for insurance benefits; though, even here, we think that the American principle is valuable, viz. that while the findings of *fact* of a quasi-judicial tribunal might be considered final (an example in England is the findings of fact of Income Tax Commissioners), on matters of law there should, even in these apparently insignificant cases, be recourse to the Courts. If, in the fullness of time, it proved true that the Courts were overburdened, one would have supposed that the obvious remedy was to strengthen them. It is indeed remarkable that Parliament, though ever ready to swell the ranks of officialdom, often shows the greatest reluctance to add a single member to the Bench, whatever the state of litigation. Apparently the existence of a single puisne judge inspires more foreboding in the breast of the average Member of Parliament than a whole new ministry or a whole regiment of officials; and this although the judges are among the few servants of the public whose remuneration has not been adjusted to the post-war cost of living.

But then it is urged that access to the Courts is a dubious boon when it costs as much as it does at present. This is certainly a serious difficulty. The comparative cheapness of litigation in France makes the working of administrative law far easier than it is likely to be in England in the immediate future. It would be difficult, even with much fuller discussion than is here possible, to suggest any general remedy for the high cost of litigation; but in respect of Crown suits, we believe that much might be accomplished by limiting the hierarchy of appeals. Many of these administrative cases are now carried much further than is necessary for a satisfactory legal solution. It is intolerable, for example, in a country where a grievously heavy burden of taxation is borne with remarkable honesty, that the taxpayer cannot go to the Courts with one of the numerous doubtful points which arise

out of revenue law, without being faced with a vista of appeals leading up to the House of Lords. Whichever party be responsible for the protracted warfare, the ultimate cost to the public is heavy ; and if the Crown or a public authority be the aggressor, the mere possibility of its pertinacity is enough to deter most persons of limited resources from prosecuting reasonable claims.

Although Dr Port in his last chapter makes certain valuable suggestions for reform, many of them on the same lines as those which are recommended by the Lord Chief Justice and which we need not reiterate, we cannot resist the impression that the kind of administrative law to which he looks forward in England is ill-suited to the spirit of our legal institutions. Throughout his book Dr Port shows a disposition towards the principle of the separation of powers which would lead, in our submission, to the utmost constitutional confusion. Because, as he rightly points out, we have never carried this principle to doctrinaire extremes : because our constitution exhibits some striking exceptions from it (such as the Lord Chancellor) : because, in short, in this as in so many matters we have found reasonable compromise better than fanatical intransigence : Dr Port seems to draw the inference that the separation of powers has no reality or value for us at all. He handsomely concedes that ' some sort of separation of the organs which exercise the different functions is desirable.' But a rigid separation, he holds, would defeat its avowed object.

' It strikes a keynote of distrust instead of co-operation ; and it prevents a natural adjustment of the various parts of the machine. For Government, in order to be effective, must be co-operative—the co-operation of the different functions towards a single high purpose. A private business is quite rightly often divided into several departments, each with its particular function ; but no experienced person would for a moment urge that there should not be the closest co-operation between them, with connecting links of personnel.'

Assuredly there must be co-operation ; nothing is worse than rivalries and antagonisms between different branches of government, or, what is more common, between different executive departments. But there must also be a system of constitutional checks and balances, which are not the same thing as ' distrust.' And there is

no real analogy between a private business, which is conducted for profit, and the governmental organisation, which is conducted, in this country at all events, for things (even loss !) other than profit. It is fair to Dr Port to say that he thinks (p. 107) that far too much indiscriminate overlapping has taken place in recent years ; but he is exceedingly vague about what he terms 'a discreet overlap,' which, *if the 'danger limits are duly observed,'* is likely to produce 'good rather than ill.' From the notorious fact that Parliament has tended more and more to make the bureaucracy judge in its own cause, the singular conclusion is drawn : 'Here again, then, is clear evidence (as there was with the legislative powers granted to the administrative organ) that . . . a rigid separation of the powers exercised by the various organs of Government' is '*incompatible with the efficient working of State business in its modern developments.*' Surely the only way to ensure that the 'danger limits are duly observed' is to insist that the separation of powers is a proper and normal principle to be observed : to regard its reckless abandonment as evidence of the very reverse of the 'efficient working of State business' ; and, while recognising that some overlapping may be necessary in exceptional cases, to inquire very carefully indeed before accepting it as 'discreet.'

There is something almost touching in Dr Port's resignation concerning the inevitability of officialdom. He regards with a calm amounting to satisfaction 'the wide and legitimate sphere of natural influence of the permanent staffs' over the whole initiative and policy of legislation. 'The position of predominance which administration naturally assumed in a simple society of early times, must perforce to a large extent be granted to it in the complex one of our own day'—which seems an admirable argument for re-establishing the Star Chamber. '*Circumstances have compelled* the legislature to authorise the administrative function to trespass beyond its formal boundaries and to invade not only the legislative, but also the judicial field in a novel manner.'

All this reasoning leads, we suggest, to a false conclusion. True it is that administration has increased prodigiously : true it is that, while the total population of Great Britain has, within a century, approximately quadrupled itself, the class of officials has multiplied itself *by more than*

twelve: true it is that the day may not be far distant when half the population will be in government employ, salaried by the taxes supplied by the other half. But because the executive now administers hugely, why should it also adjudicate and legislate hugely? Would it not seem to follow much more reasonably that since the executive now has so many shoes to make and repair, it had better stick to its last?

But Dr Port is powerfully impressed by the proficiency of the specialist; and it is doubtless for that reason that he proposes, as one of the measures necessary for putting administrative law on its feet, a system of expert tribunals for the decision of administrative matters. They are to be recruited from the following attractive sources:

'Not only is there a valuable reservoir of experience gained by members of the various administrative tribunals, . . . but there are the trained lawyers who act as legal advisers to Government departments, the important officials of various Trade Unions, Insurance Companies, etc., and the highly responsible and experienced Government servants who control the particular sections of work which fall within the sphere of administrative jurisdiction.'

This demand for specialist tribunals is invariably based on the assumption that modern administrative law raises questions of such extreme technicality that they are quite beyond the competence of ordinary judges. But this assumption has little foundation in fact. Already a great many cases of what may properly be called an administrative character come before the High Court. There is no extraordinary technicality about them. The main substantive point for decision is usually straightforward, and of far less technicality than problems which are constantly arising in other branches of the law. What complexities do manifest themselves are usually the result of obscure or conflicting enactments, which judges, trained in interpretation, are infinitely better qualified to handle than officials whose own efforts at drafting do not inspire enthusiastic confidence in their appreciation of the niceties of the language. The insistence on these supposed mystical elements results from the official's absorption—very proper in other respects—in his own technique. The expert always tends to surround his subject with mystery, much of which proves to be facti-

tious in the light of unprejudiced 'lay' criticism. And even if there were any extraordinary technicality in these matters, judges, who spend their time in unravelling technicalities of unlimited diversity, are the very persons to deal with them. A Somerset House official might think, not without some show of reason, that the only person who could possibly penetrate to the inmost mysteries of the Income Tax was one who had spent his life in the Department of Inland Revenue. Do our judges find these enigmas beyond their capacity? The only thing which baffles them is the language in which Somerset House has thought fit to express the so-called intentions of the legislature.

We remain unconvinced, then, of the necessity for specialist tribunals and a specialist administrative law. Unless we are prepared to admit that the whole constitutional centre of gravity has moved from the legislature to the executive : unless we are willing to be governed not by ourselves through our representatives but by officials who are responsible to no electorate : unless, in short, we are disposed to revise the whole theory and practice of the constitution which has so long been our boast : unless we are prepared to go thus far, then what is most urgently needed, and what is in no sense beyond practical possibility, is to make administrative power as responsible *de jure* as it is efficient *de facto*. And this we believe will be done only by means of a wholesome body of administrative law developed in harmony with the traditional principles of the general legal system.

CARLETON KEMP ALLEN.



Art. 10.—A GERMAN VIEW OF ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To give a clear and unequivocal answer to the question of what exactly constitutes a Public School is considered to be impossible even by Englishmen who have a wide knowledge of the subject. Although the popular conception of Public Schools, both in England and Germany, is that they are in the first place boarding-schools, this does not constitute their chief significance. The Public School Year Book of 1928, which classifies about 160 schools as coming under the heading of Public School, gives in its preface a definition arrived at by the Headmasters' Conference. According to this, 'a secondary school can only be considered a Public School if it possesses a distinctive Foundation and is administered by a board of governors along certain specified constitutional lines.' In this, then, lies a line of clear demarcation between the Public School and the private school. The Public School is further characterised by its independence of State inspection, by the fact that it provides a complete educational course leading up almost to the B.A., or B.Sc., pass standard, and by its close connection with the Universities. It is this complete freedom, as opposed to the ever-increasing might of State Authority, that makes the Public School so precious to many English people. A feature of modern times, in England also, is the ever-increasing control which the State is permitted to exert on all matters concerning the lives of the masses. In England, however, these schools stand out as monuments to a past age; an age in which Education was not yet a care of the Government. We find, then, in this Year Book a considerable number of schools that are merely day schools, having no—or only a very small number of—boarders.

It may be said that a great part of the history of educational thought in England is made up of the history of the continued criticism of these schools. Up to the end of the last century the evolution of the secondary school is the story of the inside history of the schools which still were boarding-schools. Though, during the centuries of their existence, they were continually censured as haunts of vice, idleness, and coarseness, and

were shaken by crisis after crisis, even by the insurrection of their pupils, yet they showed, again and again, sufficient educational vitality to justify their being regarded as the embodiment of the evolution of the English higher school almost up to the present day. They always overshadowed the day school in importance. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that English chroniclers of educational history regard the boarding-school as an essential piece of educational machinery, and that the presence or absence of boarders within a school constitutes its specific character. Whereas the boarding-school in Germany is an exceptional type of secondary school and is of minor importance, the boarding-school in England possesses a decisive educational status. The boarding-school is naturally considered to be the perfect realisation of the idea of the higher school.

So we find both Mr R. L. Archer in 'The Secondary School in the Nineteenth Century'—a book with a high reputation in England—and Sir Michael Sadler in his excellent introduction to Arnold Whitridge's work on Thomas Arnold, regarding the situation in Prussia prior to Humboldt's school reforms more from the point of view of the boarding-school problem and much less from that of the new educational ideals. They see matters in this light; both countries—England and Prussia—had boarding-schools which were decadent and lifeless. Prussia decided to sweep hers away and to evolve the State day school as a pattern secondary school. In England, where school reform could not be the concern of a statesman, an internal revolution through the agency of a creative educationalist was awaited. This highly important problem was solved by Thomas Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby, and the other secondary schools of England gradually embraced the reform.

The boarding-school system is prized in England to an extent which can never be equalled under the circumstances obtaining in Germany. In England, it is taken for granted that the boarding-school is *the* finest educational medium for a boy of twelve and upwards. This period, i.e. from twelve onwards, is considerably lengthened by the fact that the way to the Public School invariably lies through the preparatory school which is itself, in the majority of cases, also a boarding-school.

According to an article written in the 'Star' in June last by Professor E. Bakker there are in England about 700 of such schools, containing upwards of 20,000 pupils; boys who leave the family circle in their eighth year in order to spend the next four to six years in these places. Their stay at these schools—the course of instruction in them is equivalent to that of the three lower forms of the secondary schools—concludes with an entrance examination for one of the Public Schools or some other secondary school. Promotion, however, direct from elementary to the Public School without loss of time, is not yet to be found here, although it is recognised to be a reform which is urgently needed. In England, the question of home education competing with the boarding-school does not arise. This country which, in every other respect, places such great store by family life, allows the family to give up its sons for the sake of education. German parents always find it very difficult to permit their sons to enter a boarding-school. They do so, conscious of a sacrifice rendered unfortunately inevitable owing to the peculiar circumstance of their particular case; but in England, if the financial status allows, then entrance to a boarding-school follows as a matter of course.

An effort to discover the historical whys and wherefores of this characteristic feature of English education provides us with several possible solutions. It may be that here we find some living relics of the training given to the young knights in olden days, and that may explain why the boarding-school system was particularly favoured by the English nobility; or is it to the 'monastery' schools of the Middle Ages that we must look for an explanation? In England, they rather pride themselves on the fact that their country in so many respects is mediæval. Their oldest school, Winchester, was founded by the Bishop, William of Wykeham, whose school motto was 'Manners makyth Man.' Can it be that the motive force behind the attitude toward the boarding-school system—The Gentleman Ideal—is shown by this dictum? Or must we perhaps delve into the metaphysical abysses of racial peculiarities and say, 'Prompted by political instinct this nation created her boarding-schools.' She permitted the sons of her ruling classes to grow up living together in school, because there lay the finest field for

young minds to develop statesmanship, and to acquire practice in controlling others.

Englishmen are fond of claiming that their Public Schools are their finest educational institutions, being in their strong and weak points most truly characteristic of the nation. In a manner reminiscent of our Romantic writers in Germany, they do not look upon them as made of man or as the outcome of certain thoughtful minds: despite the annual observance of Founder's Day, they do not regard these schools as the creations of individuals. To them, all that is noblest in the character of the nation can be directly attributed to these schools. One enthusiastic writer refers to them as 'Institutions which would influence the public opinion and history of their country only to a lesser degree than the Crown and the Legislature.'* Although many would not like to go so far as that, it is certainly difficult to assess correctly any scale of value in this realm of imponderabilia.

English Public Schools can be divided into three groups according to the period of foundation. The oldest group comprises seven—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse, and Rugby. These were founded in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Apart from these, there were in existence at the beginning of the nineteenth century about 700 schools maintained by Foundations, many of which were as ancient as the above seven schools, and in addition there were several thousands of private schools. The above-named Public Schools, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, had been mainly for the sons of the aristocracy. As this ruling class was being continually permeated by the 'nouveaux riches,' these schools, even then, continued to retain their importance. Since the accession of the House of Hanover every leading statesman of England has, with but few exceptions, passed through them. For example, Harrow can lay claim to Peel, Palmerston, Mr Baldwin, and Mr Churchill. Among the most notable of the exceptions we find William Pitt—too delicate to go to Eton—Burke, an Irishman, and Disraeli, a Jew. The same schools have given men who filled the most important offices in the Bar and on the

* J. G. Cotton Minchin, 'Our Public Schools. Their Influence on English History.' London, 1901, p. 408.

Bench, in finance, in the higher administrative posts, and in the Army and the Navy. The rise of Liberalism to power during the nineteenth century was marked by a preference on the part of the leading Liberal families for Harrow and Westminster. These schools were the 'great seed-plot of the Whig Statesmen.' To meet the demands of the progressive Middle Classes new boarding-schools were created, for the old ones were already too small to cope with this demand for accommodation. Another factor was the growing need of boarding-schools in the Mother Country for the sons of Englishmen in the colonies. Thus between 1840 and 1860 arose the second group of Public Schools, e.g. Cheltenham, Marlborough, Wellington for the sons of officers, and others.

These new schools for the *novi homines*, thus imitating the educational system of their erstwhile foes, soon made the contrast between the first and second group of Public Schools less striking; for they did not class themselves as essentially different from those already in existence. In addition to educational methods they copied the other externals of the boarding-school so far as they possibly could, and up to the present day provide themselves with teachers and headmasters of a similar type. Thus they did not strive after the evolution of a new type of boarding-school. They merely added themselves to those already in existence. The old schools of the first group, therefore, retained their prestige intact. They are certainly not distinguished, with the possible exception of Winchester, by any excellence in performance; they owe their pre-eminence merely to their antiquity.

In Great Britain—to which Hegel might well have dedicated his 'History of Philosophy'—they live and carry on quite differently from us in Germany. The English are of the firm conviction that established institutions are *ipso facto* sound institutions. They, therefore, look upon to-morrow as a continuation of to-day and not primarily as an obligation to revise the ideas of to-day and yesterday, or even to improve on them. Conservatism here is not merely a party creed and the doctrine of class interests but a fundamental attitude of mind. Whoever has stood in these rooms, many of which saw the days of Elizabeth—rooms generally so unhygienic with their ancient stone floors, long oaken desks and

wretched windows—feels that their surroundings exert a mysterious influence on the education of the scholar. Moreover, the strong affection of the most powerful class of the English nation stands behind these schools. They are not cherished because they are mere centres of learning, but because for certain classes of people they are indispensable social grounds from which to launch the careers of their sons. It is essential to their boys' future to be educated at one of them ; it gives the *cachet* of good social standing much as the fact of having belonged to certain regiments or student clubs once did in Germany.

It is alleged that the demand for vacant places at Eton—a school which holds 1100 pupils—is such that it is necessary to enrol a boy on the waiting-list immediately he is born, in order that he may gain admittance in his twelfth year. And yet, over and above all this, there emanates something from these schools which we call in our own tongue, 'Jugendkultur.' This 'Something' has not the creative profundity which we associate with our expression, neither has it the intellectual unhealthiness of a search for the impossible. It has nothing of the presumption of wanting to find a solvent for the problems of a whole Age within the outlook of a youth between fifteen and twenty, but is merely the play-instinct, which, by a lucky chance, they took it into their heads to organise into games. The whole of Britain, indeed, even the world, took up these instituted games. Rugby is the birthplace of the football game that bears that name. The football of Westminster and Charterhouse was the mother of the present Association game. Through the Public Schools, cricket has become the national game of the English. A third factor makes the Public Schools notable, and this applies in particular to the older ones among them, viz. their co-operation with university education. The young Englishman does not look upon his entrance to the University as the beginning of a completely new mode of existence, but as the continuation of the former boarding-school system with a more advanced course for his studies.

We see the outward expression of this co-operation in the historical facts that the royal founder of Eton also established King's College at Cambridge, and that New College, Oxford, was created by the founder of Winchester. The English University, which did not accept the ideas of

the German University, allowed no freedom to the youth in his personal conduct of life. It saw in its student rather the boy scholar to be guided; it looked upon him as the heir of established traditions and as the guardian of social-political forms and arrangements. Hence it educated him *pro bono publico*. It did not expect from him that, prompted by the love of knowledge for its own sake, he should cleave a path in the manner of a Faust to the uttermost depths of cosmic spirituality. Mr R. L. Archer in his book on 'Secondary Education' writes in a cool and patronising way of the two tendencies which to him seem characteristic of German thought; the first embodies that 'divine discontent' with the limitations necessarily imposed on human knowledge and activity; the second, the tendency towards analysis and criticism.

To the third group of Public Schools belong those which were resolutely dedicated to the pursuit of new ideals. In the words of Mr H. G. Wells, they 'saw the modern teacher in university and school plainly for what he has to be, the anticipator, the planner, and the foundation-maker of the new and greater order of human life.' The influence which Reddies' school at Abbotsholm has exerted upon German educational affairs, might lead us to consider it first in this connection, yet this school is ignored by English writers. Here they take as their examples, Almond of Loretto and Sanderson of Oundle. Almond guided the fortunes of his Scottish school from 1862-1903. What he achieved there is in agreement with the educational philosophy of Spencer. Although Almond took his first steps independently of Spencer, the latter's 'Essays on Education' and also his philosophy were a fruitful source of inspiration to him. Starting from the great value of life as a biological fact and tacitly assuming, as this school of thought always tends to do, that the higher human manifestations will automatically result, he strove after educational arrangements in which the child lived before everything a natural existence. The teacher was to be a model, helping his pupils 'to live a natural, hardy, largely open-air life.'

Almond looked upon himself as the champion of a healthier mode of life and was not afraid of overstating his case. He justified his attitude with John Stuart Mill's Defence of Eccentricity, where eccentricity is the

final weapon in the struggle against the forces of prejudice. His educational scale of values is characteristic and in a descending order is as follows: character, physique, intelligence, manners, and information. He did away with the customary methods of clothing his boys, abolished school prizes, and put the study of the natural sciences before that of the dead languages. As, however, his boys mastered the national games of England to perfection, and as he was convinced that high sporting performances in a school were always a sign of its all-round excellence, the old schools found that they still had more things in common than there were differences between them. But we must recognise that this attitude of opposition to the gulf which previously had separated master and boy and this insistence that the master must take his part in the actual life of the boy, was a feature of the fine system which Edward Bowen instituted in Harrow at about the same time. Probably Loretto has been no inconsiderable factor in that development of the Public Schools to the point where, before the war, sport became over-emphasised and a trifling value was put upon earnest educational work.

An even better attempt to solve modern problems was made at Oundle, of which school Sanderson was headmaster until his death in 1922. He was not a founder, but he breathed new life into an old foundation. According to a sarcastic observation of Mr Wells, Sanderson was appointed head although neither a good cricketer, an old boarding-school boy, nor even an ordained minister of the Church; but the anxiety which was felt by the school-governors, because of German efficiency in all branches of technical work, was so great that they chose a man whose schemes of work promised help in this direction. Yet Sanderson himself wanted more. A moral strengthening of the work of the school meant more to him than the mere teaching of technical subjects. This work was to be subordinated to the service of community-education. The pupils must be brought up no longer in a spirit of competition, but of co-operation. He wanted to turn the 'Arena' of the old type of school into a 'Guild,' 'a community of co-workers and no competition.' He had been brought up with a bias towards the study of theology and physical science. The

tasks set in the natural science lessons, no less than in the case of workshop instruction, offered him the most favourable chance for the realisation of this educational idea. Great workshops were installed. In 1905 this community of boys made its first locomotive. The war brought a multitude of tasks. This was the school of the future technicians, the school which alone appeared to meet the demands of an age of machinery. The methods of work in the other departments were also striving after the group system. Since, in the long run, real teaching aims are only convincing and productive of results when they are justified by religion, we find Sanderson sublimating the service of the material and utilitarian mastery of Nature to the heights of a service to the Almighty.

His pious *esprit de corps* concerning co-operation even led him to the ticklish point where teaching in Britain must call a halt, because the ultimate consequences of these ideas are inimical to the existence of a world-wide empire. He did not shrink from telling his boys that imperialistic conquest and expansion were incompatible with his idea of a 'New Earth.' We find him during prayers after Empire Day, reading with an impressive voice the seven Beatitudes, saying after each one, 'Rule Britannia!' But then he goes on to point out that even in England advanced thought considers the opinions of the other fellow, and that it is always conscious of the limits beyond which it may not allow itself to go. To this he adds: 'My dear Souls! I wouldn't lead you astray for anything. I can't explain it—this national spirit of yours. Beneath it all there is a spirit of great righteousness. I wouldn't tamper with it for thousands of pounds. But you must just see the other side. . . .'

One may, if one wishes, see in this a lack of courage, a half-heartedness. On the other hand, one can interpret the words to be an expression of the great gift of this nation never to push any hostile notions to such extremes that reconciliation is no longer possible. The dissimilarity of method and the shifting of items in the scale of values do not affect the ultimate educational common aim—the Gentleman. This ideal, felt rather than formulated, is a strong link in common between the schools of the various sects and churches, as well as of those classes which, one after the other, are striving for social recognition.

We can say that the Public Schools are built, as it were, round their chapels. Those among them which are more under the power of religious authority, like the High Church school of Lancing, near Brighton, or the Catholic Downside, near Bath, have erected for their own use cathedral-like edifices fit to grace a town. With their half-finished towers and cloisters they have all the vigour which we associate with the mediæval Abbey builders. For, as is shown by the huge dimensions of their building programmes, they were not built for one generation; they express the hope that succeeding generations will be brought up in the same way. The chapel bells rule the morning and the evening of the daily round. Thomas Arnold made the evening assembly the centre of his appeal to the school. His school-speeches were events, and inspired the older boys, in particular, with reverence for the puritanical austerity of his conception of life. Whether the present-day chapel service of the Public School is more than a mere custom, it is beyond the power of the casual visitor to determine.

Everywhere the living-rooms of the boys are of great simplicity. One feels that the educational value of homely and well-ordered rooms is taken little into consideration. In addition, the English parent does not apparently demand or expect much from the school in these matters. A certain dourness pervades the buildings. This is only to be expected in the older ones, but the newer schools also seem to have no desire to be different in this respect. One is always conscious that the shadow of the monastery school is lying over them. This is in accordance with the masculine austerity of the life led. So far as women are concerned—the wives of masters or housemasters—their activities are limited to the preparation of teas and participation in Divine Service. In other matters the schools are male commonwealths in miniature.

The rules governing the personal relationship between master and boy are the same as they are in Germany. But we must admit that this relationship was a *fait accompli* a whole generation earlier in England. Almond of Loretto and Edward as housemaster in Harrow (1859–1901) were, as we have seen, pioneers in this matter. Yet it is worthy of mention, that this relationship between master and boys is not hampered or deepened by any

study as to the essential nature of youth. They are satisfied with the practical knowledge gained by contact between man and boy, and any knowledge of the psychology of the young does not enter into their consideration. The Englishman, whose aversion to anything purely theoretical is well known, supports the view that any complete system of cognition is an obstacle to an attitude based on intuition. In addition to this, they still believe, with the eighteenth-century school of thought, that the majority of human beings remain, in their well-springs of action, morally and spiritually school-boys all their lives, and that there is no very sharp distinction between the boy and the grown-up as regards spiritual codes of behaviour.

In a newspaper review of Werfels' book, 'Der Abituriententag,' there is a phrase which gives the characteristic attitude: 'Boyhood and adolescence, a favourite subject with German readers, and apt to be treated with far more solemnity than in England.'* This attitude is further understandable in the light of the fact that educational procedure, to the English way of thinking, is closely bound up with the idea of governing. John Ruskin's expression, 'Educate or Govern—they are one and the same word,' is believed in to this day. It is not governing in the autocratic meaning of the word, and it certainly is not considered to be the attitude which the master should have towards his boys. It always carries with it the idea of the influence of the master on the various groups of pupils such as the class-group, house-group, or sport-group. Education means the direction of the many tendencies and manifestations, in such a way, that class conformity is brought about, so far as decisions and actions are concerned. It necessarily follows from such an attitude, that the particular problem of the individual is relegated to the background, although, of course, the consideration of this problem is considered as part of the task. The psychological premise of the prefect system—about which we shall have more to say later—is probably an outcome of this attitude. One finds much less individualism in English education than one might expect in a country which lays so much store by this characteristic.

All Public Schools carry out as part of their duties,

* 'The Observer,' Sunday, June 24, 1928.

the not unimportant national work of instructing their boys in the elements of military training. There is a flavour of the cadet school about them, although only a few of them prepare particular groups for an officer's career. The over-emphasis that formerly was laid on games within these schools has lessened considerably in recent times. Yet these schools, with their enormous and carefully-tended playing fields, with their cricket that takes up the afternoons or even whole days, still foster the impression that mere lessons are more or less interruptions to a life which mainly consists of battles on the playing-fields. I suppose that in former times there must have existed a spirit which looked upon intellectual work with lofty contempt, and one felt flattered on hearing the saying that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. It was insisted upon that the Public Schools 'were not made for the John Stuart Mills' and that the tree of life was not a tree of knowledge. There was some tacit understanding that 'muscular Christianity' suffices for world-domination. Only excellence in sport gave public recognition in the school.

Yet, with the unstinted praise which Minchin in the afore-mentioned book lavishes on the public schools, there can be perceived an undertone of fear caused by the German school system, although this is masked by ridicule. The school novel 'The Harrovians'* harps further on this strain. The idea of the book is the thesis concerning the claims 'of intellect against the overbearing aristocracy of muscle.' But to-day, this state of affairs no longer holds. England has seen her danger. This is shown not alone by the increase since the war in the number of secondary schools with free places. If the Public Schools want to maintain their pride of place among these other high schools which place such a high value on instruction, they will have to make greater efforts, although their task will still be to turn out gentlemen and not mere scholars. To this it must be added that the burning social questions of the nation are agitating even these venerable foundations.

Is it possible for them still to remain exclusively schools for the upper classes, or will a way have to be found which will give the talented sons of the lower

* Arnold Lunn, 'The Harrovians.' London, 1913.

classes the advantages of the Public School? People have begun to discuss seriously how the aristocratic barriers of the schools may be broken down and the Public Schools themselves take a share in this discussion. The headmaster of Harrow proposes that the necessary money should be found by means of State-subsidies and endowments so that a way may be found to break down 'the barrier of moneyed privilege which now fences off the boarding-school.'* England goes on founding school after school. This is *her* school reform. More and more people are insisting on an educational level, about equivalent to that of our Obersekunda, as a minimum of attainment before a boy may enter a profession or even business. The question, 'What did you do at games?' is less frequently asked by the head of an establishment when interviewing a candidate. The class attendance and the number on the roll of the Sixth Form increase from year to year. England's intensive education with the help of the State is on the way.

Thomas Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby from 1828-42, who delighted in referring to himself as a 'Liberal,' instituted the English standard method by means of which it was possible to use the co-operation of the boys in running the school. He was the creator of the prefect system and also the first to honour the games of the boys—previously played in a free-booting kind of way—by giving them an official status in the school-life. Up to the present, the educational character of all the Public Schools, as well as of the other higher schools of England, is seen to the greatest advantage in this form of self-government. Arnold undertook to do for Education what Bell and Lancaster tried in those same days to do for the purposes of instruction in elementary schools, viz. to use the co-operation of pupils in the attainment of educational ends. Up to that time the boarding-schools were characterised by 'a system of anarchy modified by the despotism of the headmaster.' Arnold wanted to make of the Public School a moral institution, in which the powers of evil were being constantly held in leash by the vigilance of virtue. His ideas concerning the child were altogether as if culled from the Old Testament. He regarded the young person as one whose life belonged to

* Dr Cyril Norwood in the 'Schools of England.' London, 1928.

an inferior stage of human existence, comparable to the evolution of earlier ages. Just as in these stages mankind was led by a certain élite, so, in a similar way, he wanted the young people guided who were entrusted to his care. His prefect-system was based upon these historico-philosophical premises and the radical spirit of the time encouraged him in his actions, although the Conservatives dubbed him a Jacobin. These premises have since been given up, but even to the present day the English find that this educational system of chosen guides is the one most in keeping with their ideas of Freedom and Democracy. An English colleague reduced the English idea to the following formula, 'We know that only few are fit to lead and that the majority must be led. Youth has to accustom itself to lead and to permit itself to be led.' The decisive feature of this form of self-government is the delegation of the power of punishment to the leading boys. The latter have also the right to demand personal service from the younger members of the House. The right to punish comprises the giving of lines (50-500), the setting of passages to be learnt by heart, and corporal punishment. It is worthy of note that corporal punishment occupies a leading place in the educational code. It is invariably used in all the Public schools in England and for all ages of scholars; masters, as well as boys, looking upon this as a matter of course. In the ancient Assembly Hall of Westminster School in London can be seen, to this day, the two birch rods, half in and half out of a drawer in the table, which stands just as it did in the days of Roger Ascham, and they are not there merely as historical ornaments.

The use of punishments for neglect of school-work is employed only by the Headmaster. Once he has appointed the prefects or monitors he retires to the background, like a monarch who has summoned his cabinet together. He only interferes again when his government has got into obvious difficulties. On the other hand, the prefects have to rule a people with numerous shades and gradations of social importance; they deal with a boy-State that comprises more than *les trois états* in miniature. There are privileges for those who have been in the school for three or four years, for the boys of the Sixth Form, for the boys of the teams, above all for the

eleven with their captain, who represent the school in the matches against the other schools. There is, above all, the villenage of the 'freshers' to ensure the well-being of their masters. The large number of different social groups is shown outwardly by coloured ties, hat-bands, caps, etc. Over the miniature State lies—as with all primitive communities—the tyranny of traditional customs and the characteristic reluctance of the youngster to interfere with institutions which have been handed down. The characteristic animosity which crowd-psychology shows towards anything which seeks to be different and to be apart, has the effect of making everything conform to the standard mould. The individual has to be a useful cog in the social machine, and according to the service the individual renders, so he rises or sinks. The prefect reigns supreme. The effect of this system, as far as outsiders can judge from the standard of behaviour of the boys in the intervals, in the dining-room, and in the very narrow school corridors, impresses one favourably.

To this fundamental belief must be added the other, viz. that life is strife. Here all games are competitive; they are fights, and not a mere outlet of the beautiful play-instinct. Consequently, only those games are esteemed which are not without a spice of danger and demand courage in their pursuit. The real reward coveted is the honour of being the victor. Competition is also the keynote of the school-work with its system of prizes. In this connection, it is not so much industry but the best performance which is rewarded, and this is arrived at by a system of marks. It is possible, and probably is a fact, that under this system characters of a finer nature remain undiscovered and are without importance for the creation of the *esprit de corps*. For this spirit is supported mainly by those who are exponents of the doctrine of Might and the will-to-rule, and here we touch upon the limits of this scheme of education. Its most valuable features are directed to one end. A former scholar has summed up this system in the one sentence—'I learned the grammar of handling men.'

BRUNO WACHSMUTH.
(Translated by D. Waller.)

Art. 11.—THE SPANISH CRISIS.

WHEN General Primo de Rivera resigned at the end of January many people in Spain, and still more outside Spain, imagined that the Dictatorship would come to an end. But with every week that passed it became clearer that the departure of de Rivera was merely one step in a process. The last months of his régime were pre-occupied with an attempt to find a new basis for Spanish government which should be at once constitutional and sufficiently conservative to maintain the Monarchy, and not only the institution of the Monarchy but the rule of the present Monarch. The departure of de Rivera did not and could not mean the lifting of the Censorship, because what politically-minded Spaniards are interested to discuss is the policy of King Alfonso XIII. As soon as General Berenguer succeeded de Rivera he made tentative beginnings at allowing political meetings. But the lid was hastily put on again when the sort of smoke that was coming out of the pot was seen. The climax was reached when Señor Guerra, one of the three outstanding survivors from the old days of the Parliamentary régime, coupled his demand for a new Constitutional party to stand for the sovereignty of the Spanish nation and no more dictatorship, with references that made it abundantly plain that he did not identify the institution of monarchy, which he prefers to republicanism, with the continued influence of Alfonso XIII. Since de Rivera was dismissed by the King there has been a growing feeling, powerfully reinforced by the sudden death of the ex-dictator, that Alfonso must be held at least as responsible as anybody else for the original setting-up of the Dictatorship in 1923 and for its record since. There is a further disposition to modify the condemnation of the previous Parliamentary régime, a condemnation which had become almost automatic to all circles, except those whose personal credit was implicated, by attributing the divided counsels, the rapid alterations of ministers, and the inefficient handling of business to the excessive powers of interference which the old constitution allowed to the King. He, it began to be said with increasing confidence, had been the real ruler of Spain all the time. He was the most active figure behind the façade of the Parliament,

playing off ministers against each other and watching with satisfaction the rising tide of contempt for Parliamentary democracy. The Parliamentary régime could be made into a convenient scapegoat for misfortunes and blunders for which the Court and the Army were quite as responsible. When public dissatisfaction was really acute a coup d'état could be staged in such a way that if the people would have none of it the Monarchy would not be compromised. It is now common knowledge that close associates of Primo de Rivera were with the King while the coup of 1923 was being planned, and the only question is how far the King's knowledge and support of it went. Few people care much or for what happens in public life in Spain, but to those who do care it is natural that what seems important is to settle whether a Monarchy is desirable or no; and if it is desirable, how much power the King ought to have.

English people did not trouble a great deal about Spain in the last century, and do not now hear much about the long reign of the present King's grandmother, Queen Isabella II. If they did they would know that Spanish politics are played in a larger field than are home politics here, that the lines marked out by constitutional provisions have been frequently disregarded without anybody having the same tragic sense of the situation that our people generally would have. The political history of Spain through the nineteenth century covers a period whose outstanding figures were Generals, and to whom General Primo de Rivera and General Berenguer were in regular and accepted succession. The Generals of Queen Isabella's day, Narvaez, O'Donnell, Serrano, and Prim, held power because they were soldiers. The army has always been of decisive importance in the politics of Spain. But they were also soldiers of the constitutional order. Even if they came into power through proclamations and the support of their men instead of through the media of votes and party machinery, they yet wanted to create more lasting and considered arrangements for the future. If Primo de Rivera failed in his last great undertaking and retired to die, leaving the question of a constitution for Spain unresolved, his failure only throws into greater relief the way in which his Dictatorship ran true to form and showed strengths and

weaknesses similar to those of the other régimes of modern Spain. The arch weakness may perhaps be defined as follows : that the Monarchy is not strong enough to rule despotically but is too strong to allow the necessary complementary institutions to grow and develop. In its long history it has exhausted the soil. At the time of the restoration of the Bourbons after the fall of Napoleon the Monarchy returned with a great deal in its favour. It was not only normal to the Spaniards but was also the symbol of nationality and religion. Although French example and the spirit of the age had produced a Liberal School and a few enthusiasts like Réal and the makers of the attempted constitution of 1812, the dangers the Spanish Bourbons had to face were all due to their own weaknesses. When the French Bourbons failed to meet and satisfy the changed spirit of France and fell before the first of a succession of experiments in limited monarchy and popular sovereignty, the Spanish Bourbons found a country which they could divide on a dynastic issue in the Carlist Wars. There was no question of what the King should be or whether anybody should be King ; the question was which of the Bourbons should be King. Neither Ferdinand VII nor Isabella II lent themselves easily to idealisation or possessed the requisite dignity and good sense to strengthen the institution of the Monarchy by their personal qualities. Service of the Crown meant the service of a personal interest. Innovations were viewed jealously and the Monarchy failed utterly to develop on Neo-Lamarckian lines the organs that it needed ; because it lacked the vision to see what it really wanted. When Isabella's inglorious reign ended in 1868 the greatest discontent existed in Spain, both with the Bourbons and with the institution of Monarchy as the Bourbons practised it. But there was no adequate public opinion for a Republic, and most of the theoretical Republicans had enjoyed for so long the irresponsibility that is the special privilege of a hopeless minority, and their views were so violent that their continuance as a settled minority became more certain than ever. After experiments in obtaining a King from elsewhere and a turmoil of seven unhappy years, which included a brief experiment with a Republic, the country settled down under Alfonso XII, the son of Isabella, with the con-

stitution of 1876, which was to become a byword for bad government in the days of Primo de Rivera.

It was the defects of this constitution, as a working constitution for the Spanish people, that caused it to disappear in 1923. It was imitative, on the familiar model of Parliamentary government in its days of high prestige in the 1870's, when both United Italy and the new Third Republic of France were filling themselves out in constitutional clothes of an English cut. The root defect of this constitution was that it divided control. It was a compromise between the Court, with the ultra-conservative school of thought supporting it, and the champions of English Parliamentaryism. It was framed by the extremely able Conservative Statesman Canovas at a moment when Spain wanted tranquillity at any price. It resisted the Republicans, whose busy interlude of power had shown how far they were ready to go and the dangers of real democracy, while it conciliated the professional Liberal politicians, but it only did this by arrangements, often highly complicated, for keeping both administrative and political control in the hands of the politicians. Ministers enjoyed enormous powers, so that there should be no danger of irresistible pressure from below; but the calculated discouragement of popular politics also meant that ministers were in fact weaker against the Crown. From the beginning of the new régime secret or semi-secret understandings between the party leaders, understandings called for by a succession of crises and the dread felt generally lest the country should fall back into anarchy, stamped upon the relations of the parliamentary régime with the public that mark of pretence and unreality which eventually covered the whole system with contempt.

Whenever there was a misfortune, like the loss of the Spanish Colonies to America in 1898, or the Moroccan disasters of 1921, the impossibility of reforming a system governed by rules made to protect it from popular pressure kindled a quick flame of anger among those Spaniards who cared for the public welfare. That the old régime endured for as long as it did was primarily due to the comparative scarcity of such Spaniards. In his recent lectures under the title, 'Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards,' Salvador de Madariaga puts the

leading characteristics of the Spanish character very directly—

'The Spaniard tends to judge things and people with the standards of the theatre-goer. He is in the stalls. Contrary to what is often thought by superficial observers—even Spanish observers—he is not indifferent in matters of politics ; he is most interested, only he follows political events not as a member of a concern (which is the English way) or as a member of an intellectual sect (which is the French way), but as the reader of a novel in instalments, or as a man at the play. His criterion is dramatic. He is held by the vicissitudes of the continual fighting for power and for the spoils of power between a certain number of people who, less wise than he is, have left their quiet seats in the pit and gone on the stage.'

That passivity largely explains the popularity of Primo de Rivera, and the success with which he not only obtained but kept general support for a dictatorship which began as a purely military effort. Primo de Rivera was something new and attractive on the stage. Where for years smaller men, ministers with some delegated and circumscribed powers, had maintained a haughty reserve, here was the Dictator, the man who was personally deciding everything, taking the public into his simple secrets all the time. His mind was open for all to follow ; his views for Spain were simple and clear ; his methods were free from cruelty. The rigid censorship of the press was only felt to be an intolerable wrong by the small intellectual class who would have written in it if they could. For the mass of the population de Rivera with his constant and intimate bulletins, was a press in himself. The methods of the Dictatorship were methods of publicity ; the show went on, and the kind of comment that could no longer appear in the papers was a kind of comment which had had, in the old days, to deal hollowly with unrealities. The old régime was so little missed because it was not only dreary in style and ineffective in action, but essentially secretive. All the real events took place behind the scenes. The bluff personality of the Dictator seemed to many a Spaniard to restore the dignity of human decisions and human personality to government in place of a system which had become too much for the men who lived in it.

The six years of de Rivera's rule were essentially a stirring of the waters, or, to take another metaphor, even more acceptable to his supporters, they were a time when noxious weeds were rooted up and a neglected estate was brought back into cultivation. The Dictatorship took short views all the time. Nothing was more characteristic of the Dictator than his frequent announcements of the date when he would be able to retire to the private life he enjoyed so much, and the way those announcements had perpetually to be revised. At the beginning he thought ninety days would suffice! In the articles from his pen which the 'Times' published in the week following his death, the way he was led on from step to step is very clearly shown. What was at first a military revolt provoked by two questions of special importance to the army, regionalism in Spain itself and the war policy in Morocco, became a government because its success as a revolt left the country without any other government. Once in power, all the ideas of making a few swift decisive reforms were seen to be mirages. The Dictatorship had to face not only the problems it inherited but the new problems it created when it came suddenly to power by dispossessing the régime of fifty years. It had formidable enemies, particularly among its own servants, for subordinate officials throughout Spain were the appointments, often the creatures, of old party groups. They were scared and hostile, and revolution from the top had to spread downwards. The wholesale displacements created a problem which has not been solved by wholesale replacements following the fall of the Dictator. The question of appointments was a good practical instance of the difficulties of unconstitutional procedure. These difficulties met de Rivera at every turn and built up in his mind the conviction that the more concrete results of the revivifying Dictatorship would fall to nothing unless they were crowned by the creation of a new constitution. It proved unexpectedly easy to make the change from constitutional to despotic military government and unexpectedly difficult to make a change back again.

It was his failure to solve the constitutional question that brought about de Rivera's fall. His last act, which made the King decide it was time to break with him, was symbolic of the underlying weakness of his position.

It was a proposal to consult seventeen of the chief generals and admirals, the men in strategic positions like the Captains General of the chief garrisons, as to whether he should continue in office. This plan was that of a man by no means at his best and may fairly be considered the aberration of an invalid who was in fact within a few weeks of his death. But it was extremely significant of how little progress had been made towards establishing any other court of appeal than the Army.

Primo de Rivera rose to power through the army. By origin he was a soldier's son, and he spent the whole of his life from the age of fourteen in the army. The uncle from whom he inherited the title of Marqués de Estella was among the distinguished generals of his day, winning his title for service against the Carlists. Through this uncle, the Governor-General of the Philippines, Primo de Rivera placed his foot early on the ladder that led to high government positions. He had seen a great deal of service—he was a Lieutenant-Colonel at twenty-seven—as a prelude to his appearance in the ranks of the Military Governors of Garrisons, as Governor of Cadiz. It was as Governor of Barcelona that he became aware of the growing menace of regionalism in Spain. It was among the higher officers of the Army that the disgrace and loss in Morocco were most keenly felt.

The new dictatorship began with military successes. If it had not been for the way the war against the Moors was dragging along with no prospect of a satisfactory ending, there would have been much more questioning of the Constitutional side of the *coup d'état*. What was hopefully acquiesced in was soon acclaimed with thankfulness when the hopes were fulfilled. This is no place even to sketch the events in Morocco or the successive steps by which de Rivera in person reformed the morale and rearranged the dispositions of the Spanish troops, turned defeat into victory and secured the complete surrender of Abd-el-Krim. The Moroccan success went further than that, for he brought about a new and much better feeling with the Moors. In its repercussions on the internal situation all this was of the greatest importance. It gave heart both to the country and to the new Dictatorship.

The Army, like the Monarchy, is one of the great pledges of the unity of Spain, that hard-won and much-prized unity that has persisted through all the weaknesses of the Central organs. The danger spot for unity is Catalonia, and Primo de Rivera at Barcelona had before his eyes the most striking evidence of the ominous changes that were going on among the working population. The inefficiency and corruption of the old régime in Madrid might be profoundly despised by ordinary Spaniards without provoking political action. Among the Catalans, who have been called the Scots of Spain because of a number of similarities, not least because of the high proportion of successful men they produce, regional and syndicalist feeling advanced hand in hand. The immediate cause prompting de Rivera to his *coup d'état* was the conviction that a very real menace of proletarian separatism was not being met and could not be met effectively as things were.

Regionalism is a symptom of despair, and the revival of national hope reduced it to modest proportions. On leaving office de Rivera could write, 'Local and Provincial Spain to-day, thank Heaven, is very different from former times.' The Dictator recognised how much was sound and inevitable in the demand for decentralisation, and how paralysing was the system that deliberately swathed local officials in tape that they might be under constant control from Madrid. At the same time that regionalism was met and the public services were revived, industry also was encouraged, and better wages and more work helped to abate proletarian discontent. Though Labour in Spain is mostly unorganised, the Unions that exist have caught all the psychology of Labour in other continental countries. The General Union of Workers contains about one-fifth of the workers of Spain. It is frankly Republican, and says, 'We aspire to a Republican state of liberty and democracy wherein we may rise to the plenitude of political power due to our ever-increasing social influence.' Another fifth of the Spanish workers are organised in the Catholic labour syndicates, and these supported Primo de Rivera and showed themselves willing to fulfil the rule assigned to Labour in his constitution. But three-fifths of the working population remain outside any organisation and their views are determined by the

general note of the country. The number of the illiterate is large, and political organisation difficult.

The Dictatorship was successful in its endeavours to promote material well-being, in proportion as those endeavours could be of a psychological or simply constructive sort. Fine public buildings were a feature of the old order, but they were really evidence of weakness rather than strength, for they were only too often monuments to a piece of jobbery pushed to an extravagant level in order that as many pickings as possible might be taken. The public improvements of the new régime were more single-minded. It was not in the field of construction that the weakness appeared. Trouble came when decisions had to be taken on economic matters by a man with nothing but his native shrewdness to guide him. He did more than others could have done by virtue of the personal relation he had established with the Spanish public. He could call on Spaniards to eat 10 per cent. less and work 10 per cent. more, and re-order their day so that they only had one great meal, between 5.30 and 7.30, instead of one at 2 and another at 9, because he was himself setting an example that for all its simplicity had a heroic quality about it. No one loved ease, the good things of good living, more, yet nobody was working more unflaggingly and for longer hours day after day. But general exhortation is always a precarious weapon of economic policy, and in the final event the financial policy of the Dictatorship was to be adjudged one of its most vulnerable spots. Figures can only be discussed slowly and under set conditions in an assembly. There existed no means of checking and exposing the series of ordinary and extraordinary budgets which appeared one after the other. Nearly 300,000,000 pesetas had been added to the existing debt when de Rivera fell, but his defenders can point to a great many capital additions to the productivity of the country. It may prove to have been well spent if the surpluses it was intended to lead to are husbanded and used to pay it off. The annual revenue is a larger figure.

The foreign exchange proved a lasting worry all the time, and if it was unsatisfactory to attempt artificially to support the peseta, it proved more alarming to let the laws of currency take their course. One particularly

interesting sidelight has been revealed by Primo de Rivera in his posthumous articles, when he asserts that Spain's currency difficulties were deliberately aggravated by foreign companies who were aggrieved at the Government's attempt to create a Petroleum Monopoly.

It would be easy but long to enumerate in every field some fruitful work of the Dictatorship. If many of the educational reforms strike a foreigner as not nearly radical enough, it is a natural defect in a man whose whole character was built upon a sturdy conservatism, a desire to do his duty to Church and State. Those who think, and well they may, that stereotyped memorising is the curse of secondary studies in Spain, cannot feel enthusiasm when Primo de Rivera boasts of the standardisation of texts in Secondary Education. The dictatorship, with its deliberate undress air, had little about it to attract the particular sort of enthusiasm of which students are capable, and de Rivera had trouble with the Universities all the time. At one point last year he took in hand the reform of the Academy of Jurisprudence, which was recalcitrant over his constitutional plans, in order to compel it to return to purely scientific labours. The students of Madrid frequently served as a barometer of the degree of intellectual restlessness, and their leader, like the head of the University, was exiled. It is asking too much of any government, particularly of one lasting through no more than six overburdened years, to look to it to change the temper of mind of the intellectual classes. Beyond proving unmistakably his own staunch Catholicism, de Rivera did little in ecclesiastical matters, although he restored certain privileges to the hierarchy and certain educational privileges to the Jesuits. The rigidity of ecclesiastical Spain and the jejune character of Spanish free thinking make all friction on religion in Spain singularly intense and singularly in need of a steady public opinion. Each party justifies its attitude by pointing out the marked limitations of its adversaries. People who judge Spain by the possibilities they discern of its becoming like England tend to sympathise with the views of the anti-clerical students, but unless some such crude criterion is adopted there is no more to recommend the exuberance of Spanish students than there is to recommend a similar exuberance and similar doctrinaire

passions which make university students so great a nuisance in so many other countries of the world.

Neither the Spanish Academic world nor the Spanish students would be at all considerable in themselves were it not for the dearth of vocal and intellectual public opinion. That dearth a dictatorship that lasts any time becomes increasingly responsible for, and finds an increasing disadvantage. For the greatest of all de Rivera's experiences in his great adventure of governing was that some sort of an assembly was essential. He himself soon laid down as his goal what is still the goal of his immediate successor, General Berenguer, to find a constitutional way out of the dictatorship.

What was meant to be the crowning act of de Rivera's rule was the constitution he put forward last July. In place of the old Senate (half elected and half nominated) and Cortes of the suspended Constitution of 1876, and the purely consultative and much derided Assembly of 1927, de Rivera proposed government by the King, assisted by a Council of the Realm and a Single Chamber. He wanted half the Chamber elected by universal suffrage, with thirty deputies appointed by the King, and the rest elected by the various Professions and Classes. The Council of the Realm would have consisted of thirty-six members, Princes of the blood and high officials, with only a small number of its members elected. This Council would have been both consultative and administrative, 'with power to intervene in legislation,' and a number of reserved subjects would have been kept for the King and his advisers. Although freedom of speech was promised with the new constitution, this projected Council decided all the elements, whose support de Rivera had to win, against him. The previous Prime Ministers, headed by Count Romanones, refused to sit—one of the seats reserved for them was then given to a waiter—and Romanones expressed a widely-shared view when he said he preferred the dictatorship because once the new constitution was accepted there would be no power to alter it. Under the dictatorship everything was avowedly unsettled. Equally potent was the feeling that the Council meant 'the Royal family in politics,' and the chief aim of the older constitutionalists is to find ways of keeping the King out of politics. After the disappointing

reception of his plans, difficulties due to political discontent gathered round de Rivera, and by December of last year he announced that the Dictatorship must be suspended to make way for a provisional régime, pending a reversion to a normal state of things. His chief fear then was lest his own personal exhaustion should prevent his carrying this transition through. In the event, the King intervened and took his resignation when it was clear he was losing grip. Alfonso XIII acted with as much decision as he had shown six years before. He appointed General Berenguer, who described himself as 'a soldier ready to do my duty as a civilian at the call of my King.'

In its essence, Berenguer's task is the same as de Rivera's. The difficulty is that the King accepted the *coup d'état* in 1923. He broke his oath to summon a Cortes within ninety days of the last, and though he can say he acted in the highest interests of his country it is difficult for the champions of the old constitution to reconcile themselves to the view that the King is to judge when the constitution is to be suspended. A number of things have been done to reconcile those whom de Rivera's acts, and frequently abusive words, had made into enemies. Berenguer's Ministry contains many men closely associated with the days before 1923. Arguelles, called in to take charge of Finance and Economy, had served under Guerra at the end of the old régime in 1921 and 1922. Goded, who had led the opposition in Andalusia to de Rivera, became Berenguer's lieutenant to control the army. The anniversary of the death of the Queen Mother gave a good occasion for a very wide amnesty. The leader of the Madrid students, Stert, was allowed to return. The policy was announced as one of preparing the ground for a general election, and for the restoration of full civic rights to the nation, and Berenguer said he would hold the gate for the Cortes. The trouble has been that all those who have benefited from the change have more to say about the King than about de Rivera, and the death of the Dictator, plainly worn out in the service of his country, has softened feeling towards him, and made people more inclined to talk of the share of the King. In the process of refurbishing the old party banners for a new Cortes it is not surprising

that anti-monarchical sentiments should be heard. Phrases like 'the Monarchy in Parliament' express a real ideal, and it may well be that King Alfonso will have to pay for his support of the Dictatorship by agreeing to make the Monarchy a very limited constitutional one. But much of the talk is plainly the blowing off of long-pent-up steam, and Berenguer has only to wait and to move slowly. De Rivera's emphatic assurances that the King was not privy to his *coup* are likely to carry great weight, and still more weight must go to the consideration that the King had not, in fact, much alternative. If the Monarchy is accepted as a pledge and symbol of national unity, and as intended to interpret upon occasion the popular will, it is easy to justify the King. He would have gravely divided the nation and made confusion worse confounded if he had not accepted the *coup d'état*. Like Charles II of England, King Alfonso has to be more of a politician than he appears, and like Charles II he is a master of his profession. He will be entitled to much credit if the Monarchy, in his hands, proves to be an institution under which the Spanish people can abandon their constitutional forms and undergo a bracing change, and can yet return and devise a better constitution without losing or seriously imperilling the framework of political union.

Art. 12.—THE NEW SOCIALISM.

1. *Soziale Theorie des Kapitalismus. Theorie der Sozialpolitik.* Von Eduard Heimann. Tübingen: Mohr (Paul Siebeck), 1929.
2. *Labour and the Nation.* The Labour Party. Transport House, 1929.
3. *Das Heidelberger Programm. Grundsätze und Forderungen der Sozialdemokratie.* Berlin: Dietz Nachf., 1925.

THE political changes set in motion by the War brought Socialism forward with a rush, to such an extent that in several countries the party representing it assumed the responsibility of governing. Those changes are still going on, as we all know; but what seems to be generally unrecognised or ignored by Socialists and anti-Socialists alike is that Socialism itself has radically changed and is changing under this test. By Socialism I mean the conception of a future order, and of the means towards it, entertained by the majority of those who call themselves Socialists. There have always been different conceptions among them; they have never been agreed either about the end or the means or even the principle to be realised, whether equality or justice or freedom or something else. The literature is full of diversity on all these points. Only on one thing was there agreement: the socialistic order was to be better than the present one, and by 'better' was meant more satisfactory to the poorer classes which form the majority of the population. They were to be 'better off'; that is to say, have a larger share of the existing wealth. This was understood in every scheme of Socialism; for the rest, the differences were endless.

The great majority, however, professed adherence to the teaching of Marx, who called his Socialism scientific, because it was based on an infallible principle, like the laws of natural science. They accepted his idea of progress by means of class-war, in which the lower and more numerous class, who were oppressed and robbed by the higher, would overcome their oppressors and run the economic apparatus themselves in the general interest. This was to happen through the conditions developed in the existing order, which has since acquired the name of Capitalism. What form the new order would take, when

this transformation had occurred, was a question which he left unanswered, except that the material means requisite for all economic purposes would fall into the hands of the State as representing everybody. This was called socialisation or nationalisation ; and as a corollary it was understood that certain local requirements might be fulfilled by the local public authority.

With this forecast most Socialists were content ; not only Marxians but others too. They took it for granted that when the change occurred business would not only go on as well but would be greatly improved in official hands. They gave very little thought to this matter, but spent their time discussing the campaign with each other and persuading the wage-earners of the brilliant future awaiting them in the new order, which could only be introduced by themselves, whether by revolutionary or by constitutional action in a democratised State. They made some progress in the task but were still far from the goal, when the War came and suddenly supplied the opportunity of reaching it by placing them in power in certain countries.

There were two possible ways of abolishing Capitalism and installing the new order ; it might be done all at once by the use of revolutionary force or by degrees and constitutionally. The choice, which had always divided them under a semblance of uniformity rendered possible by the absence of opportunity, at once split them into two camps now that the time for action had come. Authority for both courses could be found in Marx's ambiguous writings. In October 1917 Russia took the first course under Lenin's guidance, and some time later adopted the term 'Communist' from the early days of Socialism, to distinguish Lenin's followers from the other group who favoured gradual and constitutional change. The split between Communists and Socialists was complete, and gave rise to violent arguments, and in Russia to violent deeds. So it has continued to this day. The Communists have the upper hand in Russia, but in other countries they are in a minority. Their strength varies, but is nowhere great in spite of an active propaganda directed from Moscow. The other group retain the name of Socialists, but both alike are Socialists. That is to say, both desire abolition of the existing economic order ; the

difference between them only concerns the means, though there are many other internal differences within both camps.

The complete socialisation attempted in Russia was admitted to have failed after four years' trial, which cost the country millions of lives by civil war and famine and an economic loss which effectively corrected Lenin's hopes. He admitted the failure when in 1921 he was compelled to introduce the New Economic Policy, which was, he said, a step in retreat and the return to a certain measure of Capitalism. It was successful in restoring a good deal of economic life; but since it is essentially opposed to Communism there soon occurred a struggle between those who favoured its extension for economic reasons and those who desired its reduction on political grounds. Sometimes one and sometimes the other prevailed within the councils of the Communist Party, but the new economic policy generally held sway until the Five Years' Programme was launched. That part of it which has recently been begun involves a reversal of the N.E.P. in agriculture. It contemplates the forcible collectivisation of farming, the militarisation of the collective farms, and the elimination of the Kulaks, who are the most enterprising and capable of the farmers. That is still the programme, though its violence has been checked.

It is evident from this move that the ruling Russian authorities have not yet abandoned their aims; but the experiment, which has now lasted for twelve years, has not been lost in other countries. Communism had a chance of being tried in the defeated countries in 1918 and 1919 during the revolutionary period. It was, in fact, essayed for a short time in Bavaria and Hungary. But that is all past. The spectacle of Russia does not inspire sufficient confidence to induce the people of any other country to follow the example. It is losing ground all the time, and Bolshevism would probably be overthrown in Russia if it were not maintained by force. The fact that a system of Terrorism has to be continuously and actively applied indicates a state of insecurity which cannot last. No people with an elementary sense of liberty can possibly desire to live under such a system. I take it that Communism has shot its bolt.

But the Socialists remain and are powerful. There is nothing in the democratised countries to prevent them from becoming more powerful. What of them? What are their views to-day? This is the question I propose to examine.

The first thing to notice is a remarkable fact, which has hitherto, I believe, escaped attention; at any rate I have never seen it mentioned. It is this. Up to the War we have seen Socialism growing continuously as a political force; we are accustomed to the spectacle. But since the War the process has been interrupted, in spite of a largely increased electorate under a thoroughly democratic franchise. Socialists have formed the Government in several countries, and have been turned out again. That has happened once in Great Britain and will happen again. It has happened three times in Sweden. It has happened once in Germany and may happen at any time in Denmark. The steady advance of Socialism has been broken. The most striking case is that of Queensland, where, after fourteen years of rule, the Socialists, who there call themselves the Labour Party, were turned out last year, and all the State concerns they had established were given up.

Is it not remarkable? Socialists themselves have never reckoned on a set-back when once they had gained their first objective and formed the Government. They have always assumed such an economic success that they would be assured of popular support and be enabled to carry on progressively. It was evidently a mistake. They are subject to ups and downs like other political parties, and if there is nothing to prevent them from becoming more powerful, neither is there anything to prevent them from becoming less so. They have to win the favour of the electorate by their policy, which must serve the immediate needs of the people. That is the great lesson taught by the advance to power. It entails responsibility for the present welfare of the community so far as that depends on the Government. This is the reason for the insecurity to which they have unexpectedly become subject. The whole situation is, in fact, changed. Promises and hopes are put to the test of reality and that immediately. A Government must walk soberly or run the risk of being sent about its business. Rosy visions of an indefinite future are of no use in a work-a-day world.

The mass of the people judge now, and pretty sharply ; for them the issue is practical, not visionary.

What, then, is the policy of the Socialists in these circumstances ? One thing may be stated with complete certainty. The old idea of State collectivism—that is, of the whole economic apparatus being taken over and run by the State—has completely gone. This idea, which Marx took from Pecqueur, has been abandoned to-day by all the leading thinkers of Socialism. As Kautsky says, it 'no longer comes into consideration.' It has been abandoned as the result of experience, because the bureaucratic system, which is inseparable from State control, has proved to be uneconomic. The opposition to it—apart from Syndicalism—dated from before the War, but the experience of Germany in 1918–19 really settled the matter.

The provisional Government, which took control in Germany on the Revolution in November 1918, consisted entirely of Socialists, who could do what they pleased because there was no opposition. The popular feeling was in favour of immediate socialisation of the familiar type. The largest body of trade unionists, who had been schooled for many years in the teaching of the class-war, had no doubts or misgivings on the subject ; they clamoured for socialisation, and the Government itself was willing. Why, then, was nothing done ? The Government felt the responsibility and decided to go cautiously, unlike Lenin. They at once submitted the question to an expert Commission of Socialists with Kautsky in the chair. The Commission reported on Dec. 10 that no immediate steps could be taken and that the existing system must be maintained for the present. Two months later they reported more fully with special reference to the coal industry, which was held to be specially 'ripe' for socialisation. In Germany, it is to be observed, the State already owned a considerable block of coal mines, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century it held a dominating position in the industry. They had therefore experience of nationalisation, which made the transference of the private mines comparatively easy. Unfortunately the experience was fatal to the proposal. The Commission unanimously condemned the administration of the State mines in the strongest terms, and insisted

on the necessity of a complete re-organisation. They also condemned the private mines on the ground that they formed a monopoly; but they were not agreed on the process of re-organisation. In the end the State coal mines were handed over to independent control and 'commercialised,' but no extension of State ownership took place. Nor has there been any. The coal industry as a whole—State mines and private—was otherwise re-organised.

This case really settled the question. Bureaucratic management has been everywhere condemned. Even here, where they do not trouble much about lessons from Continental Socialists, the Labour Party has followed the same line to a certain extent. In 'Labour and the Nation,' it is stated that the Labour Party 'has no intention of submitting the industries of the country to a régime of bureaucratic torpor.' At the same time their programme includes the transference of the land, the coal mines, transport, power, and life insurance industries, to the ownership and control of the State. How this is to be done without bureaucracy is not explained. In Germany, where the lesson has been drawn from fuller experience, the programme of the Social Democratic Party only demands that 'land, minerals, and power sources, which serve for the production of energy, shall be withdrawn from capitalist exploitation,' which is by no means the same as transferring them to the ownership and control of the State. There they have learnt that the evils of bureaucracy are inevitable when any connection with politics exists. Hence the commercialisation of most of the State-owned services and enterprises.

Meanwhile, nothing has been transferred to the ownership and control of the State, and in Queensland the various things started by the Socialists in competition with private enterprise—a mild form of State collectivism—have all been abandoned, as I have already said. It is a surprising fact that in this period of socialistic advance and rapid economic change, nothing has been transferred from private industry to the State, whereas many years ago, when Socialism did not exist or had no power, the telegraph and telephone services, for instance, were handed over on quite other grounds. To-day the commercialisation of the Post Office is proposed in this country

on the ground of its 'bureaucratic torpor,' which has been the object of attacks for many years.

May we not conclude that the old and simple formula of Socialism about the means of production, distribution, and exchange is entirely obsolete—'no longer comes into consideration'—and that the dwindling list of things to be transferred in the Socialist programme merely indicates the natural reluctance of Socialists to abandon altogether a policy which they have held for many years but which has been left behind by the march of economic evolution? This means that the assumption, on which Socialists have always relied, that production would continue and improve under State ownership, has been proved to be a mistake. But it does not mean that the relations between the State and private enterprise will go on unchanged. On the contrary, they are changing all the time and will continue to change. Two main directions may be observed. In the first of these, the existing State services and enterprises will continue to be owned by the State but will not be operated by it. They will be separated from the political connection and handed over to the control of a company or a statutory body, as has been done on a great scale on the Continent and to some extent here. In the second set of changes this position will be reversed. The ownership will remain private but a certain supervisory power will be given to the State. This will apply to enterprises which exercise a monopoly or approach a monopolistic position, such as the railways, which are already subject to such control in this country.

Of the two forms the second seems to be the more desirable and the more likely to be adopted. It is suitable to new industries or services which have been developed by private enterprise, as all new industries are. There is a third form in which public and private ownership is combined; but this is only a variant of the second, the State having a certain supervisory power by virtue of part-ownership. There is plenty of room for development with the three forms; but it will go on slowly and will take the shape that seems best suited to the general interest, as it has always done in the past without any Socialism. The relations between the State and private undertakings will not be adopted on any principle other than that of expediency; and they will become more

complicated, not more simple. State ownership and control on principle has been repudiated because it offends or would offend against the common interest by checking production, and by permanently diminishing it.

This is the great discovery made by Continental Socialists from recent events. It seems hardly to have penetrated here yet, or perhaps is ignored because it is unwelcome. It is indeed no light thing to have to admit that the preliminary assumption on which Socialism has so long been based is erroneous, and that production will not be improved under national ownership. But whether confessed or not, the fact will nevertheless determine the action of the Labour Party, who can afford to run the risk of seriously endangering production even less than most Socialist parties. Their programme may contain some items to be transferred; but they will not be transferred, because the responsibility which attends the possession of power forbids it.

What, then, remains to the Socialist parties if this aim of changing private undertakings into State undertakings is taken away? What will be their policy? I have said above that the one aim on which they are all agreed is an improvement in the conditions of life for the larger and poorer classes of the community. This is not attained by turning society upside down and making the aristocrats and the bourgeoisie the lowest class, as was done in Russia, at the cost of universal poverty. That is the way of the Communist Manifesto, from which Socialists rightly shrink. There is another way towards socialisation, less heroic but more practical; and it is the way they are actually following. We call it here Social Reform; in Germany it is called *Sozialpolitik*. These terms have no precise meaning; but *Sozialpolitik*, which implies legislative action, is more accurate for my purpose than 'Social Reform,' which may be, and sometimes is, applied to voluntary measures. I here use it only of legislative procedure. It includes such things as Factory Laws, Minimum Wages, State Insurance against Sickness or Unemployment, Workmen's Compensation, and, in short, any legal interference with the conditions of labour.

It will, no doubt, be denied that this kind of action is socialisation in any sense; it merely marks a preparatory stage. Once Socialists were dead against it, because

anything that made life more tolerable to the proletariat would interfere with the theory of increasing misery and postpone the Marxian catastrophe. But since the proletariat has no fancy for increasing misery they had to give way; and Marx himself blessed the cause of social reform by pronouncing the English Factory Act of 1847, which introduced the ten-hour day for women, as 'the victory of a principle.' Since then the attitude of Socialists has undergone a great change. They began by consoling themselves with the reflection that social reform was in the right direction by strengthening the proletariat in its struggles with the bourgeoisie, but they were loth to abandon the idea of increasing misery. They first changed the conception from absolute to relative misery, and then into a 'tendency to misery.' But now the idea of misery has virtually been abandoned by all the influential leaders, and they are able to devote their attention whole-heartedly to social reforms. In England, where social reform began before there was any Socialism, the theory of increasing misery never gained any hold. To-day the actual programmes of the Socialist parties, in so far as purely economic questions are concerned, consist chiefly of social reforms of various kinds in every country; they completely overshadow the dwindling list of enterprises to be socialised or nationalised. This does not, however, prove that the former have been formally substituted for the latter. Nor indeed can so great a change be expected; but actually the Socialist parties find themselves plunged into social reforms, which are a real policy, and unable to proceed with socialisation measures. In Germany it is being recognised that social reform is not preparatory to Socialism but is itself part of the socialising process and is taking the place of Socialism.

They have always thought more systematically on the subject in Germany, ever since the foundation of the *Verein für Sozialpolitik* in 1873, than has been the custom here, where elementary social reform was originally forced on capitalists at the very time when the opposite economic doctrine of individualism was rising to its full sway. The contrast was noted, especially by the Liberals, who were then all in favour of individual freedom and against interference by the legislature, but it was not discussed

from an intellectual point of view, nor was there any idea of the immense future development of social reform. Systematic thinking is a peculiarly German privilege, and the modern tendency to identify Socialism and social reform was anticipated years ago by the movement to which the nickname of *Kathedersozialismus* (armchair or professorial Socialism) was given. The most complete example of this tendency that has come under my notice is a book by Dr Eduard Heimann bearing the title 'Soziale Theorie des Kapitalismus. Theorie des Sozialpolitik' (Social Theory of Capitalism. Theory of Social Reform). Dr Heimann is, I believe, a Professor attached to the University of Hamburg, and a Socialist. That is to say, he is profoundly dissatisfied with the present economic order and with the oppression suffered by the working classes. He also has a great admiration for Marx, but is not a Marxian; he recognises the fallacies of that system, though he shares with Marx an undisguised antipathy to capitalists. He is one of the most original and clear-sighted of the younger German economists. His book, which was published last year, is theoretical, and it handles the subject in a fairly detached manner. He takes account in it only of conditions in Germany; but the march of economic evolution in other industrial countries is sufficiently uniform to make his conclusions broadly applicable to them. I do not intend to review the book here, but only to draw attention to the final section, which is entitled 'Sozialpolitik und Sozialismus' (Social Reform and Socialism), together with such explanations as seem necessary.

In the body of the book he explains his ideas about Socialism and social reform. His leading idea is that what workmen lack most and chiefly desire is freedom, which is incompatible with the private ownership of industrial businesses. Economic improvement is not enough. There must also be liberty; and the realisation of this 'liberty, dignity, and mutuality (*gemeinschaft*)' for the workman is the ideal of Socialism, which makes the social harmony complete. With regard to social reform, he says it is no definite and limited programme, but a sum of different measures, which are to carry on the idea of social freedom, not according to a thought-out plan, but through the living pressure of working men, who feel the lack of

freedom especially oppressive now here and now there, and call for relief. He further catalogues a number of the most important measures as follows: (1) The protection of labour (Factory Acts); (2) labour exchanges; (3) science of labour (apparently what is commonly called 'scientific management'); (4) hours of work (the eight-hour day); (5) health insurance; (6) legal rights of labour with regard to (a) trade unions, (b) works' councils; (7) monopoly of the labour market; (8) wage fixing and arbitration; (9) unemployment pay (dole).

It is interesting to observe here how differently the term 'social reform' or *Sozialpolitik* can be interpreted. Dr Spann's well-known work on the 'Haupttheorien der Volkswirtschaftslehre' also essays a classification, which is very different. He omits several of Heimann's items, and on the other hand he includes education, care of the family, housing, building schemes, co-operative businesses, public gardens and playgrounds, instruction in domestic economy, the temperance movement, differential taxation, welfare work and hospitals, etc. The difference is due mainly to the fact that Heimann keeps his eye firmly fixed on the relations between employer and employed, as the proper objective of Socialism, whereas Spann takes a much wider view. But it cannot be denied that many of the activities he mentions, such as education, housing, and, above all, differential taxation, are true instances of social reform which definitely tend to improve the conditions of life for the working man, though others of them, such as co-operative societies and welfare work, have nothing to do with the legislature. These two examples show that the subject of social reform still needs much thinking out, but they do not proffer much hope of agreement.

To return to Heimann's list, their connection with Socialism is discussed in the concluding section of the book. He contends that there can be no opposition between social reform and socialism, and no capitalistic limit to social reform; both come from Capitalism and are directed to the same object, namely, social freedom. If the realisation of social freedom is the meaning of socialisation, then the way to it that has hitherto been preferred is social reform. Not that a complete order of social freedom requires nothing else than social reform,

but that is the way that has been taken by preference. And more than that, it is a way which is indispensable, though it may not of itself suffice for the complete realisation of the ideal. The immediate object is the workshop; that is, the place where the workman lives and works and where his life should be ordered under his own responsibility. But in Capitalism the workshop is privately owned, that is, it is conducted under the domination of a master. Consequently, the socially conducted workshop is incompatible with private ownership, and social reform which aims at such a workshop must be directed against Capitalism.

The opposition between the socially conducted workshop and the order based on private ownership is two-fold. In the first place it acts directly; for the advance of social reform means a direct interference with private ownership. Factory laws diminish the arbitrary disposal of the labour bought by the private owner; scientific management looks into the psychological conditions of work; the legal position of the workman assures him, as a free man, of rights and responsibilities and raises him in the legal sense to the side of the owner, who used to be an absolute master; arbitration and unemployment insurance break up the market conditions of labour. Altogether, labour ceases to be a mere market ware, which can be bought or not in accordance with purely economic conditions, and which, when bought, the buyer disposes of as he pleases. Thus the most important means of production, human labour, is progressively withdrawn from the rule of private ownership and placed in its own sphere of freedom; this amounts to expropriation of the private owner, so far as labour is concerned, and is actually socialisation.

In the second place the opposition presses indirectly on private ownership, which still remains, though undermined by social reform, and protects itself against further reduction. Heimann thinks an alteration of ownership is necessary for full socialisation. He puts it on the mediæval theory of natural rights; property is necessary for the security of freedom and similarly social property is necessary for the security of social freedom. But the mere alteration of ownership in itself may be ineffective for the employed, which incidentally explains their con-

tinued dissatisfaction in State employment such as the Post Office. He notes it as a singular phenomenon that the labour movement, which has steadily trodden the road to social freedom in the workshop, has never yet proceeded to deal with property ownership. Only in the most recent times have the trade unions taken the initiative in this direction by publishing a co-operative work on Economic Democracy.

The Council of the German Federation of Trade Unions recently appointed a committee of experts to formulate a programme of economic democracy. It contains the following leading demands bearing on the question of ownership: A wage policy of rising participation in the results of the general economic development; the rights of works' councils to be extended; the equal representation of labour on all State and municipal bodies exercising economic functions; State control of all monopolistic undertakings, and legal representation of labour in their management; public economic bodies to be extended. Heimann sees in this step the first sign of a conscious movement in the question of ownership. 'At last,' he says, 'the insight breaks through, that social reform is socialisation; and socialisation from below, rising from the sphere of the individual workman and gradually making its way into the heart of the problem of ownership, whereas the old centralised theory of socialisation proceeded from above downwards.'

This is the practical way. The workmen make use of their political and legal freedom to wrest from Capitalism, bit by bit, their claim to living freedom and dignity. Socialisation does not begin with the destruction of the old form of rights but with the building up of the new, and workmen can carry it through because they are necessary to the existence of society. Nothing that they really desire can be withheld from them. Then why do they not desire full socialisation at one stroke? Why do they follow the long and wearisome road of social reform, when they need only desire the social revolution earnestly enough to bring it about? The reason is that it is not enough to set up the new order as though it would function automatically. It must be set in motion by living men and kept going. It is not enough to win freedom; one must know how to hold it, if it is not to be lost again.

Freedom demands confirmation and life informed by self-responsibility. The power to win must be accompanied by the power of performance after winning. No freedom of which he is capable can be withheld from the workman, but none can be given him of which he is not capable. If the labour movement advances step by step through social reform toward social freedom, instead of enforcing socialisation at one blow, it is simply because it feels that it has the power to work under the former but not under the latter. There is no other way to social freedom than social reform. Socialisation from above cannot attain to social freedom, because it only summons the power of working men to accomplish the single upset, instead of developing it for performance in a state of freedom.

That is true. The real obstacle to socialisation is the fact that workmen are not capable of running a business and that those who run it now are capable. They do not run it so well as they might, but they do run it. I often think of a sentence written by Saint Simon in 1803: 'The owners command the non-owners, not because they possess the properties, but they possess the properties and they command because, taken collectively, they have more intelligence than the non-owner.' It is not exactly intelligence that differentiates them, but a business sense, which is inborn. The business men have it in some degree and the others lack it; not workmen only, but most people. There are quite as many individuals with a business sense among workmen as in any other class; they rise in the scale, and the newspapers have lately contained several notable examples. But the bulk of the employed have no business sense, and that is why the experiment has so often failed. It is not for want of trying. The attempt has often been made, but it always ends in failure or in the conversion of the business into the ordinary form. What I call the business sense is a gift, like any other, and it exists in as many degrees as any other gift. Most of those who possess it have enough to carry on in a routine way; those who possess it in a high degree—the captains of industry—are pioneers. To place them under the control of the rank and file—which it seems to me full socialisation would do—would reduce them to the level of the rank and file and abolish their leadership, which would mean stagnation.

I am conscious of this sense because I do not possess it in the smallest degree, any more than a capacity for drawing, which fails me utterly. It is generally confused with a desire of gain; but that such a man as Werner Sombart, who attributes the rise of Capitalism to a 'handful of men' animated by the desire of gain, should make that mistake is surprising. If that were the case, it would apply not to a 'handful of men' but to the vast bulk of mankind; for all but a few want to be better off than they are and desire more gain. What really drives the business man on is what drives men with other gifts to exercise them—namely, the performance of function. The gain they make is merely the evidence of their success, and is prized for that reason. They vary in other respects. Some are bullies and are hated by those they employ; others are loved by them. It is quite a mistake on Heimann's part to attribute social reform solely to any working-class movement. They have lately pressed for various instalments, but it was begun by manufacturers. The first Factory Acts were introduced by Conservative manufacturers anxious to stop the scandals in their own mills; and the first Arbitration Act was the result of joint pressure from manufacturers and from workmen.

But it is true that social reform proceeds gradually step by step, and that it improves the position of workmen from below upwards instead of from above downwards. That is a most pertinent observation. It is, in fact, the only way that Socialists can follow, as Heimann says. Then how do they differ from the other parties, which also follow it? They differ in two ways. They keep the end, or at any rate an end, in view; and they go, or want to go, faster than the other parties. They want to go too fast; faster, that is to say, than the economic system will bear without giving way. It is already groaning in every part of the world. Unemployment is a warning. Social reform has to be paid for; and the principal method, though not the only one, is by taxation. The enormous increase of expenditure on the social services is paid for in that way. To Socialists, who are invincibly optimistic, it is easy to take from the rich and give to the poor. But there are limits to the process, and in this country they seem to have been pretty well reached. The report of a sub-committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions,

summarised in the 'Times' of March 22, is significant. It says, 'However desirable it may be to secure fairer distribution of wealth, it is fatal to national prosperity to eat up that capital which is necessary to finance present and future production.'

Whether the path of social reform will ever lead Socialists to their goal is a question on which Heimann hesitates to dogmatise. It is true that the employed must be capable of exercising responsibility if they are to have the power; and it is also true that they are gradually learning the lesson of business to some extent. But what the future will bring, who can tell? Here, at any rate, I want only to emphasise the fact that social reform is the only path that Socialists can tread and that it is the new Socialism.

A. SHADWELL.

Art. 13.—ARTHUR BALFOUR.

IN this sketch I am not presuming to attempt a full presentment of that singular and great figure that was Arthur Balfour. Of his greatness there can hardly be question : his absolute, unimpeachable, and never, I think, impeached integrity in the high places that he occupied would of itself justify a claim to greatness. All that I am trying to do is to show a personal view of him—possibly mistaken, but my own. During the latter years of his life, from the time he became Prime Minister, I saw little of him. My view, such as it is, is mainly that which I formed of him in what was surely his greatest phase, that in which he accomplished his most remarkable work as a statesman—when he was Irish Secretary. Though I never fell a victim to that ‘ charm of manner ’ which many found compelling, I ever had and must have the most profound respect for his achievement, his intellect, and his dignity. He was not too well served, as I think, by those who were most affected by his fascination. Their regard of him was often little if at all short of silly : they had nearly succeeded in making him ridiculous. By a natural reaction, and in revulsion from the opinion of those whose fulsomeness did him more than justice, there was a large section that gave him far less than his due. Some spoke of him as if he were almost more than man. They estimated his statesmanship above its high value, but their most extravagant cult was paid to his philosophy, which was that of a brilliant amateur, remarkable considering the other occupations of his time, but never profound. ‘ A very ignorant book,’ Professor Case, whose profession was philosophy, could actually dub those ‘ Foundations of Belief ’ which some, who were not even amateurs in philosophy, talked of as if the work were inspired. In revulsion, as I say, from some of the absurd estimates which would rate him as super-man, others spoke of him no less foolishly as below the average—effeminate, inconsiderable.

For my part I am honoured to think that I may write of him as at one time my friend, a friend for whose intellectual power I had, and have, the highest admiration. Nor is my admiration of his noble character and the refinement of his mind and nature, less deep than of his

mental qualities. He was great by those very qualities ; but it was greatness narrowly bounded. In my judgment he was too purely an intellectual being for the best human greatness. He had little sympathy. I shall try to explain my view that he scarcely had sympathy for himself—that his own *ego* had small interest for him or claim on him, once its creature comforts, as they are called, were assured ; and thus I have tried to defend him from the charge of selfishness in its grosser sense. With such lack of sympathy, he was, necessarily, no true judge of men. He appeared to have no power of seeing with the eyes of others, or of entering into the feelings of others. Had it not been so, he scarcely could have ignored the national sentiment, as he did—almost, it seemed, ostentatiously—in the dark days of the Boer War ; nor could a man more conversant with the way in which men's minds work have penned such an account as he first gave out, precisely accurate in its detail though it was, of the Jutland Battle. It was the account of one who had no vision of how his words must strike the minds of readers or of those who read carelessly, as most men do read and hear. It was a pronouncement significant of his limitations—limitations which, with all his intellectual powers, went far to make him a failure as a leader of the nation. His point of view was too different and detached ; and either it never occurred to him that it was different, or else it was a difference which he disdained to accommodate. The nation, therefore, even while he led the House, hung on the words of Chamberlain and disregarded himself—which, had Euclid been of our time and nation, he might have told us was absurd.

When I knew Arthur Balfour first he was studying law in the office of Messrs Tods Murray and Jamieson, Writers to the Signet, in Edinburgh. This was not, I think, with any idea of following the profession, but in order to make himself more competent to look after his large estate of Whittingehame. It was a goodly patrimony, for I suppose that this Lothian country has some of the best agricultural land, and is the best-farmed, in the United Kingdom. Whittingehame, a large house built by the architect of the British Museum and with some features similar to that familiar place, had come down to him from his grandfather, an Indian merchant

who had made money by the process then known as 'shaking the pagoda tree.' Arthur Balfour's father married a Cecil, sister of the Lord Salisbury who was Prime Minister. If it was his father who gave him Whittingehame and the acres, it was his Cecil mother who gave him his brains and tastes. That, at least, I learnt from himself was his own estimate of his heritage.

'He's a dreamer'—that is what Mr. Auldjo Jamieson told me, when I asked him his opinion of the youth studying in his office. He wrote him off as one of the idle apprentices, one who would not excel. So far amiss may go the best marksmen. The people with whom he spent much of his time in those youthful days were University dons. We need not count the hours that he passed in the Edinburgh lawyers' office. 'He was a dreamer.' It was with the dons and the academic that his real life then was spent. I make a point of this, because it is cardinal to his character—that, and other things hingeing on it, explain him, if I have read him aright. You would see him playing on the North Berwick links with dons—Austen Leighs, Durnfords, and so on. One sister had married Henry Sidgwick; another Lord Rayleigh. Two of his brothers, Francis and Gerald, had Cambridge fellowships. He himself had tried for a fellowship but failed. It was said, and with no great exaggeration, that if you stayed at Whittingehame you found yourself alone soon after breakfast, because all else were engaged in writing or philosophy. Arthur was not profound in his knowledge of philosophy, but he was brilliant. Philosophy, however, profoundly influenced his life.

The book he then was writing or preparing to write would be the 'Defence of Philosophic Doubt.' Let us take a glance at his career, so far. He was at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge; he went into Parliament when he was twenty-six and became private secretary to his uncle, Lord Salisbury, then Foreign Minister, for a year or so a dreaming (if not a sleeping) partner in the Fourth Party. Then, in Salisbury's first administration, he was President of the Local Government Board; in the second, formed a year later, he was Secretary for Scotland. That brings the story to 1886 and the thirty-eighth or ninth year of his age; and as Mr Birrell once said to me,

'People seem to forget that up to forty Arthur Balfour was a failure.' Success and failure are, however, relative terms. To be in the Cabinet at thirty-eight, even if on the one side you are a Cecil and a nephew of the Prime Minister, is hardly to be written off as failure. Yet it is true that nothing he had done, said, or written (and what he had written then counted far more than his deeds or words) was success in comparison with what he was soon to do. Neither of his offices, though the Scottish Secretaryship gave him a seat in the Cabinet, was a jumping-off place for high ambition, nor did he make any impression on the House. But the occasion was at hand, and came through the strained eyes of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Secretary for Ireland.

Ireland was in a terrible state. The Home Rule 'raggers' in the House had been persecuting, even to breaking down, Sir George Otto Trevelyan in Mr Gladstone's consulship. They had pursued the same pleasant pastime with Hicks-Beach. Now, when Salisbury announced the appointment of his nephew, 'Prince Arthur,' as Toby, of 'Punch,' called him, to the Irish Secretaryship, which Sir Michael's failing eyes had forced him to resign, the Hibernian lions glowed with satisfaction.

I suppose that if all political and social London had joined in a conspiracy with the purpose of producing a wrong impression of Arthur Balfour's physical powers, they could not have succeeded better than was the result. And he lent himself to the illusion. The fact is that that long, loose-jointed, thin body of his was strangely deceptive. He looked and was so limp. But it was a limpness exaggerated by his way of sitting, which was less sitting than reclining on his shoulder blades, so that often he had something of the shape, and about the equal resistance, of a soaked string laid over the back of a chair. Then he lent himself to the illusion about the weakness of his constitution in another way: he often fell slightly ill, with chills and passing fevers and influenza, and when any discomfort of the kind assailed him would go straight to bed, and stay there till it left him.

I am not hinting that he was anything of a coward and not justified in going to bed as he did. And we are not to suppose, because he went to bed willingly and stayed there long and liked it, that he was lazy. In a

sense he was lazy. He had a lazy body, if it be lazy in a body to be slow in movement, inclined to rest and comfort-loving. But his mind never was lazy. I think that he was lazy with his body partly of indolence, of low beat of pulse, low blood pressure, and so on—for all these physical conditions were his—but partly also I think it was of deliberate plan. He was wise enough to know, and his own feelings taught him, that a man's nervous force is of limited quantity, that he cannot take it out of himself both mentally and physically without a general exhaustion. I know, when we have talked of food, that he has told me he found he needed more when he was working hard with his head than when he was taking a great deal of exercise. I only mention this to show that he had given thought to the subject of brain nutrition and body nutrition and had the sense to treat himself accordingly. He was very moderate in eating and drinking, though he appreciated good quality. He may have smoked an occasional cigarette, but he was practically a non-smoker. I have little doubt that his brain worked better when his body was recumbent than in any other position. It is so with many a man whose heart does not pump vigorously. Lecky is said to have written his history and to have thought his way to wisdom with his heels higher than his head. I think that Balfour wrote 'Foundations of Belief' with his head and heels on about the same plane.

And then he loved warmth. Hostesses who knew him were always over-generous with blankets for his bed. As a guest, he was perfectly shameless in taking advantage of the privileges that his position gave him. I have known him, when paying a three days' visit at a country house, be away, playing golf, for all the daylight hours of every one of them, leaving his hostess in rage and despair that he did not appear and show himself agreeable at command. But her feelings never put him off a putt. I suppose that some have seen him at breakfast. I never did. When he was at North Berwick he was said to breakfast off a poached egg and a shorthand writer, the latter being a necessity if his letters were to be dictated and he ready to start at the first tee—which was imperative—at 10.45. Therefore all things worked to the perfection of the great illusion. Here was a delicate young man of sub-normal vitality, a proper object of pity, a

sufferer. And this was the poor Christian (or philosophic doubter) to be thrown to those roaring lions of the Hibernian den. 'Good hunting!' roared the Home Rulers one to another and prepared for him a welcome.

It so happened that I had learnt something, not known to many, about that delicate loose-glued body that liked bed and many blankets. Besides the fat acres of Whittingehame, Arthur Balfour had inherited from his father the barren magnificence of Strathconan forest, perhaps the finest stag forest, except the Forest of Mar, in Scotland; and the stalkers of Strathconan have told me about the endurance and fleetness of foot, not so much of Arthur Balfour but of his brother Gerald who had rather the same slight, loose-limbed figure as Arthur. If Gerald could do so much—he ran the best of the hill-gillies to a dead heat on their own hills—Arthur would not be far behind. Moreover, both were fine tennis-players, if not in the first class. I write of the old court tennis, which is one of the most exacting games for a man's strength ever invented. So that, really, was the sort of body that lay under the many blankets and received such generous pity from the sympathetic—reared and toughened in hill-climbing, in the heats, chills, exhaustions, thirsts, fatigues of deer-stalking, with the swift movement and unresting activity of the tennis court.

Of the mind, throned within the body over which they had so many illusions, the Irish Home Rulers knew nothing.

So that when Arthur Balfour went to them, they closed upon him and did not, at first, find him less flaccid than they had expected. Yet somehow, though apparently he yielded to the earlier onslaughts, he proved resilient until his fighting adversaries found, to their surprise, no invertebrate, but a man with a backbone; and more, it was a backbone of steel and of steel with sharp spikes.

That is one of the points to realise in the understanding of the enigma that was Arthur Balfour, that he needed just such aggressive treatment, and hard assaults, to excite his languid energy into force. At every moment of the political game that he was to play almost continuously through a life which he would have preferred to give to philosophical thought, you will find this characteristic—that he let things drift, when the current was fair; not thinking it worth while to risk the good in the

hunt for what might have been better ; in fine, he did mighty little, though he led, for more than ten years, a party with a masterful majority. That was his weakness. But get him into a corner or a tight place, and the danger seemed to enliven his slow pulse. He struck back ; and his stroke then was that of a rapier, sharp-pointed, delicately handled, deadly. He was never a good, though always a keen, golfer, but there was scarcely any other, however excellent, a putter, whom I would rather see, if he were my partner in a foursome, with a putt of just the missable length for the match. The stress of the occasion, which unnerves some by its strain, tautened his nerves to the right tension. Probably he was less nervous, less conscious of self, at what most men would call 'a nervous moment' than at any other. A significant thing was told me of him by his stalker at Strathconan, in the days of black powder and high trajectory rifles. One season he had been taken up to twenty-four stags and had killed every one of them, without using more than one cartridge to each stag ! 'An' him that near-sighted,' the stalker added, 'that he could hardly tell stag from hind.' The stalker had the greatest difficulty in making him realise which animal to shoot. Yet he never failed to do the right thing in the end, largely because he never would shoot in a hurry, never till he was quite certain of the stag which he was meant to take. But above all he succeeded in doing the right thing unfailingly because of his perfect nerve and unconsciousness of that terrible obsession 'stag-fever.' It is the forest analogue of 'stage-fright.' Neither the one nor the other was likely to vex Arthur Balfour in the least.

But he was a bad orator, the while that his blade in debate was so bright and trenchant. That, in part, was the reason of the pleasant anticipations and later disillusionment of the Home Rulers. They judged him by the little that he had said or done as a member of that Fourth Party, for which Lord Randolph Churchill did most of the roaring. He learned painfully, and at length, how to address the House of Commons or other audience on a political issue. He never was fluent. He must have made an enormous number of speeches on occasional subjects, but never seemed to make them easily. Con-

sidering his practice he was the worst after-dinner speaker I have ever heard. Nor was he helpful at golf meetings when things were in a tangle. 'I could not make out what Arthur Balfour was driving at,' I remember remarking to J. E. Laidlay at St. Andrews after A. J. B. had been trying to get the rather humorously named 'business meeting' of the club out of the coil into which it seemed bent upon tying itself over some simple piece of golfing legislation. 'Nobody ever can understand anything after Arthur Balfour's been explaining it,' was the irreverent reply of Laidlay, who knew him very well, as a neighbour in the Lothians and his frequent partner in a foursome. But, blundering and clumsy as he was in speech-making until he had so learned the political jargon that it must have flowed out almost mechanically, his retort in debate was always swift, polished, and effective. His passive defence too was as finished as his *riposte*. He was invulnerable. His temper was perfect, with the perfection of indifference to attacks which would have torn the temper of another. It was a humorous indifference too, and exasperated those Irishmen almost to fever-heat until eventually they too began to realise that there was a humorous side to it—to him, to them, and to their dealings with each other. Arthur Balfour, in fact, though as far remote in characteristics from a Celt as one human being can easily be from another, was triumphant in his treatment of those hostile Celts, at a very critical time; but he failed, conspicuously, later in his dealings with the friendly English to whom he had very much more likeness.

It is worth while to pause here and consider this success and this failure, for it will help more than a little to the solution of the engima of his life and character. Arthur's way with the Irishmen was to listen to them as they vituperated him, his country, and all that he stood for with a pleasant mien. He was even so courteous as to suppress all signs of boredom. Then he would get up and answer with a delicacy and good temper which made their rhodomontades look as ridiculous as in fact they generally were. After which he would proceed to sketch out the policy he proposed to adopt towards Ireland without any reference whatever to the views just stated by the impassioned champions. In fine, Arthur Balfour

at first surprised, then exasperated, and finally, though the exasperation was never wholly removed, amused them. They accepted him, as an enemy, of course—they could not remain good Irishmen if they did otherwise; while he and afterwards Gerald, his brother, loaded and spoilt them with benevolent legislation—but as an enemy after their own hearts, one whose warfare they could understand and who understood them, and did not value them too highly; while, on the other hand, the Englishmen with whom they had earlier come in contact had been fools enough to take them at the valuation which their words appeared to set on them.

That was the key to Balfour's success in dealing with those Irish. His justice and benevolence of intention I take, of course, for granted: there is no puzzle about the policy that he stood for. Often England has been hard on Ireland in the course of history, but Ireland has been the spoilt child of the Empire for a great many years now, and has shed such tears as spoilt children do, and flown into the appropriate passions. Arthur Balfour rated those emotions at their right value. He achieved this detachment by a rare union of temperament and intellect. When his 'Life' is written it will not, in my judgment, be written well unless his Irish Secretaryship receives the tribute of praise due to remarkable statesmanship, and possible only to a man of very great ability and extraordinary personality. Criticism should be sparing of its superlatives, but I do not see how the superlatives can be misplaced here.

Courage of the physical kind is a small matter in the comparison, but to get the right lights on our picture we must realise that this particular office demanded high physical courage at the moment. The life of him who filled it was in constant danger and was perpetually threatened. I know that it gave me the 'creeps,' playing golf with him at North Berwick, to see the detectives following and keeping watch along the fringes of the course. Likewise at Whittingehame, looking from a bedroom window, one might see a detective camping under a tree or on the lawn. From time to time, I believe, it was the duty of another detective to go round and make sure that the watcher had not fallen asleep. And if a mere fly on the wheel, who was entirely beneath the notice of the

dark forces from which danger was feared, might feel 'creeps' at the sight, it would be natural that the man who worked the wheel, and for whose protection this phalanx held their guard, might be troubled. But if he were, he never showed it, keeping his eye serenely on the ball as if neither menace nor bodyguard existed. No attack ever was made on him, but almost certainly he would have been murdered had it not been for this care.

In 1891 W. H. Smith died, and Arthur Balfour became First Lord of the Treasury and had a trial trip in the leadership of the House during the brief term of the Government's further life. In the following year the Conservatives went out of office and he led the opposition with ability, tact, and dexterity, and when they returned to power three years later he resumed a leadership of more than ten years' length, from 1895 till the end of 1905. For the last three and a half years of the time he was Prime Minister, with a powerful majority faced by a broken, disunited Opposition. With such a power at hand, to what use did he direct it? The reply of history is likely to be, 'To very little.' That is, of course, a remark which will not go without challenge, and on two grounds. It may be said, in the first place, that this was the Conservative Party and that it is the part of a good Conservative to conserve—not to originate new legislation. That is one possible line of defence, and it looks as if it laid down the principle followed by Balfour and his party. But another possible line is to claim that they were not so purely passive, that they did pass useful measures. Can that defence be justified? Let us see.

Certain admirable Acts were carried and put into execution—the Education Act, the Irish Land Purchase Act, and the Licensing Act. The first of these bettered the nation's opportunities of education vastly; and the second, had it been given a fair chance, might have made Ireland a happy country, and for a while did seem to bring her happiness. So far so good; but we cannot carry the story of good Acts much further, and that is a brief record of achievement for ten years' work. It may be pleaded that those were strenuous years, difficult years, years of threats from abroad which left little time to look at the domestic questions. May be. It is always so with far-flung Empire. There were anxious days in

the negotiations with Russia about certain railways on the boundary line between Russia and China. There was the Boer War—I remember Arthur Balfour writing to me, 'I cannot make any plans for golf, because Kruger is so obstinate.' This was before war was declared; and until the declaration he would not believe that it would come to war. He thought Kruger was bluffing. Soon after the Boer War was over there arose the troubles about the employment of Chinese coolies in South Africa, a trouble exploited for a great deal more than its worth by the Opposition. And there was the war between Russia and Japan into which England might have been drawn. When the unfortunate Russian fleet, starting out, probably with most of its manhood as drunken as its ships were crazy and cranky, on that tragic journey round the world to the inevitable goal at the bottom of the Japan sea, fired—its only victorious engagement—on our fishermen on the Dogger Bank, war looked very likely. There were plenty of distractions for ministers. Nevertheless, the Government should have done more at home, or, at worst, should have given the impression of a desire to do more. For, after all, though the duty of a Conservative Party be, perhaps, to conserve, the world does not stand still while ten years roll by. The Western world, at any rate, moves.

Arthur Balfour, the while, was singularly beloved in the House, and singularly little regarded in the country. The man who won the country's regard at that time was Chamberlain. The relations of the two men, or what the populace conceived to be their relations, were illustrated by a popular pictorial parody of that admirable gramophone advertisement of the dog listening to 'His Master's Voice.' Arthur Balfour was represented as the dog, listening to the orders which Chamberlain was issuing. I think there was little doubt that at this time Balfour, in his indifference, allowed himself to be pushed along by any friend who attacked him with energy and perseverance. And Chamberlain had plenty of those qualities. It never does, in this England of ours, for a leader of the people to let his flock think that he is indifferent about his office. I believe they would rather be misguided than given no guidance at all. Certainly the impression of Arthur Balfour grew that he was a do-nothing, and, as a

do-nothing, was at the orders of the do-somethings. The Government dallied and trifled with many projects, but would not stretch forth a strong hand to bring them to the accomplishment. For example, they made much inquiry about the old age pension scheme already working in Germany. Arthur Balfour told me that he did not think they could start it going in this country unless the pensioners contributed to the pensions—he, at least, would object to it unless it were put (as I believe it was, and is, in Germany) on a contributory basis. So nothing was done. Then, out go the Conservatives, or whatever they called themselves; in come the Liberals, and at once the Old Age Pension Bill is brought in and passed, to the popularity of those who got it on the Statute Book. The Liberals used all the information, from Germany and elsewhere, industriously and futilely collected by the Conservatives; they had the pluck or the energy to do what the Conservatives, under Balfour, had lacked the grit to do; and they had their reward.

It was curious how for many years Arthur Balfour sank below the horizon of the ordinary man's outlook. He was not in the forefront. England was ready for its long Asquithian consulship. Certainly Balfour had no desire to show himself above the horizon. Many years before he led the Commons, and some years before he was Prime Minister, he said to me that he wanted to be out of office so that he might have more time for golf and for bringing out a book which should be a sort of prolegomena of religion. This book, I take it, was 'Foundations of Belief,' published in 1895. And lower still beneath the political horizon would he have contentedly fallen, though still keeping his place in Parliament, had it not been for the Great War.

He had been sinking out of sight, and the nation had been as content to let him vanish as he was to go; and then came the catastrophe, which required from all the best that could be given. Balfour was remembered. It was realised that he was of the best, and had an experience which few could equal, an honour high above suspicion, a fearless courage, a great brain, a dignity that would command respect in the councils of the nations. He was summoned from his retirement and responded nobly. He was First Lord of the Admiralty in 1915-16,

and Foreign Secretary from 1916 to 1919. He was one of the small War Council. He had a hand in the Treaty of Versailles. Later, in the days of a peace scarcely less strenuous than those of war, he was at Geneva for the meetings of the League of Nations. In 1921 he went to Washington for the great conference which was to help forward the spirit of world peace.

He was ill at that time, suffering from the effects of eczema, and made a splendid sacrifice of his ease in going. Moreover, he was old—between three score and ten and four score years. But assuredly he was the man to go. He had been to Washington before, at the entry of America into the War—and had proved an ideal emissary to a democratic people, for he was of the best type of gentleman, yet untitled. The title was thrust upon him later. Also he had those literary and learned qualities which America has always cherished in the best of her politicians. And he came back from that mission imbued with the earnestness, which many of us doubted, of America's participation. I even made bold to ask him, when he came back, what he thought about it, and he said, 'I think they are in earnest. The Government is, and I think the country is.' He was right. I do not wish to dwell further on Arthur Balfour's achievements as a statesman, for they are part of another and a greater story. In order to make my personal view of his character clear I was obliged to touch on them. And I need not emphasise the shadows or the brightness of his qualities. I have tried to defend him from the accusation of crude selfishness that often was brought against him. Supremely indifferent to others, he was. Engrossed in self, he indeed was not. Commenting on this aspect of his, a lady once said to me: 'Of course Arthur Balfour is selfish. He could not help being. See how everything is arranged for him, how everything must give way to him, at Whittingehame and in Carlton House Terrace.' No doubt that was so, as to the fact. He was looked after through life with the most devoted and self-sacrificing care by his sister. As his guest, you saw little of him in the house. He had his sanctuary, and it was inviolable, except on special invitation. But was it not right, was it not even necessary, that it should be so? His interests were so many and important, that he had a claim to

special privileges and privacies for their pursuit. He was extraordinarily hospitable, keeping almost open house for friends, and absolutely, so far as its large limits allowed, patriarchically an open house for his brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces. He was at his best and most human with that younger generation, and I think had true warmth of family affection, though perhaps little affection for any outside his family. He was unfortunate in the deaths of friends—George Wyndham, Alfred Lyttelton. But he had a strange dread and dislike of a tête-à-tête interview, always. As the key to the enigma, we must ever carry with us the inveterately don-like bent of his mind and the further detachment from the interests of the common and undergraduate world which the philosophy that he had absorbed in his heart, even more than in his head, confirmed. Occasionally, rarely, a cynical remark expressed his thought and threw a light on his mind and character. 'Brutes they are and brutes they will remain,' is his comment on the Prussians which perhaps will be remembered longest, though it has a direct crudity rare with him and not in the least characteristic. 'I hate unselfishness,' was far more in his mode. This remark, of course, is not to be taken absolutely. I think he made it over some vain display of self-sacrifice which annoyed him.

Academic, as I understood it, was his interest in music. I write of it of purpose as 'interest,' because I believe it to have been far more interest than love. He understood music intimately, but his æsthetic enjoyment of it was slight in comparison. His æsthetic sense was not keen in any direction. He was a buyer of Burne-Jones's pictures at the date when there was a call for them, and he had the cultured man's knowledge of the classical schools of painting and their products; but of actual painting he knew nothing, and was content that his houses should be furnished and adorned in the best Victorian manner. A Philistine could have been no less sensitive. Always he was the don, always the man of brilliant intellectual appreciation: æsthetically he was unawakened. Knowing him as I did, I was filled with amazement when I saw him going into some of the houses, to which his political destiny led him, of those who were intellectually as well as æsthetically Philistine.

'What will become of that finely tempered creature in such a *milieu*?' I asked myself, and was fool enough to fear that he would be dulled, blunted, coarsened, though, of course, I knew him to be absolutely above self-seeking or any form of snobbishness. I need not have feared. He came out untouched, unchanged. And so, gradually, I began to learn that he was immune from this weakness, the influence of the aristocratic Philistine, as from the soft nothings of adoring ladies, and from the *vox populi*, of which he was indeed a little too unmindful.

'What is "The News of the World"?' he asked me once, when I spoke of the golf tournament instituted by that paper. 'Oh yes,' he continued, recollecting (but quite possibly his first agnosticism may have been assumed). 'It's a paper—isn't it?—that gives prizes for golf?' I could not refrain—maliciously, I fear—from repeating this to Lord Riddell, the chief proprietor of that newspaper, who exclaimed, 'Good Lord, a paper with a hundred million subscribers!' (I will not be certain as to a cypher or two). 'And a man who calls himself a leader of the people asks such a question about the people's paper!' Yet later, in time's whirligig, after Arthur Balfour had, as I knew, seen much of Lord Riddell in Paris during the negotiations over the Versailles Treaty, I asked him: 'How do you like my friend Riddell?' he could answer: 'His is one of the most interesting minds I ever met,' which, one may note, did not answer the question.

At the age of sixty-three Balfour had told me that he found two rounds of golf beginning to be too much for him, yet ten years later he still could play his two rounds at North Berwick, and was giving serious attention to the younger man's game, though less exacting in demand on prolonged effort, of lawn tennis. And his extraordinary capacity for quick mastery of any intellectual subject was still as remarkable as in those days of his prime when the then Lord Rayleigh, his brother-in-law, expressed surprise at Arthur's knowledge of a new scientific theory then lately mooted. His was a mind singularly acute, open and free of prejudice, clear and cold as ice. Yet always, and in the midst of the most varied influences—I had almost written temptations—it remained the don's mind, mildly interested in the affairs of this undergraduate

world, with an infinite tolerance for its vanities and follies, earnestness and striving, yet with an interest always intellectual, and little warmed or coloured by a fellow feeling. Therein, as I think, lies the key to the enigma. His was a character formed at a time when the academic forces were strong about him, and the form did not change. Rather, it grew consolidated through his philosophic doubts and by the foundations of belief raised on their basis; the belief that things terrestrial, man's earthly life or death or happiness, count for little in the true scales of value. That is a noble faith, as his was a very noble figure, and one that gave dignity to British statesmanship at a time when the sense of dignity was largely missing from public life. In many respects it was a pathetic, because a lonely, figure.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Politics, Walpole and Mr Lloyd George—Clemenceau and General Seely—Walther Rathenau—The Fascist Revolution—Sir James Frazer's Myths of Fire—Maeterlinck and the Stars—Galileo—Turkey, Albania, and Egypt—Culloden Papers—John Wilkes—Froude and Carlyle—Hood and Lamb—Fiction and Verse.

It is infrequent, even for the best historians, to delve to the deeper roots of the movements they deal with; yet how often has it proved that, through the easy acceptance of inferences, history has been miswritten, and men and causes for long have remained misunderstood? And when there have been adequate delvings and excavations generally they have merely produced an unearthing of dullness. Such gropings among the records require imagination as well as industry; and happily both those essentials are evident in Mr L. B. Namier's two volumes on 'The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III' (Macmillan), with the result that a period which has been looked upon as desultory and corrupt to the last degree is discovered to be very human and not nearly so black as it has been painted. The common prejudice against the four Georges; the knowledge that Sir Robert Walpole was an old parliamentary hand, who spent money lavishly to forward his political purposes and retain power, helped by such brilliant, unreliable chroniclers and gossips as his own amusing son, Horace, have led to views of the times which now must be modified. Principally based on the evidence of the Newcastle papers, which contain correspondence and money-accounts showing precisely the transactions and sums that passed between ministers and their suppliants or dependents, we see that the stream of patronage was neither so voluminous nor so corrupt as had been thought. Indeed, with the knowledge of a certain fund of the present day, closely kept in one man's hands and used for that one man's special political purposes, it hardly becomes this generation to shout virtuously at that. These volumes, of course, appeal especially to historians; but also they provide entertainment for general readers. They show how deeply engrained are the habits of para-

sites and beggars, and how easily forgetful were my lords of patronage when so it suited them.

And, then, almost galling the heels of the foregoing, as if to provide a modern instance of old doubtful practices in present-day politics, comes Sir Charles Mallet's searching, discriminating study of 'Mr Lloyd George' (Benn). A necessary book, especially from the hand of a Liberal; for it exposes relentlessly, though without malice and with a fair recognition of its subject's services in war-time, the political selfishness, looseness of loyalty, impulsiveness, want of finished statesmanship of that leader of a section of the Liberal Party which his own perversities and personal ambitions have brought to division and weakness. His has been a remarkable career, even in a drab manner romantic; yet it leaves a bad impression on the minds of those who observe, recall, and think. The youth of poor beginnings who with pluck, impudence, and cleverness forced his way into Parliament, became the most notorious of Radicals in an exceptionally angry time, and rose to make his mark, destructively more than constructively, but yet brilliantly, in the world of affairs; there to attain and keep the post of Prime Minister through the most critical years of his country's history; and now to be generally distrusted. It is not the first time in the records of human ambitions that greatness has proved fallible disastrously; but Mr Lloyd George was never truly great. His has been the selfish energy which in politics seems inevitably to lead to the slough of despond—where unhappily the Liberal Party now is; and his is the blame for it.

We revert to Walpole with a new book by Mr F. S. Oliver, over which the high expectations of readers of 'The Endless Adventure' (Macmillan) will not be disappointed. The work does not claim to be orthodox history or orthodox biography: it is neither, yet it is both on unconventional lines. Mr Oliver avowedly makes use of old material, but he fashions it into new and ingenious shapes. He gives an absorbing biographical sketch of Walpole, but that is only incidental, owing to Walpole's happening to be the leading exponent of the art of government during the period and the embodiment of the political philosophy described in the first hundred pages. Those who set out to govern must not be inspired

by too soaring ideals; gazing at the stars they may fall into the mud, but yet they must not be conscious only of the mud. Statesmanship and morals are mutually compatible; but the code of morals must be intelligible to the masses. There is no room for mere chivalry, as Walpole illustrated. He was not vindictive or spiteful, but, assuredly, he never gave help to a rival. He avoided lofty ideals, but as it happened he went too far, because, working ceaselessly for the material prosperity of the nation, he neglected the necessary spiritual nourishment. He lived in a murky period, but if he was not a pillar of fire to his generation, at least he was a steady guide. It is all a matter of degree, and, as Mr Oliver shows, politics are much the same in every age. Mr Oliver writes with brilliance of phrasing and description; and we look forward eagerly to the two volumes promised to complete the trilogy.

Here is a great book, a great book worthy of a very great man, 'Clemenceau' (Longmans); a biography, as it may be called as well as anything else, done after the methods of Boswell, shrewdly observant, luminous, brilliant; telling the events of the Tiger's life, mainly through his own words, and written by his former secretary, M. Jean Martet, and, without question, excellently translated by Mr Milton Waldman. What a man! We see Georges Clemenceau in his habits as he lived, and the result is that we love him. Doubtless he could be very troublesome both to the wise and the foolish with whom his work was done, but he was as honest, fearless, and frank as daylight, so that those who had to do with him knew where he was and where they were. He was bound to make enemies. His gifts of epigram and irony were sharply penetrating and must have vexed deeply and especially the sinister, incorruptible Poincaré in his narrowness, bitterness, and lack of humour. The most striking and sad revelation in this book is that of the loneliness of Clemenceau's last years. He was infinitely the most effective Frenchman in the task of saving France and Europe, yet the ungrateful politicians of his country denied him the Presidency and forgot him. That seems often to have been the reward of greatness when it is due from the little men—the eternal buzz-flies of political life—but Clemenceau lived again from the

moment of his death. The brightness of his greatness will increase as the records and memories of the War are purified by time and truth.

Among recent volumes of reminiscence high place also can be accorded to General J. E. B. Seely's '**Adventure**' (Heinemann). Here we find a notable man who has been cabinet minister, lifeboatsman, soldier, sportsman, barrister, and traveller. He holds the unique distinction of having been a Secretary for War who fought in one campaign before taking office and in another (with a distinguished command) after leaving it. He treated both his elevation to cabinet rank, while still a young man, and the apparent wreck of his career, owing to the improper interventions of another, with equanimity. He has escaped apparently certain death by air, land, sea, and fire. He has had two horses shot under him and been gassed on the same day, and yet has come up again smiling. With equal calm he has faced Opposition in Parliament and German bullets. He did his best to shoot one future Prime Minister—Botha in the South African War—and saved another—Mr MacDonald in the Great War—from military arrest. He has earned the French Gold Medal for saving life at sea, and for charity has appeared as Wellington on the boards of a London theatre. He has a kindly word for every one and possesses friends in all the political parties. He has played the game of life with the enthusiasm of the true sportsman, and writes of it all with the charm and gusto of the born raconteur.

There is some rather stiff reading, that details his subject's close and original philosophies, in Count Harry Kessler's study of the character and life-work of '**Walther Rathenau**' (Gerald Howe); but it all is well worth while. Here is the psychological portrait, as well as the history, of a man of courageous mind and powerful activities, whose efforts for the redemption of Germany after the War ended with his calculated murder at the hands of a group of youths whose purposes had been poisoned by Nationalist propaganda and innuendoes. Rathenau was a remarkable man; another of the Jews whose intervention in affairs, industrial and political, was a process of hard-won success following boldness of ideas and achievement, though he was too wide-minded

and venturesome in his views to be limited by any racial predilections. His death was more of a tragedy to his country and to Europe than to himself, as one sees clearly after having read the pages of this sympathetic and even fascinating study. From Germany to Italy. There is much rhetoric in Signor Turati's volume '**A Revolution and its Leader**' (Alexander-Ouseley); but that is typical of the Latin manner and to be expected of a modern Italian. It is, in its way, a revealing and instructive volume, but yet its most revealing and instructive pages are those of the introduction by Mr Benedict Williamson, who shows clearly that, whatever may have been the defects of Fascism—which neither he nor Signor Turati seems aware of—the movement of which Benito Mussolini is the leader and guiding spirit has justified even its violence in the redemption it has brought to Italy. Before the War, in too many ways inefficient and degenerate, that nation is now virile and building firmly a future which it is to be hoped, through too much Fascism, will not be troublesome to the rest of the world.

Another welcome and characteristic volume has come from Sir James Frazer, who enjoys the gift of expressing the results of deep research and learning in attractive as well as in lucid English: '**Myths of the Origin of Fire**' (Macmillan). He calls it an Essay, but within convenient compass he has readably packed a measure of detailed information which most other men of science, lacking his precision of phrasing, would have spread over a couple of volumes at least. Beginning with the lowest order of aboriginal man, to be found in Tasmania, and passing through Australia, Polynesia, Asia, Madagascar, and Africa to South, Central, and North America, and so briefly to Europe and finally to ancient India, Frazer has studied on the way the earliest theories of the original procuring of fire. All, of course, are fantastic; but with all that they are based on general facts, although the most primitive stories of the discovery and getting of fire—so essential to the ease and well-being of man—were based upon the markings of birds and beasts, which it was assumed were caused through their being the earliest fire-carriers. Later, when among the less uncultured races, something of the truth had been observed, and the friction of pieces of sympathetic wood was seen to bring

sparks and flame, other theories were established, which put fire inside trees and rocks to be released by friction or striking. It is a fascinating chapter of anthropological research and as attractive to read as anything written by its author in his scientific explanations. While we are still in the regions of conjecture, the poets with their vision are probably as helpful in discovering the other side of the moon as men of science, and it may be that M. Maeterlinck, with his vast flights and conjectures, studying the phenomena of existence from the ants and their parasites to the stars and the laws that govern them all, has told something of the truth in his brilliant book, 'The Magic of the Stars' (Allen & Unwin)—or it may be not. This is certain, that never can the divine verdict be delivered to human ears. Never can we generally know, for our poet-philosopher has challenged inquiry of the infinite. Why is the earth as it is; and is it unique among the innumerable immeasurable suns, stars, worlds, which stud not merely our limited sky but the illimitable distances? It is not unhelpful to rise to the wonder of such thoughts as these inquiries occasion, for all scientific advance has begun in a half-darkness inspired with curiosity. Sometimes M. Maeterlinck too easily makes assumptions, as in his assertion that Mercury is a dead planet; other assertions, such as that even now the moon, despite its want of atmosphere, has life in it, and that possibly 'the grandiose affirmations of the early religions, affirmations that have never been surpassed, were in effect the flickering remains of a revelation that had come from the stars, come once, and once only,' may be taken with respect and there must be left. Such a book as this, in reminding us of the eternities, is helpful, so long as it does not frighten but merely brings reverence. Evidently Mr. Alfred Sutro has done his work of translation well; and it is pleasant to recognise the indirect tribute paid by the author to British astronomers.

It is interesting to note that twenty-eight years have passed since Mr J. J. Fahie gave to the world his *Life of Galileo*, and thereby destroyed some persistent illusions about the sublime astronomer, including the likelihood of his ever having said the famous 'E pur si muove'; and now, at long last, he has issued, through the Courier Press of Leamington, a limited number of copies of

'**Memorials of Galileo Galilei,**' which comprises in effect a valuable series of appendices to his biography. Here we have a careful discussion of the various portraits, busts, statues, monuments, mural inscriptions, and medals relating to Galileo. It is a work of interest, rightly disciplined enthusiasm and authority, devoted to a master whose work for knowledge and the liberty of the mind against formal restrictions belongs to the nobly and permanently enduring.

Two volumes of excellent value relating to the Near East have just been published. The first, by Mr Harold Armstrong, is a record of two years of travel in '**Turkey and Syria Reborn**' (Lane); countries already well-known to the author and now revisited. Admirably written it gives amusing word-pictures of persons and places, with some occasional repetition which might well have been edited away. Its main effect comes from the close study of Mustapha Kemal and the extraordinary rebirth of Turkey, cradled (we may as well maintain the metaphor) at Angora and fathered by him. That certainly has been a striking renaissance, but Mr Armstrong perceived that probably this national renewal will be only limited. Mustapha Kemal is not constructive. He has destroyed the lingering remains of the old Ottoman Empire, of which his abolition of the fez and the compulsory wearing of hats is the everyday evidence; he has also abolished Arabic characters for lettering, adopting the Latin, and has forbidden the established religious practices, striking at the roots of Turkish bias and old-fashioned thought; but he has not built anew, and the future of his great experiment is uncertain. This book is full of suggestion for students of the Near East; as also is Mr J. Swire's elaborate and authoritative '**Albania. The Rise of a Kingdom**' (Williams & Norgate). Although a large volume not a page of it is redundant. It gives a close account of the story of Albania during the last fifty years, from the hour when the nation awakened after its long Turkish sleep, and, with hard fighting, secured independence, to play its part among the many hazards and upheavals of the Great War. It is a gallant little country entitled to prosperity under King Zog.

Dr Hanna Rydh is an accepted Swedish authority on archæology, and an accomplished observer and

writer. Although her book describing ancient and modern Egypt, '**The Land of the Sun God**' (Allen & Unwin), covers ground already more than well-trodden, and by others than excursionists, she makes her narrative fresh and pleasant. As a matter of truth she was able to enter a few places where the mere globe-trotter cannot intrude; a bedouin's home, a harem, a wedding-party, and also, being a woman of trained experience, she was able to visit a large school for Egyptian girls and to see how admirably the work there was being done, although often to the hard-driven devoted teachers, confronted with the conservative views of the East as to the rights and future of women, it must appear hopeless. Like most foreign visitors to Egypt, Dr Rydh avoids making any particular reference to the British control of the country; but indirectly, in pointing out the numerous inadequacies of the Egyptians, and, at any rate, the inestimable value of the Assouan dam, she suggests its necessity.

The vain attempt made by the Young Pretender in the '45 to regain the throne of Great Britain for his father, is unquestionably well-documented; and this fourth volume of the series, '**More Culloden Papers**' (Robert Carruthers), edited by Mr Duncan Warrand and containing letters written almost entirely on the Government side, usefully covers the critical period containing the Jacobite victories of Preston Pans and Falkirk, but does not carry us to the culminating disaster of Culloden. So far then we see Prince Charlie nominally triumphant, yet unable to consolidate his successes and compelled to march and countermarch in a manner bound in the end to be fatal. This volume brings out clearly the staunch work done by Duncan Forbes, the Lord President of the Court of Session, to damp down the insurrection in Scotland, aided as he was by MacLeod of MacLeod, who until now has been regarded as the reverse of the loyal stalwart these letters show him to have been. These two men alone were more effective than all the forces that marched under the incompetency of Cope and Hawley; but a leading cause of the early martial successes of the Young Pretender was the niggardliness or lethargy of the Government in not sending the arms and ammunition demanded for its soldiers. This volume is necessary for

those who seek the truth of the final and hopeless chapter of the Jacobite pseudo-romance.

The misrepresentation of which John Wilkes fairly complained in the thick of his tangled activities has by this time been almost elaborately dispersed through recent excellent biographies and studies of Byron's 'merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite,' mending the injustice which was inevitable to one, of any age, who battled hard and struck the many blows that Wilkes did in his political, civic, and personal causes. As Mr O. A. Sherrard rightly says in his '**Life of John Wilkes**' (Allen & Unwin), Wilkes had two failings: he was naturally coarse and he had inordinately strong passions; but yet, as we see, on comparing the corrupt age in which he lived with, let us say, our own less corrupt time, he fought courageously and successfully for great principles and was 'deplorably honest in an age of shams.' With all his vices and vulgarities, which cannot be improved away, he deserves his monument, and this well-done, spirited biography should comprise a notable part of it. And now to another old controversy. It is to be hoped that with the publication of Professor Waldo H. Dunn's '**Froude and Carlyle**' (Longmans) the distressing controversy over Carlyle's marital troubles and physical incompetence may be ended; for certainly far too much anguish has been caused and dust been set flying through the assertions and contradictions over that poor super-sensitive couple of Cheyne Walk whose most intimate privacies have been inquired into and ransacked. Professor Dunn has fulfilled his work with a not unbecoming frankness. He has proved conclusively that Froude in his statements was right and the detractors of Froude wrong; and, that being settled, for Heaven's sake now may the unpleasantness sleep!

Mr Walter Jerrold, whose recent death caused an irremediable gap in a wide circle of friends, has left behind him a pleasant work for remembrance; the literary reminiscences of Thomas Hood which contain helpful additions by himself. It is entitled '**Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb**' (Benn), and at once, especially through the mention of the beloved 'Elia,' it stimulates an interest which is certainly gratified. The main concern of the book is, of course, with Hood; a courageous

spirit who wrought and fought against a mortal illness for years and allowed no reader of his humorous works to gather for a moment that those japes and puns and his genial philosophy were written under the darkness of the shadow of early death. Hood's contributions to the 'London Magazine'—'that was the chief fact that makes the reign of the Fourth George memorable'—here unearthed and excellently marked with editorial comments, are readable throughout, with not too much of the laboured humour to which his generation was indulgent; but its jewels are in the references to Lamb, of whom we get charming glimpses, in his wisdom, wit, playfulness, and ever-abiding inward seriousness.

We pass to some fiction. '**All Our Yesterdays**' (Heinemann), by Mr H. M. Tomlinson, has been termed 'a powerful essay, miscalled novel.' It would be better defined as a literary kaleidoscope with passages of brilliancy and insight combined with others that baffle. The reader tries to make a coherent pattern of it. When he thinks that he has succeeded, the kaleidoscope shifts and he is left possibly bewildered. The book is an immense drama of our times, the setting and background of which are so overpowering that the characters become dwarfed and immaterial. Even the mystifying 'I,' who is the only connecting link of the story, whether in East London or Central Africa or in war-time France, is no clear personality. This would be enough to kill most books, but here is a work that fits into no ordinary class. It is a prose epic rising to the heights; it is also rather formless; it has passages of beauty and originality with others that approach the other extreme; it is at once captivating, soul-raising, exasperating, absorbing, repelling, and unique. It is a pity that Donn Byrne's latest book—which may be his last book—should be so much below his average quality as we find '**The Golden Goat**' (Sampson Low) to be. Here and there it has characteristic passages and touches, but it lacks the fullness, finish, charm of his earlier writings. It is rather a sketch than a novel, with a too unsympathetic heroine.

It has been said—in these words or in other words—that every man's life would make a book; and of course, with the right editing, that statement is true. That it would need the right editing is suggested by Mr E. V. de

Fontwell's '*Life at a Venture*' (Partridge), which is autobiography in fiction form. This might have made an excellent book if a blue-pencil had been used considerably and the author had remained reticent when his narrative must necessarily be dull. His ways throughout life were set among places and persons of interest, amongst them Dr Axel Munthe, who is ever worth knowing; the late F. W. Rolfe, that strangely perverse genius who went by the name of Baron Corvo; and Robert Hugh Benson, on this occasion unsuccessfully disguised under another name and described as the son of a peer. The best part of the book is the beginning with its account of an unhappy childhood and school years; while some of the passages, such as the duel with de Lannion, whose rudeness should have been unpardonable, are excellent. But with half its length the book probably would have been twice as good. And much the same may be said of the '*Confessions of Zeno*' (Putnams), by Signor Italo Svevo; an ambitious book, detailing the mental and physical life of a young Italian, whom it would hardly be an injustice to call degenerate. Zeno Cosini's fuss over cigarette-smoking, his weaknesses, his haverings on the shadowy borders of insanity, his muddled pursuit of a wife, his outpourings about his mistress, whose frankness in the circumstances was almost refreshing, are resolutely, ponderously put down to prove not particularly entertaining.

It really is necessary that every translator of foreign verse should be a poet; for without the requisite ear and heart the result can only be not poetry but something unjust to the original verses. Of individual examples Heine is possibly the poet who most has suffered at the hands of doggerel bards; and here we have instances, good and bad, of the same truth on a larger scale. '*Anonymous French Verse*' (University of London Press), an anthology of Fifteenth-Century poems collected from manuscripts in the British Museum and translated by Mr N. Hardy Wallis, is a delightful collection, and especially valuable because the work has been done by a poetic mind and hand; whereas Mr C. Fillingham Coxwell's large collection of translated '*Russian Poems*' (Daniel), which might have been of inestimable interest, is like a work lost. Better had it been put into stanzas

of rhythmic prose, rather than these poor wooden rimes. We are the more sorry to say this, for Mr Coxwell has done excellent service through his translation of Russian folk-tales, and the notes and brief biographies provided by him to this volume are as good as need be.

There follows a happily readable, pocketable volume of the 'Collected Poems' of St John Adcock (Hodder and Stoughton), a book true of the kindly heart and excellent lyrical gifts of its author. Mr Adcock has a passion for humanity, and he expresses this in the warmth of his advocacy of the rights of his Brother Man, as well as in his sharply pointed scorn of the plutocrat tyrants, parasites, and toadies who are the worst wrong-doers in modern social life. This book is the outburst of a very fine spirit, and we hope its publication will be rewarded with success, for, besides being good sounding verse, it is a counterblast to some of the meaner tendencies of these times.

It was a naughty and delightful idea to make an anthology of bad verse, generally from the greater poets, and to call it, cribbing from Wordsworth who is amongst those pilloried, 'The Stuffed Owl' (Dent). The compilers, Mr D. B. Wyndham Lewis, with his witty introductions, and Mr Charles Lee, who contributes a mock Proem, have strengthened their appeal by borrowing eight helpful cartoons from Mr Max Beerbohm. From the inspired end-paper to the concluding bathos of the unrevised Tennyson we have extracts of ambitious verse, essaying the over-sublime and toppling to bathos. Of course it is a cruel book, though not so cruel as might have been, for it spares the copious absurdities of present-day poetasters, while culling comic flowers from the worthily great as well as from the Tupperts, the Robert Montgomerys, and the Eliza Cooks. The compilers do not abide by their intention of quoting only from the established; but we forgive them, as their breach of rule has enabled them to give, amongst other like blatancies, this from a Housemaid Poet:

'O Moon, when I gaze on thy beautiful face,
Careering along through the boundaries of space,
The thought has often come into my mind
If I ever shall see thy glorious behind.'

From the same publishers comes a delightful anthology, 'A Treasury of Middle English Verse selected and well put into modern English by Margot R. Adamson.' Most of its poems are religious lyrics, often addressed to the Lady Mary, whom all men loved ; but they have humour too and any amount of humanity ; for with all its sometime ferocity and bitterness that was a young England, with the spirit of Springtime in its heart as these verses show. To counteract Mr Wyndham Lewis's Housemaid, let us conclude with a stanza from its colophon,

'Serve God truly
And the world busily,
Eat thy meat merrily
And ever live in rest !'

INDEX

TO THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOURTH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of articles are printed in italics.]

A.

Abyssinia, Negus of, extract from his tribute to de Lesseps on the building of the Suez Canal, 99-100.

Adamson, Margot R., selector of 'A Treasury of Middle English Verse,' 414.

Adeock, St John, 'Collected Poems,' 413.

Administrative Law, necessity for revision of, in England, 334-338—proposed lines of revision of, 338-341.

Allen, Carleton Kemp, 'Bureaucracy on Trial,' 321.

Almond, Headmaster of Loretto, educational policy of, 348-349, 351.

America, attitude of, towards the naval problems, 2-5, 10-11—Italians in, 156—her unwillingness to provide men and money for war, 158-159—mechanical phase in, 164-169—export trade of, 173-177—publicity in, 262-263—her predominance in motor export, 265—extends her markets, 268—her real motive for urging the Five-Power Conference on Disarmament, 268-275—her keynote, Prosperity, 273, 275.

America's Bid for World Trade, Part I. The Strategy, 155-177—Part II. The Tactics, 258-277.

Anne, Queen, the last of the Stuarts, her stubbornness, 227-228.

Apperson, Mr G. L., compiler of historical dictionary of 'English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases,' 203.

Archer, Mr R. L., 'The Secondary School in the Nineteenth Century,' 343, 348.

Armstrong, Rev. C. B., on the policy of compulsory Irish, 245.

Armstrong, Mr Harold, 'Turkey and Syria Reborn,' 408.

Arnold, Dr, of Rugby, 343, 351, 354-355.

Australia, forestry resources of, 185-186—defects in the Constitution of, 312-314—definition of the respective powers of States and Commonwealth of, 314-315—difficulty of remedying defects in the Constitution of, 316—electoral systems in force in, 317-318—a possible future solution of Government in, 319.

Australian Commonwealth and the States, The, 311-320.

Austria: A Retrospect and a Forecast, 37-53.

B.

Baker, Dr Ernest A., 'History of the English Novel,' 204-205.

Balfour, Arthur, 386-401.

- Balfour, Arthur, a personal view of his character, 386-387, 391-393, 398-401—his early career, 387-389—his physical powers, 389-391—his success in dealing with the Irish, 393-394—becomes Leader of the House of Commons, 395—his achievements as Prime Minister, 395-397—called out of retirement by the Great War, 397.
- Balfour Declaration, the, 81, 85.
- Battleships, question as to the utility of, 209-210—development of, 211-212—methods of defence of, 213—objections to reduction below a certain displacement, 214-217.
- Baumann, Mr, his criticism of the late Lord Lansdowne, 140.
- Baynes, Mr W. E. C., writer of introduction to De La More Press edition of Machiavelli's 'Prince,' 198.
- Berenguer, General, successor to General Primo de Rivera as Spanish Dictator, 357, 368.
- Bertrand, Alphonse, part author of 'Ferdinand de Lesseps. Sa Vie. Son Œuvre,' 97.
- Bibl, V., 'Der Zerfall Oesterreichs,' 37, 43, 45.
- Boarding Schools, their importance in an English idea of education, 343-344.
- Boas, Dr F. S., 'Marlowe and his Circle,' 198-199.
- Books, Some Recent, 196-208, 402-414.
- de Bornier, Monsieur, quotation from his poem on the Suez Canal, 100.
- Bosanquet, Helen, 'The Poor Law Commission, 1909'..54, 61.
- Bowen, Edward, system instituted by, at Harrow, 349.
- Bradley, Dr A. C., 'Miscellany,' 203-204.
- Brandenburg, Professor Eric, 'From Bismarck to the World War: A History of German Foreign Policy,' 137.
- Burden of the Stuarts, The, 218-229.
- Bureaucracy on Trial, 321-341.
- Busybodies and the Buzzard, 278-281.
- Buzzard, enemies of the, 278-283—feeding habits of the, 286-287—their antipathy to carrion crows, 288-289.
- Byrne, Donn, the late, 'The Power of the Dog,' 207-208—'The Golden Goat,' 411.
- Byron, Augusta, afterwards Mrs Leigh, half-sister of Lord Byron, 16, 21, 22, 24, 26, 29, 31, 32, 33, 34.
- Byron, Lady, and her Separation, 15-36.
- Byron, Lady, character of, 18-19—her engagement and marriage to Lord Byron and subsequent separation, 20—first stage of her separation, 21-25—second stage of her separation, 25-28—third stage of her separation, 28-34.
- Byron, Lord, extracts from his letters, 23, 25-26, 27, 30, 31, 34.

C.

- Campbell, Mrs Patrick, her rendering of the principal characters in Pinero's plays, 297, 301.
- Canada, her economic relations with the United States, 171-172—forest resources of, 181-183.
- Capitalism, a plea for the necessity for, 191-193—two methods of abolishing, 371.
- Cattani Pacha, His Ex. J., 'L'Egypte,' 97.
- Chamberlain, Mr Neville, and the Local Government Act, 54, 55, 66, 71, 72.
- Chance, Sir William, 'The Better Administration of the Poor Law,' 54, 58, 59, 70.
- Chancellor, The Lord, allusion to his pamphlet 'The Principles and Practice of the Law To-day,' 321.
- Charles I, characteristics and physical health of, 224-225.
- Charles II, details of the death of, 225-226.
- Charles, the 'Young Pretender,' popularity of, 227.

- Chicago, a city of contrasts, 155.
- Chiról, Sir Valentine, 'Fifty Years in a Changing World,' 137.
- Churchill, Rt Hon. Winston, extract from his speech on the finance of the Forestry Commission, 179.
- Cohen, Israel, 'Jewish Life in Modern Times,' 74, 82-83, 84.
- Collins, J. P., 'The Plays of Sir Arthur Pinero,' 292.
- Communism, its rise and course in Russia, 371-372.
- Control of Traffic on Roads, Report of, 1929...113.
- Cosgrave, Mr, President of the Irish Free State, 234, 236, 237, 240, 247.
- County Councils, and the removal of the reproach of pauperism, 73.
- Coxwell, Mr C. Fillingham, collector and translator of 'Russian Poems,' 412-413.
- Cruisers, problems concerning, in the Naval Conference, 10-12.
- Czecho-Slovakia, the key to the problem of Central Europe, 49-50.

D.

- Dacres, Edward, translator, in 1640, of Machiavelli's 'Prince,' 198.
- Dark, Sydney, 'Zionism and the Jews,' 74.
- 'Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Mächte, 1871-1914'...137.
- Diplomacy, European, 1890-1898, 125-136.
- Disraeli, Rt Hon. Benjamin, on the Jewish child, 84—on the Jewish race, 90—extract from his letter to Lady Bradford announcing his purchase for England of the Khedive's interest in the Suez Canal, 108—his recommendation of Lord Lansdowne to Queen Victoria, 141-142.
- Dugdale, E. T. S., selector and translator of 'German Diplomatic Documents, 1871-1914'...125—allusions to, 127, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134—extracts from, 135, 136.

Dunlop, Robert, 'Austria: A Retrospect and a Forecast,' 37.

Dunn, Professor Waldo H., 'Froude and Carlyle,' 410.

E.

Eight Years of Irish Home Rule, 230-249.

Ellenborough, Lord, on the building of the Suez Canal, 101.

Empire, Forest Resources of the, 178-188.

Empire Marketing Board, its work in connection with the timber trade, 188.

Encyclopædia Britannica, The, 92-96.

Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th edition of, 92—its scope and development, 92-96.

Erule, Lord, 'Lady Byron and her Separation,' 15.

Esher, Reginald, Viscount, 250-257.

Esher, Viscount, the late, 'Extracts from Journals, 1872-1881 and 1880-1895,' 250 *et seq.*—'Cloud Capp'd Towers,' 250, 256-257—brought up in an atmosphere of politics, 251-252—becomes private secretary to Lord Hartington, 252—his wide correspondence, 253-254—extracts from his letters to King Edward and Mr Balfour refusing the Secretaryship of State for War, 254-255—his aloofness, 255—his method of historical study, 257.

F.

Fabie, Mr J. J., 'Memorials of Galileo Galilei,' 407-408.

Farrell, Mr James A., President of the U.S. Steel Corporation, on America's need of overseas markets, 174.

Ferguson, Miss Rachel, 'Sara Skelton,' 206.

Ferrara, Dr Orestes, translator of 'The Private Correspondence of Nicolo Machiavelli,' 198.

Ferrier, Emile, part author of 'Ferdinand de Lesseps. Sa Vie. Son Œuvre,' 97.

Fisher, Mr A. E., 'To the Sun,' 205.

de Fontwell, Mr E. V., 'Life at a Venture,' 412.

Forest Resources of the Empire, 178-188.

Forestry Commission, work of the, 179-181.

Forestry Conferences of the British Empire, work of the, 178.

France, attitude of, regarding naval problems, 5-6, 10, 12, 271, 272—effect on the European situation of her alliance with Russia, 126.

Frazer, Sir James, 'Myths of the Origin of Fire,' 406

G.

General Federation of Trade Unions, extract from Report of, summarised in the 'Times' of March 22, 385.

German Diplomatic Documents, 125-136.

German View of English Public Schools, A, 342-356.

Germany, actions of the Socialist Government of 1918 in, 374-375—recognition of social reform instead of Socialism in, 378-379.

Gooch, G. P., part editor of 'British Documents on the Origins of the War,' 125, 137.

Gordon, Colonel Douglas, 'Busbodies and the Buzzard,' 278.

Great Britain, how she is meeting America's trade onset, 260-261, 263—cost of social services in, 261—losing her foreign trade on account of high taxation and strikes, 264-265—fails to seize her opportunities in South America, 266—needs new blood and new ideas, 277.

Grey of Fallodon, Lord, allusions to his book 'Twenty Five Years,' 127, 131.

Gwynn, Mr Stephen, editor of 'The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice,' 201.

H.

Hamilton, Lord Ernest, allusion to his character sketch of his brother-in-law, Lord Lansdowne, 138.

Hammann, Otto, 'The World Policy of Germany, 1890-1912'..137.

Hare, John, objects to Pinero's ending in 'The Profligate,' 297.

Harvey, William, physician-in-ordinary to Charles I, 223.

Headlam-Morley, J. W., 'German Diplomatic Documents,' 125.

Health, Ministry of, inquiry into Unions showing abnormal pauperism, 65, 67.

'Heidelberger Programm, Das. Grundsätze und Forderungen der Sozialdemokratie,' 370.

Heimann, Von Eduard, 'Soziale Theorie des Kapitalismus. Theorie der Sozialpolitik,' 370, 379-382, 384-385.

Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, charm and physical disabilities of, 223-224.

Henry, Mr J. M., on the establishment of a Moderate Party in Ireland, 247.

Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I, description of, 222-223.

Herford, Mr R. Travers, on the Jewish race, 74.

Herzl, the reuniter of Jewry, 79-80, 85.

Hewart of Bury, Lord, Lord Chief Justice of England, 'The New Despotism,' 321 *et seq.*—extracts from, 321, 324, 332, 334, 335.

Hobhouse, the intimate friend and adviser of Byron, 18, 21, 22, 23, 25, 28, 32, 34.

Hogan, Mr, Minister of Agriculture in the Irish Free State Government, 237.

Hoover, Herbert, President of U.S.A., his policy of an American trade offensive, 159-160, 163-165—the outstanding statesman of America, 162-163—his peace policy, 172-173

—results of his guidance in America since 1921..173-177—his plans for a merchant marine, 258
—possibility that Congress might not support him, 274-275.

Höper, Dr, 'Oesterreichs Weg zum Anschluss,' 52.

Houghton, Mr Alanson B., formerly United States Ambassador to Great Britain, on Britain's need for self-advertisement, 262.

Hutchinson, *Horace G.*, 'Arthur Balfour,' 386.

Hulme, Professor Edward Maslin, 'The Middle Ages,' 196.

I.

India, forest resources of, 187.

Ireland, Captain Denis, on Irish Union, in his pamphlet 'Ulster Politics as I see them,' 233.

Ireland, no similarity between her problems and those of India at the present time, 230—instances of failure of English rule in, 231-232—difficulties of the present Government of, 233-236—achievements of the present Government of, 236-239—educational policy of the present Government of, 239-240—revival of the Irish language in, 240-244—danger of excessive emigration from, 247-248—policy of National Reunion necessary for, 249—need for toleration in, 249.

Irish Home Rule, Eight Years of, 230-249.

'Irish Statesman,' extract from the, 243.

Italy, attitude of, regarding naval problems, 5-6, 10, 12, 271.

J.

James I, of England, VI of Scotland, survey of his mental and physical condition, 221-222.

James, the 'Old Pretender,' failing health of, 226.

Japan, her attitude on naval problems, 6, 10, 12, 270- 71.

Jastrow, Morris, 'Zionism and the Future of Palestine,' 74, 78.

Jerrold, Mr Walter, the late, 'Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb,' 410-411.

Jewish Chronicle, extract from, 87.

Jews, history of the, 75-79—part played by, in the War,' 80-81.

Jews, Zionism and the, 74-91.

Jose, Arthur, 'The Australian Commonwealth and the States,' 311.

Jowett, Benjamin, Master of Balliol, his opinion of the late Lord Lansdowne, 140.

K.

Kautsky, Karl, 'Are the Jews a Race?' 74.

Kearton, Richard, the late, extract from his book, 'At Home with Wild Nature,' 279.

Kessler, Count Harry, 'Walther Rathenau,' 405-406.

King's Bench Division, flouting of its jurisdiction, 324, 328.

Kleinwaechter, F. F. G., 'Self-Determination for Austria,' 37, 47, 50.

L.

'Labour and the Nation,' 370, 375.

Lady Byron and her Separation, 15-36.

Lansdowne, Lord, 137-154.

Lansdowne, Lord, the late, character and career of, 138-139—ancestry of, 139-140—his advent into politics, 141-142—becomes Governor-General of Canada, 142—becomes Viceroy of India, 142-143—his tenure of the War Office, 144—takes over the Foreign Office from Lord Salisbury, 144—his work at the Foreign Office, 145-148—his tactics as leader of the House of Lords, 148-151—his famous 'Peace Letter,' 151-153—death of, 153.

Leathes, Sir Stanley, allusion to his reply given in the 'Daily Telegraph' of Oct. 10, 1929, to Lord Hewart's book, 'The New Despotism,' 329-331.

- Lee, Mr Charles, a contributor to 'The Stuffed Owl,' 413.
- Leigh, Augusta. *See* Byron, Augusta.
- Leigh, Miss Gertrude, 'New Light on the Youth of Dante,' 197-198.
- de Lesseps, Ferdinand, 'Lettres, Journal et Documents,' 97—career of, 97-98—his work in connection with the Suez Canal, 98, 99, 101, 102, 103—honoured by various countries, 106-107.
- Lewis, Mr D. B. Wyndham, compiler of 'The Stuffed Owl,' 413.
- Lippman, Mr Walter, editor of the 'New York World,' on naval rights in war time, 4.
- Lloyd-George, Rt Hon. D., on the need for a leader to bring together the heads of British Industries, 264.
- Loch, Sir Charles, on the Report of the Poor Law Commission of 1907, 60, 61.
- L.C.C. Administrative Scheme under the Local Government Act, 1929, 54.
- London Industrial Colony, Report on Re-organisation of, 54.
- London Naval Conference, 1930, British Memorandum on the position at the, extract from, 209.
- Louÿs, Pierre, 'The Adventures of King Pausole,' 208.
- Lovelace, Mary Countess of, 'Ralph, Earl of Lovelace: a Memoir,' 15—editor of 'Astarte' (new edition), 15, 33-34.
- Lovelace, Ralph Milbanke, Earl of, 'Astarte: a Fragment of Truth concerning Lord Byron,' 15, 17-18.
- Ludwig, Emil, 'July 1914'..202-203.
- Lumley, Mr C. H., translator of 'The Adventures of King Pausole,' 208.
- Lunn, Arnold, allusion to his novel of school life, 'The Harrovians,' 353.
- M.
- MacDonald, Rt Hon. James Ramsay, extract from his speech to the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, 165-166—career of, 189-191, 195—his character, 190—his views on Socialism, 193—his qualities of leadership, 194-195.
- Macphail, Sir Andrew, 'The Burden of the Stuarts,' 218.
- de Madariaga, Salvador, extract from his lectures on 'Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards,' 361.
- Maeterlinck, M. Maurice, 'The Magic of the Stars,' 407.
- Magnus, Laurie, 'The Jews in the Christian Era,' 74, 75, 85, 88.
- Magyars, independence of character of, 41-42, 43—their share of responsibility for the outbreak of War, 44.
- Malcolm, Sir Ian, K.C.M.G., 'The Suez Canal, 1859-1929'..97.
- Mallet, Sir Charles, 'Mr Lloyd George,' 403.
- 'Manchester Guardian,' allusion to article on Herzl in the, 79.
- Marriott, Sir John, 'Lord Lansdowne,' 137.
- Marriott, Sir John, allusion to his letter in the 'Times' on the subject of Parliamentary supervision, 333.
- Marshall, Dorothy, 'The English Poor in the Eighteenth Century,' 54.
- Marshall, Rev. H. J., 'The Poor Laws and their Administration,' 54.
- Martet, M. Jean, 'Clemenceau,' 404-405.
- Mary, Queen of Scots, her beauty, 223—attitudes adopted towards, by her partisans and detractors, 227.
- de Mayern, Sir Theodore Turquet, Court physician from 1611-1655, 220-221.
- Mayne, Ethel Colburn, 'The Life and Letters of Anne Isabella, Lady Noel Byron,' 15—extracts from, 16 *et seq.*—her opinion of Lord Lovelace, 18—her conviction regarding Byron's reasons for consenting to a separation, 34-35.
- Merezhkovsky, Dmitri, 'Life of Napoleon,' 190.

- Minchin, J. Cotton, quotation from his book, 'Our Public Schools. Their Influence on English History,' 345, 353.
- Mitchell, Sir Peter Chalmers, on the Jews, 75, 80—on Zionism, 82.
- Monson, Sir Edmund, extract from his letter to Lord Lansdowne, 145.
- Montefiore, Sir Moses, a Jewish philanthropist, 77.
- Moore, Sir Norman, allusions to his 'Medicine in the British Isles,' 220, 221.
- Morand, Paul, 'Black Magic,' 205-206.
- Murray, Sir John, the late, his connection with the Earl of Lovelace, 17-18.

N.

- Namier, Mr L. B., 'The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III,' 402-403.
- Naval Conference of 1930, reasons for calling, 2.
- Naval Realities, 1-14.
- Navy, British, its fundamental needs, 7-13.
- Newfoundland, forest resources of, 183.
- Newton, Lord, P.C., 'Lord Lansdowne: A Biography,' 137 *et seq.*
- New Zealand, forest resources of, 184-185.
- Norwood, Dr Cyril, Headmaster of Harrow, allusion to his proposals for the widening of public schools in the 'Schools of England,' 354.

O.

- 'Observer,' extract from a review of Werfels' 'Der Abituriententag,' in the, 352.
- O'Gorman, Mervyn, 'Road Traffic: A Policy,' 113.
- O'Growney, Rev. Eugene, on the Irish language, 241.
- Oliver, Mr F. S., 'The Endless Adventure,' 403-404.
- O'Sullivan, M. D., 'Eight Years of Irish Home Rule,' 230.

P.

- Palacký, Franz, 'Gedenblätter,' 37—extract from his letter declining to attend the Frankfurt Parliament, 38-40.
- Palestine Mandate, approved by the League of Nations, 81—extract from, 82—reasons for Great Britain's acceptance of, 85-87.
- Palestine, population of, 87—cultivation of, 88.
- Parkes, Sir Henry, allusion to, in 'Builders and Pioneers of Australia,' 316.
- Parliamentary Powers, dangers of reckless delegation of, 321-325—reasons for increasing delegation of, 325-328—measures necessary to remedy delegation of, 332-334.
- Phayre, Ignatius, 'America's Bid for World Trade,' Part I. The Strategy, 155—Part II. The Tactics, 258.
- Pinero, Sir Arthur, 'Two Plays,' 292, 308-309—versatility of, 292—the first man to publish the text of a play simultaneously with its production, 295—stories of some of his plays, 297-308—his restraint of character and situation, 310.
- Plays of Sir Arthur Pinero, The, 292-310.
- 'Poetry Review,' quotation from, 161.
- Polzer-Hoditz, A., 'Kaiser Karl, aus der Geheimmappes seines Kabinetts-Chefs,' 37, 44.
- Poor Laws and their Administration, The, 54-73.
- Poor Laws, differing opinions on the efficacy of the, 56—Report of the Commission of 1832 on the, 57-58, 70—Report of the Commission of 1907 on the, 60-62—effects of the increase of pauperism in 1921 upon the administration of the, 63-66—principles of, still hold good, 71-72.
- Port, Frederick John, LL.D., 'Administrative Law,' 321 *et seq.*—extracts from, 338, 339, 340.
- Predominant Surface Ship, The, 209-217.
- Prime Minister, The, 189-195.
- Public Schools, A German View of English, 342-356.

Public Schools, definition of, by the Headmasters' Conference, 342—their co-operation with university education, 342, 347-348—division of, into three groups according to period of foundation, 345-346, 348—place of games in, 347, 349, 353, 356—effects of the perfect system in, 355-356.

Q.

'Quarterly Review,' allusion to an article by Lord Shaftesbury in 1839 in the, 77—what it stands for, 195—allusions to previous articles on Bureaucracy in the, 331.

R.

Redlich, J., 'Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria: A Biography,' 37, 44.

Reginald, Viscount Esher, 250-257.

de Rivera, General Primo, his achievements as Dictator in Spain, 361-362, 365-367—career of, 363—his successful conduct of the Moroccan War, 363—his proposals for a new Spanish Constitution, 367-368—death of, 368.

Road Traffic: A Policy, 113-124.

Robinson, M. Fothergill, 'The Poor Law Enigma,' 54, 57, 60, 61.

Rosebery, Lord, the late, foreign policy of, 130-131.

Roux, Charles, 'L'Isthme et le Canal de Suez,' 97.

Rydh, Dr Hanna, 'The Land of the Sun God,' 408-409.

S.

Sadler, Sir Michael, allusion to his introduction to Arnold Whitridge's book on Dr Arnold of Rugby, 343.

St Germain, Treaty of, 47, 49, 51.

Salter, Dr, Socialist M.P. for Bermondsey, on the moral evil of out-relief to the able-bodied, 68-69.

'Sand, George, The Intimate Journal of,' 200.

Sanderson, Headmaster of Oundle, his attempt to solve modern educational problems, 349-350.

Schlitter, H., 'Versäumte Gelegenheiten,' 37.

Schück, H., part author of, 'The Life of Alfred Nobel,' 200-201.

Scullin, Mr J., Prime Minister of Australia, 311—his proposals for extending the powers of the Federal Government, 311, 316-317.

Seely, General J. E. B., 'Adventure,' 405.

Shadwell, A., 'The New Socialism,' 370.

Shannon Hydro-electric scheme, benefits to Ireland accruing from, 239.

Sherrard, Mr O. A., 'Life of John Wilkes,' 410.

Singapore, necessity for completion of naval base at, 13.

Singer, Dr Charles, on the Jews, 75.

Slosson, Dr Preston, on the union of Germany and Austria, 52.

Socialism, The New, 370-385.

Socialism, meaning of, 194—the overthrow of Capitalism its main objective, 370-371—its followers divided as to the methods of abolishing capitalism, 371—its progress interrupted, 373—its former idea of complete State control abandoned, 374, 375-377—its new policy of 'social reform,' 377, 382-385.

Sohlman, R., part author of 'The Life of Alfred Nobel,' 200-201.

Some Recent Books, 196-208, 402-414.

South Africa, afforestation of, 183-184.

Southern States (of U.S.A.), industrial revolution in, 258-259.

Soviet Russia, America's commercial dealings with, 176-177.

Spain, position of the Monarchy in, 357-358, 369—attitude towards politics in, 358, 360-361—power of Army in, 358, 363, 364—defects of the Constitution of 1876 in, 360.

Spanish Crisis, The, 357-369.

Spann, Dr, allusion to his work on the 'Haupttheorien der Volkswirtschaftslehre', 380.

'Speeches of Lord Lansdowne, Viceroy and Governor-General of India', 137.

Spring Rice, Sir Cecil, 155—on Anglo-American relations, 156-157.

Stein, Leonard, 'Zionism,' 74, 79, 84, 87.

Stuart kings, physical disabilities of, 220 *et seq.*—a source of inspiration to their followers, 228.

Stuarts, Burden of the, 218-229.

Submarines, attitude of the naval powers towards, 12.

Suez Canal, The, 1859-1929, 97-112.

Suez Canal, proposals for construction of, 97-98—difficulties during construction of, 98-104—festivities at opening of, 104-107—administration and statistics of, 107-110—management of, 110-111—future of, 111-112.

Surface Ship, The Predominant, 209-217.

Sutro, Mr Alfred, translator of M. Maeterlinck's 'The Magic of the Stars,' 407.

Svevo, Signor Italo, 'Confessions of Zeno,' 412.

Swire, Mr J., 'Albania. The Rise of a Kingdom,' 408.

Sydenham, Thomas, the founder of European medicine, 226.

Sykes, Sir Mark, 81—on Zionism, 85-86.

T.

Temperley, Harold, part editor of 'British Documents on the Origins of the War,' 125, 137.

Terrell, Mr George, President of the National Union of Manufacturers, on the condition of British Industries, 260-261.

Terry, Edward, his part in Pinero's play 'Sweet Lavender,' 294.

The Poor Laws and their Administration, 54-73.

Tiltman, H. Hessel, 'James Ramsay MacDonald — Labour's Man of Destiny,' 189.

'Times,' Feb. 8, 1930, extract from the, 209.

Tomlinson, Mr H. M., 'All Our Yesterdays,' 411.

Traffic behaviour, principles of, 113-114—necessity for universal customs in, 114-116—possible breaches of customs in, 116-119—examples of dangerous actions in, 119-120—methods of dealing with dangerous actions in, 120-122—necessity for co-operation of Highway Authorities in, 122-124.

Turati, Signor, 'A Revolution and its Leader,' 406.

Turnbull, R. E., 'Forest Resources of the Empire,' 178.

V.

de Valera, Mr, 234-235, 240, 244, 246.

Vienna, its place largely taken by Prague, 46-47.

Voisin Bey, 'Le Canal de Suez,' 97.

W.

Wachsmuth, Bruno, 'A German View of English Public Schools,' 342.

Wales, H.R.H. the Prince of (afterwards Edward VII), extract from his speech when presenting a gold medal to M. de Lesseps on the completion of the Suez Canal, 107.

Wales, H.R.H. the Prince of, extract from his speech on the work of the Forestry Commission, 181.

Waldman, Mr. Milton, translator of M. Jean Martet's 'Clemenceau,' 404-405.

Waller, Mr Bolton, extract from his 'Hibernia,' on Irish Union, 232-233—on the timidity of the Irish Protestants, 244, 245.

Waller, D., translator of Herr Wachsmuth's article, 'A German View of English Public Schools,' 342.

Wallis, Mr N. Hardy, collector and translator of 'Anonymous French Verse,' 412.

Ward, Major C. H. Dudley, 'Reginald, Viscount Esher,' 250.

Warrand, Mr Duncan, 'More Cullo-den Papers,' 409.

Webb, Sidney and Beatrice. 'English Poor Law History. The Last Hundred Years,' 54, 58, 60 *et seq.*

Weizmann, Dr, on Jewish ancestry, 78—leader of the Zionist Movement, 81.

Williamson, Mr Benedict, writer of the introduction to Signor Turati's book, 'A Revolution and its Leader,' 406.

Willison, Sir John, biographer of Sir George Parkin, 201-202.

Woodward, Miss Kathleen, 'Jipping Street,' 207.

Z.

Zionism and the Jews, 74-91.

Zionism, beginnings of, 77, 79—growth of, 80-81—inspirations of, 85—prospects of, 91.

Zionist Organisation, the Report of the Executive of the, 1929..74, 90—extract from, 89.

END OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

